Collier's

TEN CENTS

AUGUST 11, 1945

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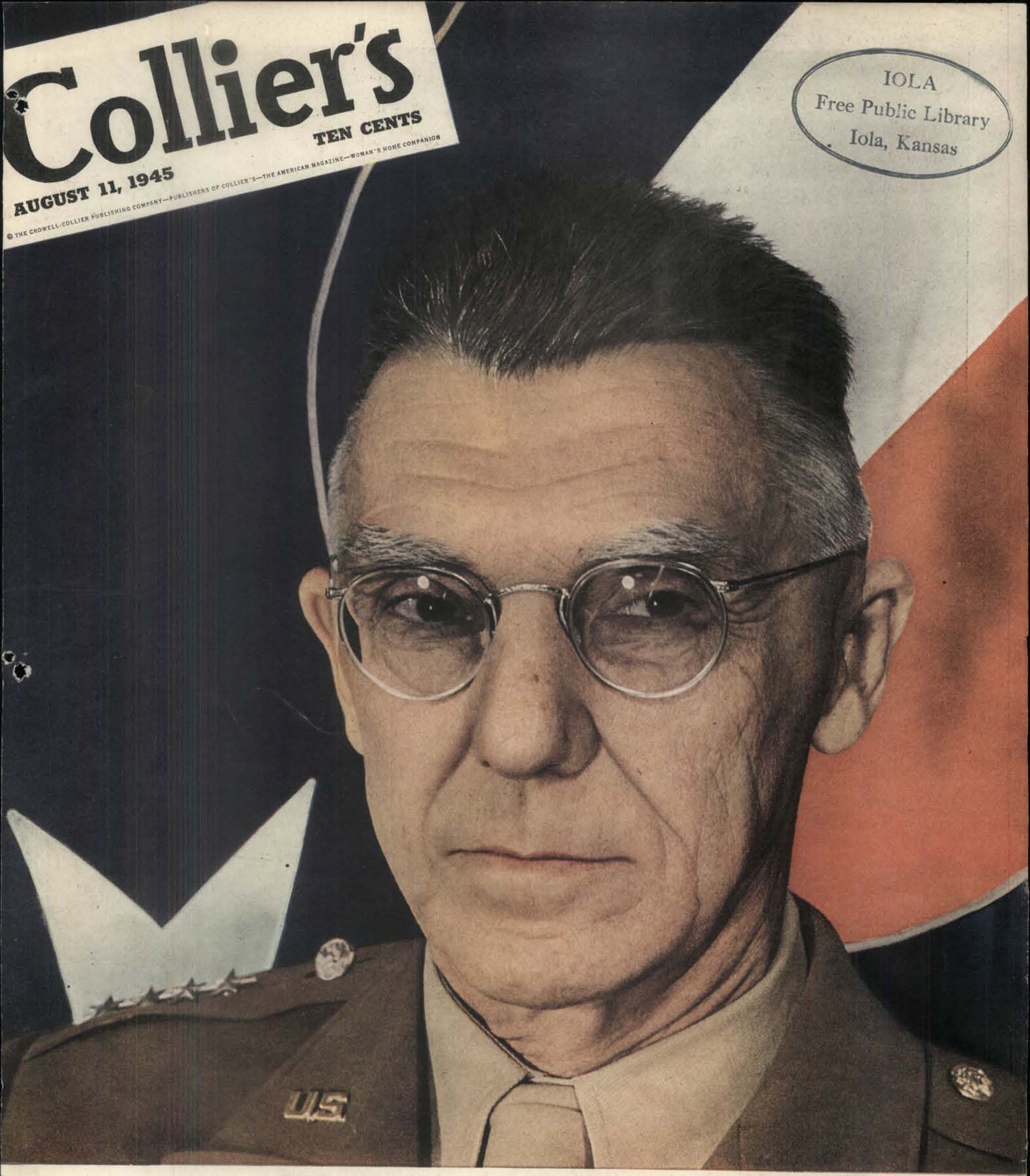

GENERAL JOSEPH W. STILWELL, Commanding General, 10th Army

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT

"MISTER BEE" GOES TO TOWN

THE STORY OF THE SUPERFORT STORM OV

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

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August 11-1945

PEACH
HALVES
NET WEIGHT 1 LB. 12 OZ
Duraglas
TO OPEN
UP AROUND EDGE
USE
SPOON HANDLE

Only with GLASS! You can SEE the size and color, how much juice, how many servings.

It Tells All---the Duraglas Jar!

Truthful—this modern, thrifty Duraglas jar! When you buy your favorite brand of fruits, for example, you see what you get for your money; size and color; how heavy the syrup; how many servings in a jar. Convenient, too. You refrigerate what's unused right in its own taste-protecting Duraglas container—saves dishwashing! Owens-Illinois Glass Co., Toledo 1, Ohio.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas containers provide the ideal protection. For glass neither *adds* to flavor nor *subtracts* from it.

Duraglas TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

"Ever think you'd see a grown-up do that?"

JOHNNY: Gosh, no. *Never.* Specially our own Daddy.

JANIE: He did, though. Plain as day . . .

DAD: I'm listening, Sprouts. And wondering. Just *what* is so amazing about brushing my teeth? With Ipana, as usual.

JOHNNY: But, Dad—you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

DAD: Meaning, Big Boy . . . ?

JOHNNY: Hear him, Janie? Pretending he never learned about soft foods not exercising gums.

JANIE: Cross your heart, Dad? Don't you know you should massage your gums every time you brush your teeth? Otherwise gums may get flabby and tender. Us kids learn that in school.

DAD: Tender gums, eh? Well, what d'you know. Maybe *that's* why I see "pink" on my tooth brush these days.

JANIE: There you are. And where you should be is *at your dentist's. Now.*

EVEN A THIRD-GRADER today often knows more than his elders about modern dental care. For in thousands of classrooms, teachers explain the need for gum massage—its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And according to a national survey, 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore its warning. *See your dentist.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is designed to help the gums. So you can readily see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists use Ipana as any other dentifrice . . . *for their own use.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

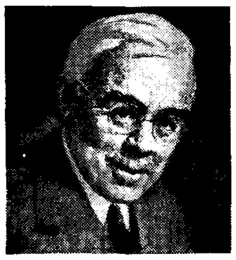
Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

on the Receiving End

BY PAUL PEREGRINE



MR. PEREGRINE, whose column appears in this space from time to time, was for 20 years a radio dealer. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

HOW MANY of you realize (please raise your right hands because, with television, I can count 'em!) that the name of this magazine and that of the Collie dog have something in common? . . . That particular "something" is the word "COAL."

A *collier* with a small "c" is a coal miner . . . A *Collie*, according to authorities on the breed, was originally a black dog and called, therefore, "Coalie" . . . Only the Scotch pronounce it the way we do—"Collie."

BESIDES, every once and so often, there appears in a litter of pedigreed Collie pups a black one. He is not a "mongrel." He is a "throw-back" to his ancestors. He is living proof that—

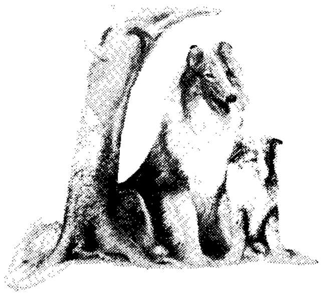
"There's Something in Heredity . . ."

DOWN AT the RCA Victor Laboratories at Camden, N. J., they developed some time ago a Super-FM (Frequency Modulation) System that's going to make your radio listening a lot different in just a matter of months!

AND SAY! You ought to *hear* this new RCA Super-FM . . . Practically no static . . . A much higher degree of selectivity and greater ease in tuning. Makes me wish I was back in the radio business. Because I remember the famous electric radio-phonograph that created a sensation in 1929. That was the Victor RE45. Boy! How it sold!

And now, as I see it, the same RCA Victor "let's do it better" spirit is going to do it again . . . Just one more proof that—

"There's Something in Heredity . . ."



BY THE WAY, if you like Collies and missed the RCA Victor advertisement in this magazine two weeks ago, hunt it up! That's the July 28th issue of Collier's. You'll love the Rutherford Boyd illustration showing a mother Collie and her son. (Shown small above.) And if you've loaned your copy, lost it, or turned it into the paper salvage drive, write me. I'll send you a sepia reproduction, suitable for framing if you enclose 10c in coin to cover postage and handling. Address Paul Peregrine, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Yours for Better Listenin'
Paul Peregrine

Advertisement

Collier's
FOR AUGUST 11, 1945

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AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

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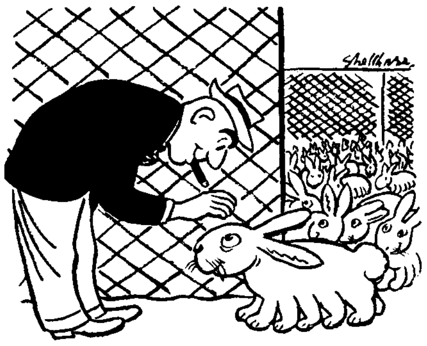
any week

OUR recent mention of Mr. Frank Kavanaugh's plan to cross hogs with centipedes in the interests of more hams drove Mr. Frank T. Pope of Hollywood to his lawyer's. Thinking of suing somebody. Mr. Pope is president of the Centirab Corporation. He proposes to cross centipedes with rabbits to supply the enormously increasing demand for good luck charms.



SOME time ago we decided that, as far as we were concerned, the last story about the marksmanship of squirrel-shooting mountaineers had been told. Guess we're just weak, that's all. Pfc. Charles K. Betts and Captain Patrick O'Sheel, USMC, gang up on us with the tale of a Marine recruit from the West Virginia hills who, from the chin down, was terrific. On the rifle range he'd listen patiently to learned lectures on elevation, windage, trajectory and all that sort of scientific stuff, and shake his head in wonderment that there was so much to shooting that his pappy had never mentioned. One day, just to show him how sights were manipulated to compensate for natural phenomena, a sergeant set this fellow's rifle sights for a stiff easterly wind at 500 yards. The next day the boots were on the range firing at 200 yards. This West Virginia muscle man was pumping them into the bull's-eye with unerring regularity. The admiring sergeant inspected. The sights were still set for a stiff easterly wind at 500 yards, and the sergeant wanted to know how come. "Mister," said the Billy, "I didn't like to say nothing to hurt your feelings but the way you set them sights didn't work so good the first shot. I didn't change them none feeling that you being a sergeant musta had a reason for fooling with them sights like that. So I just been sighting along the side of the barrel like I do with my own rifle back home."

APPARENTLY the wrong man was arrested by the MPs in Paris after an investigation of the theft of something or other from an Army supply depot. The suspect was released after a report from a lieutenant whose final sentence read:

(*Continued on page* 40)

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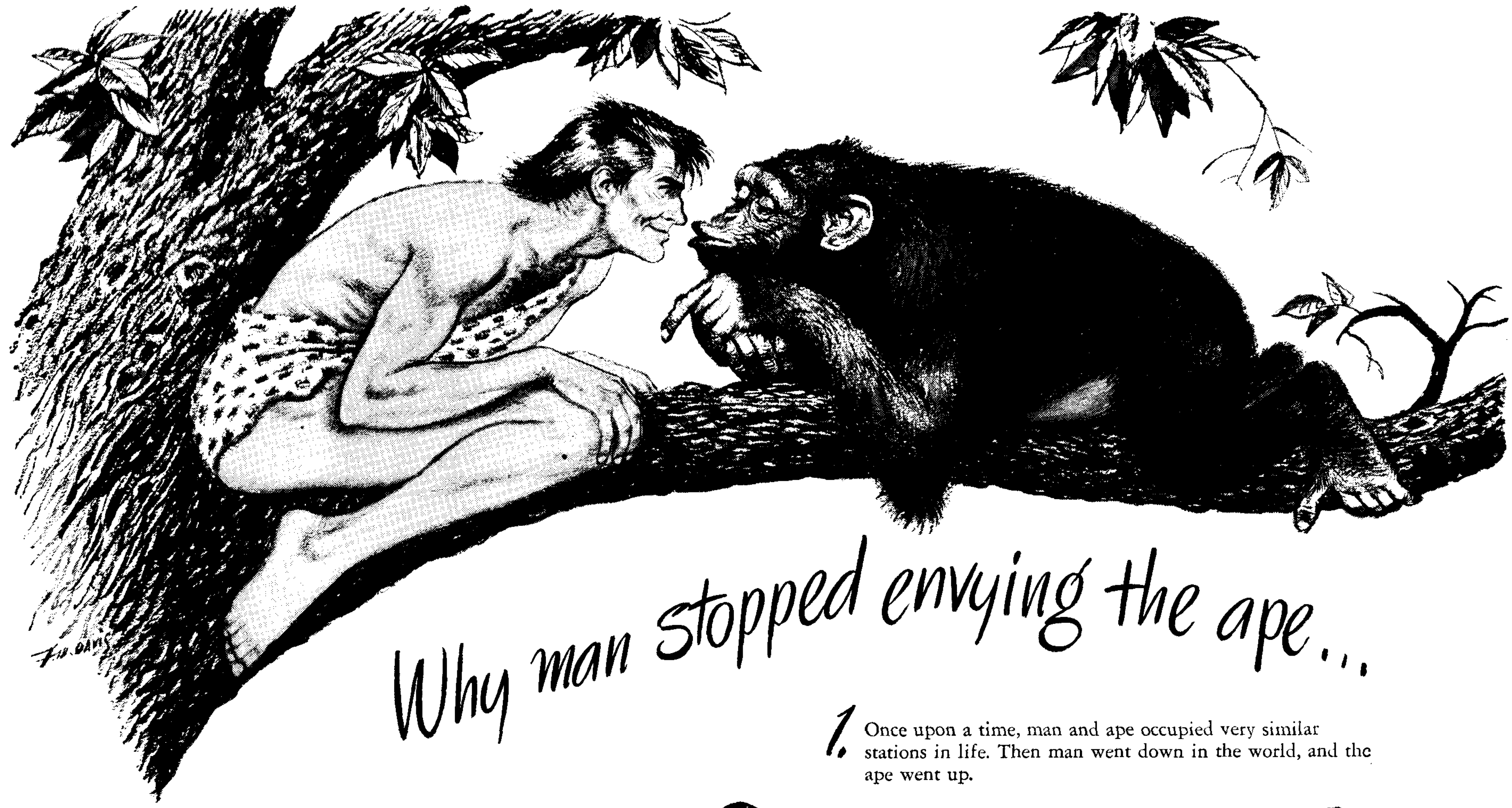
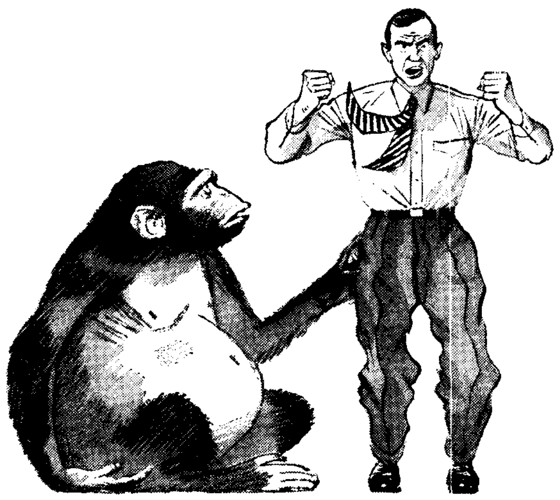


Why man stopped envying the ape...

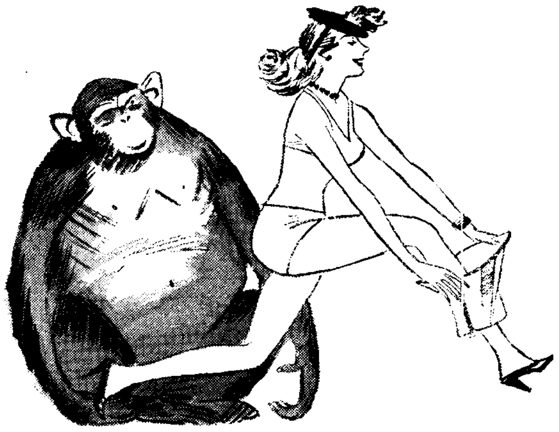
1. Once upon a time, man and ape occupied very similar stations in life. Then man went down in the world, and the ape went up.



2. Man invented clothes and for a while it looked like a bad mistake. Because the clothes had to have openings. And the openings opened when they shouldn't have. And they looked messy.

3. Man began to envy the ape, who just sat around in his skin and laughed. There was a mean look in man's eye and heaven knows what would have happened if Talon slide fasteners hadn't been invented.

4. Before you could say "dependable" there was a Talon trouser fastener. It had a long-lasting cam lock which greatly increased man's social security. Yet it was easy to open or close.



5. Not only that, but Mrs. man found a Talon corset fastener that made donning the contraption a simple one-woman job instead of a family affair. It was some dingus. It had the patented automatic lock that kept it from slipping open by accident. Its strong, smooth-working chain outlasted the garment.

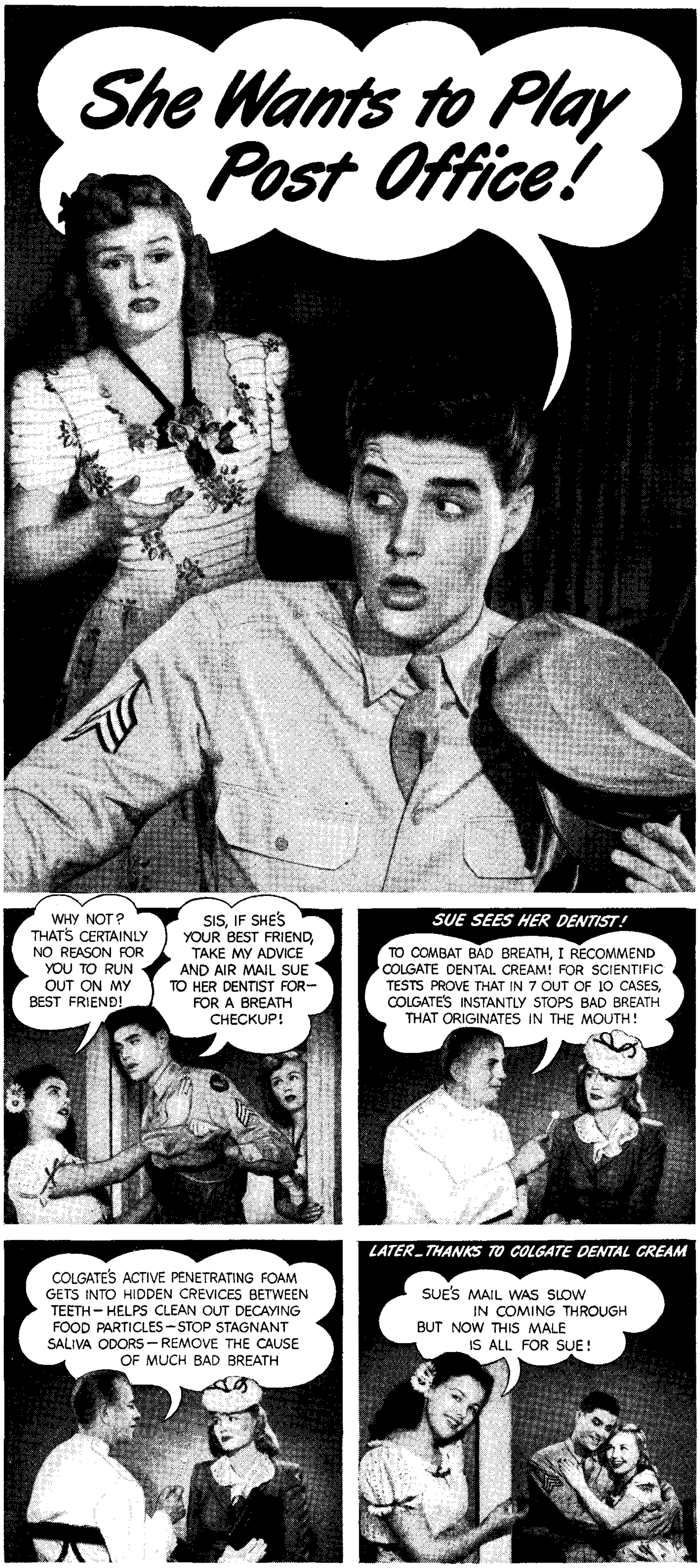
6. Then Mrs. man discovered the Talon placket fastener... with the patented bridge top stop... that kept dress plackets from gaping and slipping open. Darned, if man and woman didn't haul off and stop envying the ape! Seriously, we have touched on but three of the many features that won public favor until Talon slide fasteners were standard in more than 70 industries. And wait till the ape sees the new Talon fasteners that are coming after the war. Honest, he'll start envying us humans!

"TALON"

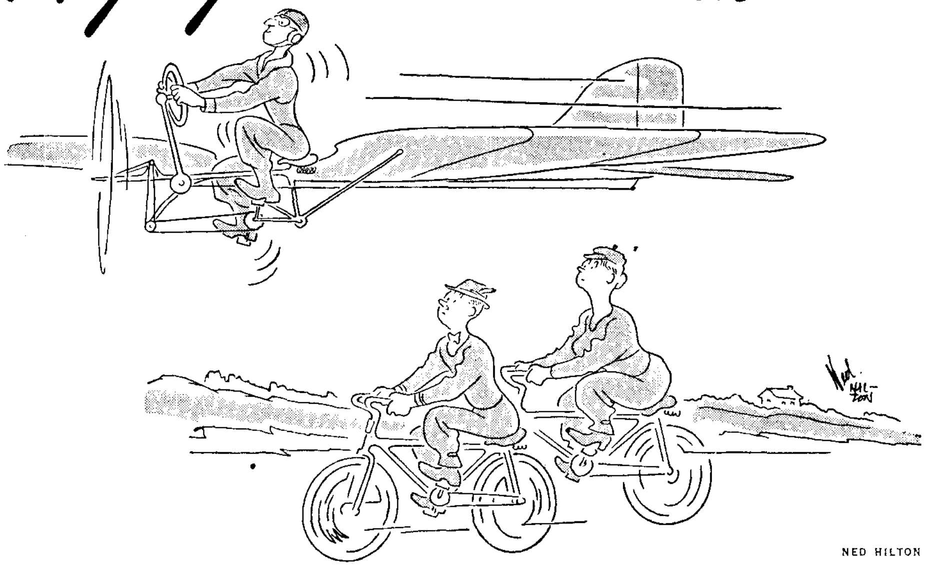
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The dependable slide fastener

TALON, INC. MEADVILLE, PA.


She Wants to Play Post Office!
WHY NOT? THAT'S CERTAINLY NO REASON FOR YOU TO RUN OUT ON MY BEST FRIEND!
SIS, IF SHE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND, TAKE MY ADVICE AND AIR MAIL SUE TO HER DENTIST FOR—FOR A BREATH CHECKUP!
SUE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SUE'S MAIL WAS SLOW IN COMING THROUGH BUT NOW THIS MALE IS ALL FOR SUE!
COLGATE'S DOES A SUPER JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Keep up with the world



by Freling Foster

One of the half-dozen airplanes designed to be driven entirely by human muscular power was a machine which made four flights, averaging 702 feet each, at Frankfort, Germany, on August 30, 1935. Weighing about 60 pounds and having a wingspread of approximately 30 feet, the plane developed its take-off speed by the use of rubber bands and then continued its flight under the power of the pilot, who worked pedals, like those on a bicycle, to revolve the propeller.

A private New York detective, on his first case 34 years ago, captured the murderer of a child by using a unique dramatic situation. Convinced of the man's guilt, the detective moved to his neighborhood, began eating at his table in a near-by restaurant and, after six months, had become so friendly with the suspect that they started to live together. One night, later, the detective rented a car, took his roommate for a ride in the country and had a confederate race by and sideswipe them. In the ensuing argument, he shot and "killed" the confederate—with a blank cartridge. The next morning, the detective had a friend print a special newspaper for him containing a full account of the fake murder and perfect descriptions of the killer and his companion. Being "wanted," the detective made preparations to sail for Europe, refusing to take along his pleading roommate, using the excuse that the man was in a position to blackmail him. Whereupon the suspect, eager to give his friend "a hold on him," confessed to the child's murder and was tried, convicted and executed.

In Belgium and Holland before the war, 125 hours were needed to make a fine diamond die, or to drill a hole in a diamond with a needle and diamond dust that sometimes was only 9-10,000ths of an inch in diameter and 9-1,000ths of an inch in depth. Today in the United States, such holes are made in less than two hours, by applying a low-voltage current to a needle contacting the diamond as it lies in an electrolytic bath.

All American passenger vessels over 5,000 tons are now required by maritime law to carry a radio-direction finder because this device, being independent of the elements, provides the most reliable means of determining the exact position of a vessel at sea.

Many strange customs concerning marriage still prevail in Europe. In Tuscany, an unmarried girl is forbidden to attend a wedding ceremony; in Venice, the best man instead of the bridegroom places the ring on the bride's finger; in Spain, an eligible youth whose request to marry his sweetheart has been denied three times by her father may appeal to the chief magistrate of the town who calls on the man and either obtains his consent or deprives him of his daughter's custody until the marriage can be performed.

Raymond Swing is the only radio news commentator whose scripts are preserved by the Library of Congress.

The greatest mathematical physicist America ever produced was Josiah Willard Gibbs, who was a Yale professor for 32 years before his death in 1903. Among his many immortal works was the paper "On the Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances," which laid the basis of the science of physical chemistry and contributed immeasurably to progress in the fields of electricity, radio and refrigeration, as well as to developments in scores of basic materials such as alloys, drugs, explosives, fertilizers, plastics and synthetic rubber. Yet few geniuses have been less recognized in their native land during their lifetime. Some of his papers were reprinted in Germany as early as 1891, in France in 1899 and in England in 1906. But they were not collected and published in book form in the United States until 1928, and his first biography was not written until 1942.

Among the secret Allied weapons that have saved untold lives are the tanks which carry and lay vehicular bridges across wide ditches and ravines and over high sea-front and antitank walls. No soldier is required to expose himself to enemy fire during the operation because the mechanism that lifts the bridge from atop its carrier and lays it in place is controlled from inside the tank.

Of every 1,000 human pregnancies in the United States, 273 do not result in normal births, 115 being terminated by induced abortions, either legal or illegal. The other 158 end in miscarriages, 82 of which are caused by some defect in the egg or germ cells and, therefore, are terminated by a natural process to prevent the birth of an imperfect baby.

Not long ago, a new tunnel dug at a depth of 3,600 feet in an Arizona copper mine had such a high rock temperature—150 degrees—that air had to be blown through it by the ventilating system for more than three years before it was cool enough to work in. But today in this mine, new tunnels of similar depths and temperatures are cooled within 30 days by mechanical refrigeration.

When the President pro tempore of the Senate becomes its presiding officer through a vacancy in the Vice-Presidency, his salary is increased from the $10,000 he received as a senator to the $15,000 received by his predecessor.

Of the 261 past popes of the Roman Catholic Church, 71 have been made saints, the last being Pius V who was pontiff from 1566 to 1572.

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***BETTY HUTTON** starring in **INCENDIARY BLONDE** a Paramount Picture in Technicolor.*

With Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

Conventional Radio — lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

More bewitching than ever—Betty Hutton in natural color tone on a great new radio

SHE'S dynamic—this merry madcap of song. Even more magnetic when you hear her vivid performance in the glorious natural color tone of the coming General Electric radio.

Breath-taking Realism

♪ On this revolutionary radio you'll hear magic tones and overtones lost on even the best present day conventional sets. You'll listen enthralled to flawless reception unbelievably free from static, fading and station interference.

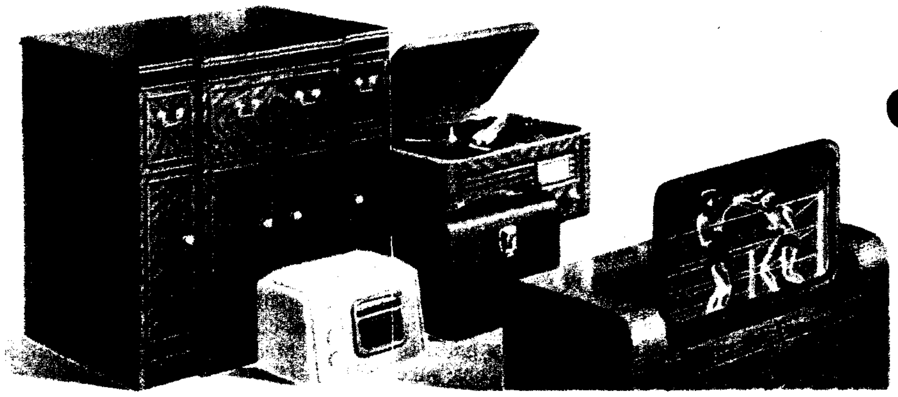
Everything in Radio and Television

♪ This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing models General Electric will offer someday soon at popular prices. There also will be standard radios, radio-phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

General Electric television receivers, too, with their large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios, radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., EWT, CBS.*



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HELP YOUR LUCK ALONG!

Get rid of "5 o'clock Shadow"! Look smoother longer by shaving with genuine Gem Blades—the sturdier blades with the deep wedge-edge. Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems fit precisely, shave perfectly.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH
GEM
RAZORS and BLADES

GEM SINGLEDGE GEM BLADE

LISTEN TO THE FALCON
EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

Wing Talk

**EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY**

INTERNATIONAL

Redeployment of a European heavy bomber group like the one shown above will take five months, will require three ships to haul its equipment

BY MID-AUGUST, more than 3,500 victorious Flying Fortresses and Liberators from the Air Forces in Europe will have crossed the Atlantic with 50,000 American airmen as crews and passengers, some to be demobilized, others to prepare for the Jap war. All will receive thirty days of the three R's—recuperation, rehabilitation and recovery—a period of freedom not charged against their normal allotment of furlough. Then they will fall in with the Redeployment plan, which was quietly undertaken even before the Allied invasion of the Continent.

It will require four to five months to redeploy a returned European combat air group for the Pacific. Take a heavy bomber group. Altogether, its air echelon numbers nearly 700 officers and men. They flew over from Europe in the group's planes, and each man carried only his personal equipment, all extra baggage coming later by ship. Here, the crews are given physical examination, paid and freed for the three R's. Their planes are flown by the Air Transport Command to one of twenty depots about the country for overhauling and modification for Pacific use; for assignment to the Strategic Reserve or to training units or storage.

Meanwhile, the group's ground echelon has arrived. It numbers more than 1,000 officers and men. They may have been among the thousands flown over. But more probably they have come by ship. Many will require further time-consuming retraining on B-29s. Eventually the complete group will reassemble and proceed by ship and plane to the Pacific.

This is one group. Multiply its nearly 2,000 officers and men by the large number of heavy bomber groups returning from Europe. Add the air and ground echelons of returning medium bomber groups. Add the same echelons for the many fighter, reconnaissance and troop-carrier groups. So within the next few months, thousands upon thousands of Army airmen will be added to those now in this country. Our cities and towns and our skies will be swarming with airmen and planes. A score of large depot fields will overflow with fighters and bombers.

Airpower for the Pacific depends on equipment and bases. New air bases must be built; they can't be moved. Most equipment for those bases must be shipped; it can't be flown.

SUCH equipment for a single heavy bomber squadron contains 77,708 items. They range from an 8,000-gallon fuel trailer-truck to a paper clip. There are nearly fifty other vehicles: trucks, trailers, tractors, mobile cranes, wheeled oxygen- and power-generating sets. There are tow bars, canvas maintenance shelters, jacks, tool kits, lathes, grinders, presses and boring machines, instruments, lighting apparatus from tiny bulbs to runway floodlights and airway beacons, juke boxes for training films, plane-identification models, flying clothes, pens, pencils, erasers, drawing instruments, watches, parachutes, life vests and rafts, candy, matches, native trading kits, fire-fighting apparatus and electric stoves for preparing hot food aboard planes flying long missions.

And then there are 35,936 items used by a fighter squadron: 36,730 by a depot repair squadron. The total Air Forces equipment stock runs to 650,000 items. All but some obsolete items must go to the Pacific; and nearly all by ship.

The equipment of a heavy bomber group would require about three average-size freighters, if the ships were assigned exclusively to the group's movement. But it isn't done that way. Much of the stuff will be mixed with deep-loaded tanks, artillery and other heavy items. A group's equipment may be spread over a whole convoy. It will be a long haul too—about 14,000 miles for every ton that moves by water from Europe to the Pacific.

IF a group's movement were put in trainloads, a heavy bomber outfit staging through this country as a unit would require 183 cars; a fighter group 130 cars, an air-service group 179, and an air depot group 284. And those are compact loadings. If the group moved by segments (and many will) the car requirements would be greater.

All units except the Occupational Air Forces are being withdrawn from Europe and the British Isles. Practically all equipment in Europe will be used in the Pacific, with repair, overhaul and modification taking place wherever and whenever it can be done most economically. With the exception of a few specialists, air and ground crews, if qualified, will be demobilized upon their return from Europe.

If possible, at least half of them with service in Europe, but not eligible for discharge, will be held in the reserve units in this country. As a general rule, units trained in this country, but without European experience, will be the first to go to the Pacific. The changing strategic and tactical needs of the Jap war will guide the application or modification of all aspects of Redeployment.

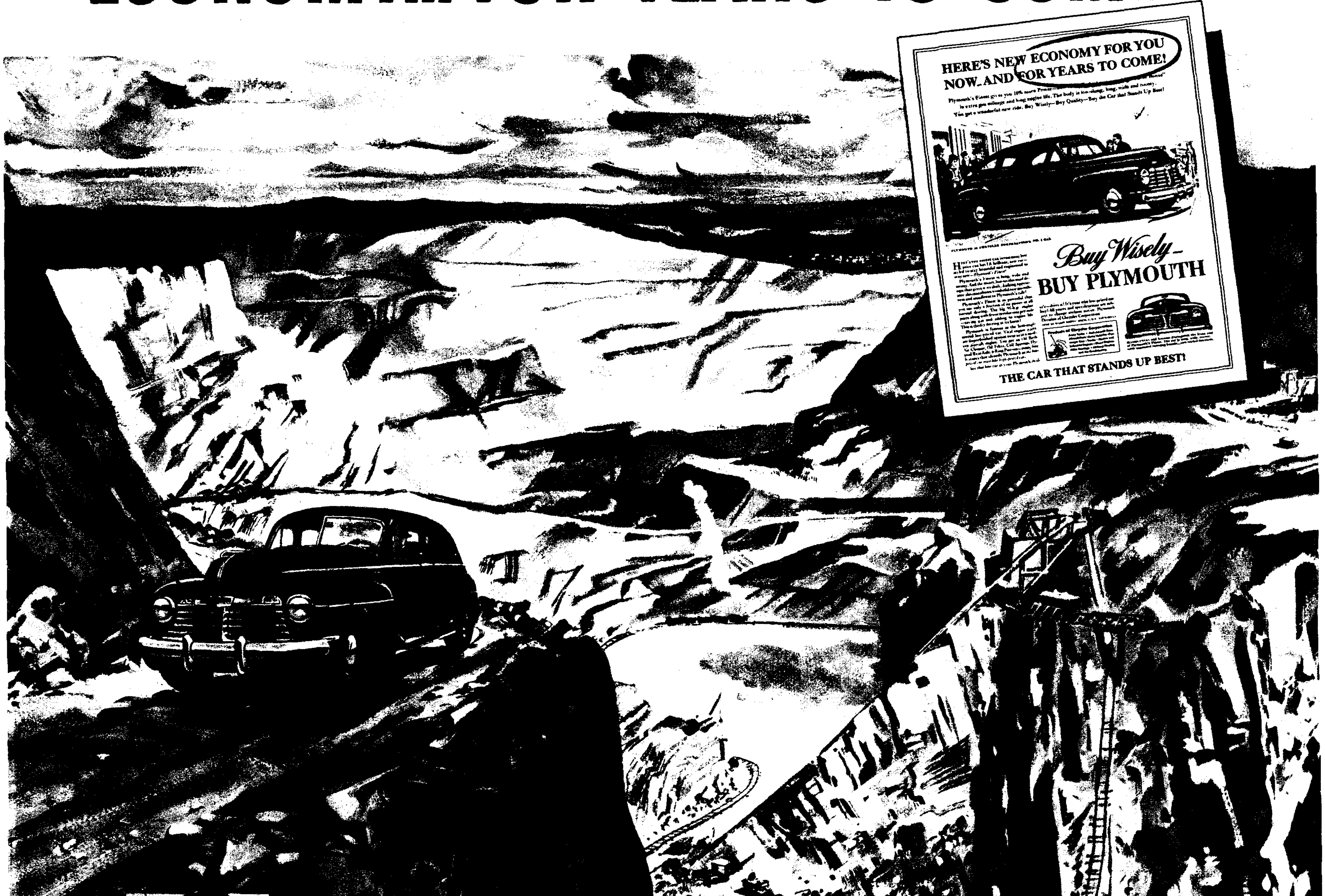
Redeployment had a tryout on and shortly after V-E Day; and that operation was an overwhelming success. For months, equipment moving toward Europe had been marked "SHP" (ship) and "STO" (stop). By detailed arrangements with the carriers, any STO item or group of items could be pulled out of rail or ship-loading traffic immediately.

As the spring of 1945 revealed the imminence of V-E Day, embargoes began to take place. On April 15th, all engine shipments to Europe were stopped, freeing about 100 railway cars and one freighter daily. On April 20th, all glider shipments were cut off, releasing 400 cars and four ships. When the Germans collapsed in northern Italy on May 3d, all Mediterranean STO shipments were halted. On May 5th, it was apparent that the jig was up. Cars in transit or loaded had been reduced from a February daily average of 4,500 to 500. . . .

PHILIP MCKEE

YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE SAID—

"ECONOMY... FOR YEARS TO COME!"



HERE'S NEW ECONOMY FOR YOU NOW—AND FOR YEARS TO COME!

Buy Wisely—
BUY PLYMOUTH

THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST!

• Today, Frank Longabaugh of Columbus, Ohio, tells how his Plymouth has met the test:

"Plymouth's rock-like reliability has meant plenty in my work as a stone company's representative. I travel in and around our quarries and the construction sites of Army depots, airports, war industries. The driving conditions are tough but my Plymouth has been 'taking it' for years . . . giving me outstanding economical service to the tune of 70,000 miles. When new cars are built, I'll want another Plymouth."

Plymouth defines car greatness as *usefulness to owners.* Plymouth has one basic *policy* of automobile manufacture: to always build great cars — and to pioneer advancements to make them even greater.

Designs change, materials change, but the policy is *unchanging.* It lives in the minds, the sinews, the life-stream of the Plymouth organization. It means thinking, planning, toiling to build cars that are reliable and economical for years to come.

While Plymouth factories are in war production, a nation-wide organization of experienced dealers still backs up this policy. Supplied with factory-engineered parts, they're at your service . . . wherever you are in the United States . . . whatever the year of your great Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

• *TRUE YESTERDAY*——

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

• *IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW*

★*BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD*

Just alike?...No! Actual performance will show you the big difference!
The GENERAL TIRE

. . . the same with tires ~

Generals prove their leadership in Longer Mileage...on the road!

What people want from a tire is *long mileage.* And they are getting it today from The General Tire in the same abundance that has made General known for 30 years as *America's Long Mileage Tire.*

BUY WAR BONDS

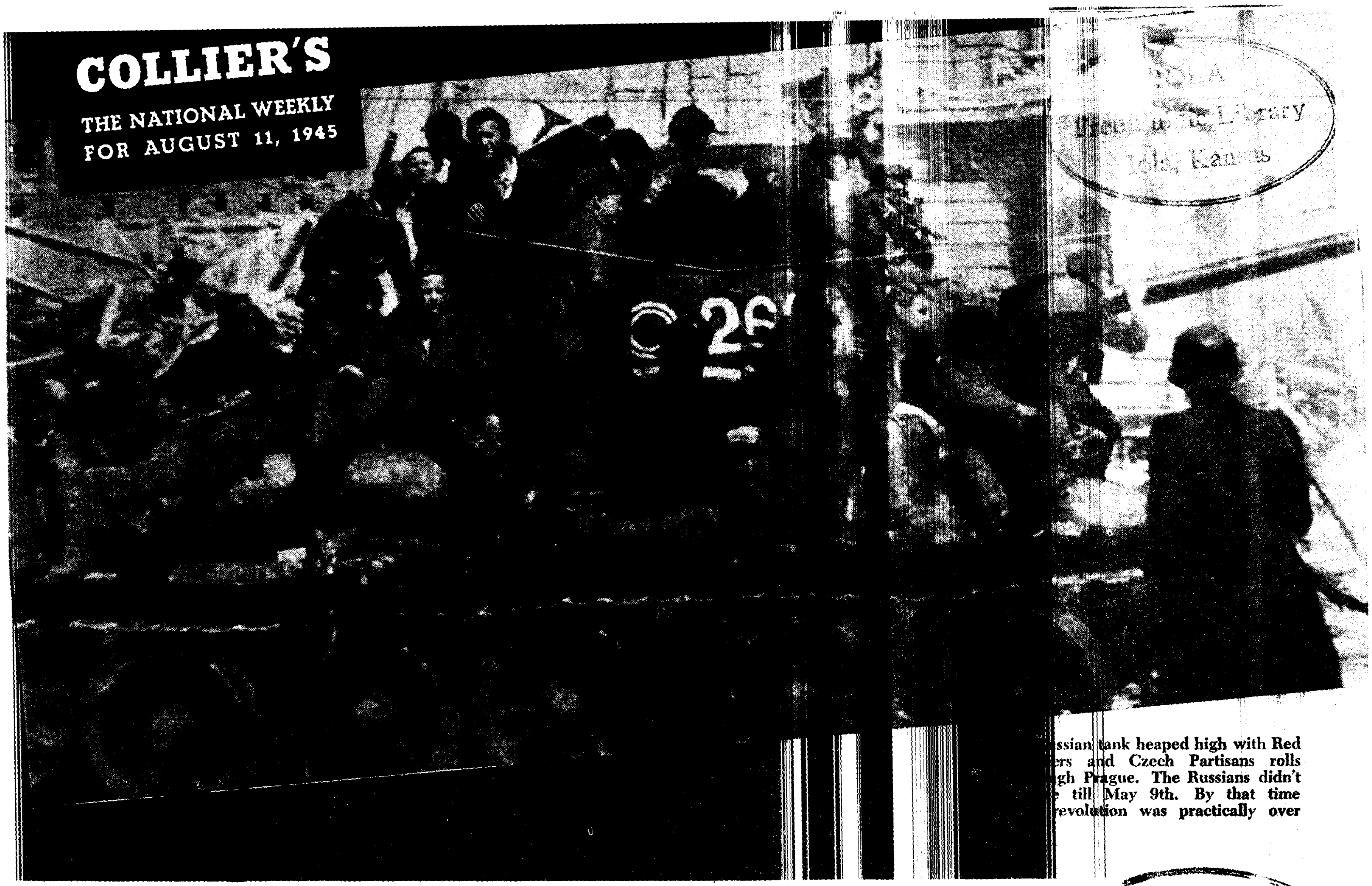
Back of this leadership is rigid adherence to the principle of no compromise with Top-Quality.

Scores of scientists in leading universities work in constant co-operation with General's large research staff. General uses its own discovery for blending extra-mileage ingredients into the rubber it compounds in its own plant. And, General makes its own extra strong fabric in its own mills.

Thus, every step of the way, General sees to it that motorists get the longest mileage it is possible to build into a tire.

—goes a long way to make friends

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 11, 1945



ssian tank heaped high with Red ers and Czech Partisans rolls gh Prague. The Russians didn't till May 9th. By that time revolution was practically over

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Streetcar REVOLUTIO

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

In Prague, the trolley motormen are held in respect and some affection by the people. Had the Germans known that, the revolution of May 5th might not have gone so well

BY MAIL FROM BAD NAUHEIM

THE Czechs revolted against the Germans on May 4th. They shouldn't have. The date was to have been May 5th, but the people of Prague were impatient. They had waited long enough. So, in the afternoon, there was a clattering of hammers as Czechs began to remove German street signs and shop signs. Some were painted over and the Nazi soldiers stared open-mouthed and did nothing, and then the Prague radio announced terrible penalties for anyone removing German signs, so the people rushed and got *all* the signs down before nightfall.

The revolution hadn't started yet, but everyone felt good about the signs and, in the morning, peddlers were selling small, black-framed death notices of "The Third Reich—Curse of Humanity." They sold well, and the people smiled at the Czech proverb at the bottom which said: "If you blow up a balloon too much, it will burst."

It was still the morning of the fifth when the trolleys came. In a sense, they made the revolution official. The people of Prague love their trolley cars. They have the same respect for the motorman as Americans have for an Irish policeman. The motorman is a person who can close a small argument by rendering an opinion. It was 11 A.M. when the people of Prague heard this bedlam of clanging bells. The German patrols seemed to be annoyed at this noise, but the people left the curbs and stared down the tracks, and women leaned out of windows, and greengrocers came dashing out on the sidewalks in their aprons, and then the trolleys came, careening wildly through the streets with British and American and Russian and Czech flags flying from the front.

The cars didn't stop for passengers. They rolled over the hilly, cobbled streets, and the motormen kept their feet on the bells, and the conductors bawled words of liberation from the rear, and the cars looked like dozens of mechanical Paul Reveres and, for a moment, the people were afraid that their beloved motormen would be killed.

It was ingenious, this trick of the streetcars. There was no other way of advising the people of Prague that this was the day. The Germans controlled the radio. They controlled the press; and word of mouth takes too long and is too leaky. So some great Czech thought of the car barns in the outlying districts and adorned them with flags. The Czechs hadn't seen their own flag in public for six years, and seeing it would have told any resident that this must be the day. But the Czechs are an enthusiastic people, so the American, Russian and British flags were added to the trolleys.

"When we saw the flags," an old woman told me, "we knew that this was it."

By noon, everyone was wearing the Czechoslovak colors in lapels, and the stores began to display pictures of Doctor Benes, T. G. Masaryk and Marshal Stalin. Czechoslovak flags and a few American and many Russian ones appeared in windows. Ever since the end of April, when the collapse of Germany was expected hourly, the practical Czech housewives sewed small Sickle and Hammer emblems out of scraps of material. When The Day came, they tore the swastika from the center of the Nazi flags—which every household was ordered to display—and sewed on the Soviet emblem, the red background in both cases being the same.

All Out for Liberation

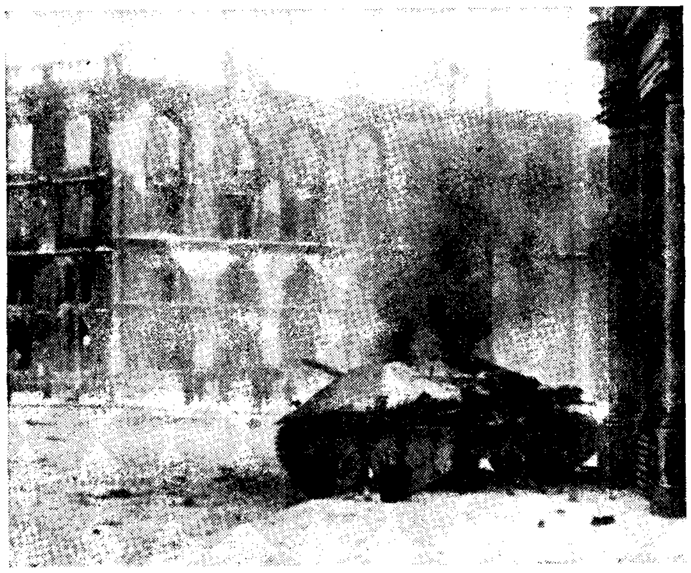
Two facts are memorable about the Prague May revolution. It wasn't done by one class or several classes of the people. It was done by all. When the Czechoslovak National Council, under its president, Doctor Albert Prazák, a well-known professor and pupil of T. G. Masaryk, urged the people to get out on the streets and build barricades against the German tanks, everybody went out.

We saw workers, doctors, teachers, railroad men, children, lawyers, society women, people of all social, political and age groups, working together. The men dug out the heavy cobblestones which cover most of the streets of the capital, and the women were building them into barricades. Old women cooked big kettles of soup, and children distributed the food. The fighting was done by the Czech police, gendarmes, soldiers, members of the Revolutionary Guard (they carried a white arm band with a red RG), and the Partisans. The Partisans were mostly young boys from ten to nineteen. They fought in small groups under the command of regular Czech army officers. They were a colorful lot, starting out with a few Czech uniforms, and gradually donning more and more captured German Wehrmacht and SS uniforms, and they substituted Czech colors for the German Swastika. At times it became hard to distinguish between Germans in German uniforms and Czechs in German uniforms. I met a 13-year-old boy, who, single-handed, destroyed a German tank with two homemade Molotov cocktails, killing twenty-seven Germans. He was not exultant. His mother and brother had been killed by the Germans.

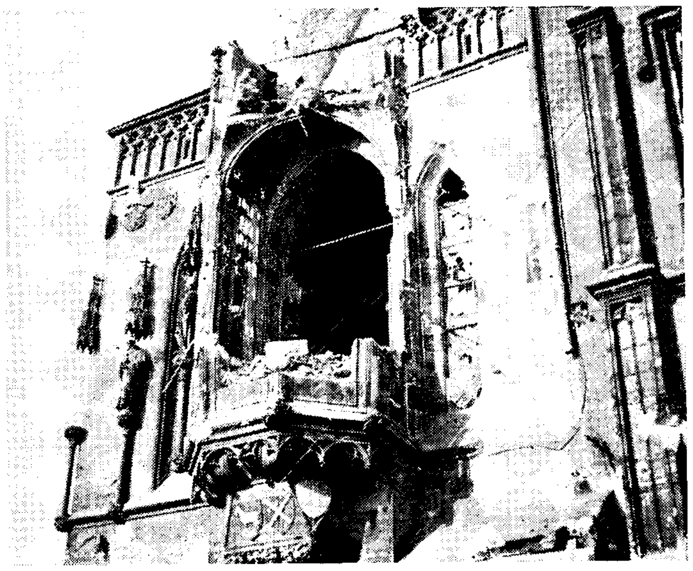
The second fact is that the Czechs went into the fight against heavy German tanks and artillery almost empty-handed. Gradually, as groups of Germans were disarmed or killed, the Czechs got weapons. At the Denis railroad station, a small group of Partisans got hold of a German ammunition train which contained two carloads of *Panzerfäuste* (German bazookas). They called in a Czech who had been forced to serve in the Wehrmacht, and he told them how to use the weapon.

Until May 5th, Prague had been damaged only slightly in two American day raids. But it took a heavy beating in the six-day revolution. The Germans shelled the town for three days and three nights, for the hell of it. The famous city hall on Staromestské Námestí was burned out. There was hardly a window left along Venceslas Square, and the museum

The fighting was done by the Czech police, gendarmes, soldiers, members of the Revolutionary Guard, and Partisans



German armor stormed Prague's ancient City Hall. Its Partisan defenders killed off this Nazi tank



From this Gothic eyrie a 15-year-old Czech girl destroyed a Nazi tank, using a captured German bazooka

Prague is proud because it was liberated by its own people. Boys like these fought like veterans

Men piled cobblestones; women helped. Sheltered by these barricades, Partisans fought Hitler's troops

Dr. Benes comes home. And joyful pàtriots welcome him in old Hradeany Castle, where Czech kings once held court

was badly damaged. In Pankrác and Zizkov, entire blocks were leveled.

The revolution cost the Czechs about 15,000 men, women and children, but the people have the satisfaction of knowing that they liberated the capital themselves. The Americans didn't come into Prague. The Russians appeared on the morning of May 9th, when the revolution was almost over. The first Red Army tanks showed up on Venceslas Square after eight o'clock in the morning. The crews looked dead tired. They belonged to Marshal Konev's army and had driven straight from Berlin in two and a half days.

They got a terrific welcome. In no time, Czechoslovak flags and Red Army flags appeared on the turrets, girls jumped up on the tanks and unshaven, haggard, grinning Russian G.I.s found themselves kissed and showered with flowers. There was even beer, although beer had practically disappeared from Prague in the last months.

The Russians came in on American 2½-ton trucks and weapons carriers, Russian-made trucks, American jeeps (which they call *Willysky*).

They drove through the Národní Trída and Venceslas Square at fantastic speed, tooting their horns and having a perfectly wonderful time. A Russian colonel who wore the order of Lenin (twice) and the order of a Hero of the Soviet Union said, "Most of my men never had a car. From a horse to a car, that's pretty fast, is it?"

Most of the Red Army men who came in during the first days were wearing the Stalingrad Medal. They were casual about fighting their way from the Volga to Prague. An old sergeant from Vladivostok told me that his son, an artilleryman, had lost a leg in the battle for Rostov. "I promised him one hundred Germans for his leg," the old man said. "I can now go home and face my son."

Orders for the People

A few hours after the arrival of the first Soviet troops, the first Russian-Czech proclamations appeared on the walls. They were signed by the Russian military commander and told people to stick to their jobs, and to surrender all arms, documents and ammunition which the Germans had left behind. All Russian citizens who had been taken away by the Germans were asked to register with the Red Army within three days "for the purpose of their speedy repatriation." The Red Army remained in charge only a few days. Even before the arrival of President Doctor Benes, the military powers had been taken over by the Czechoslovak Army.

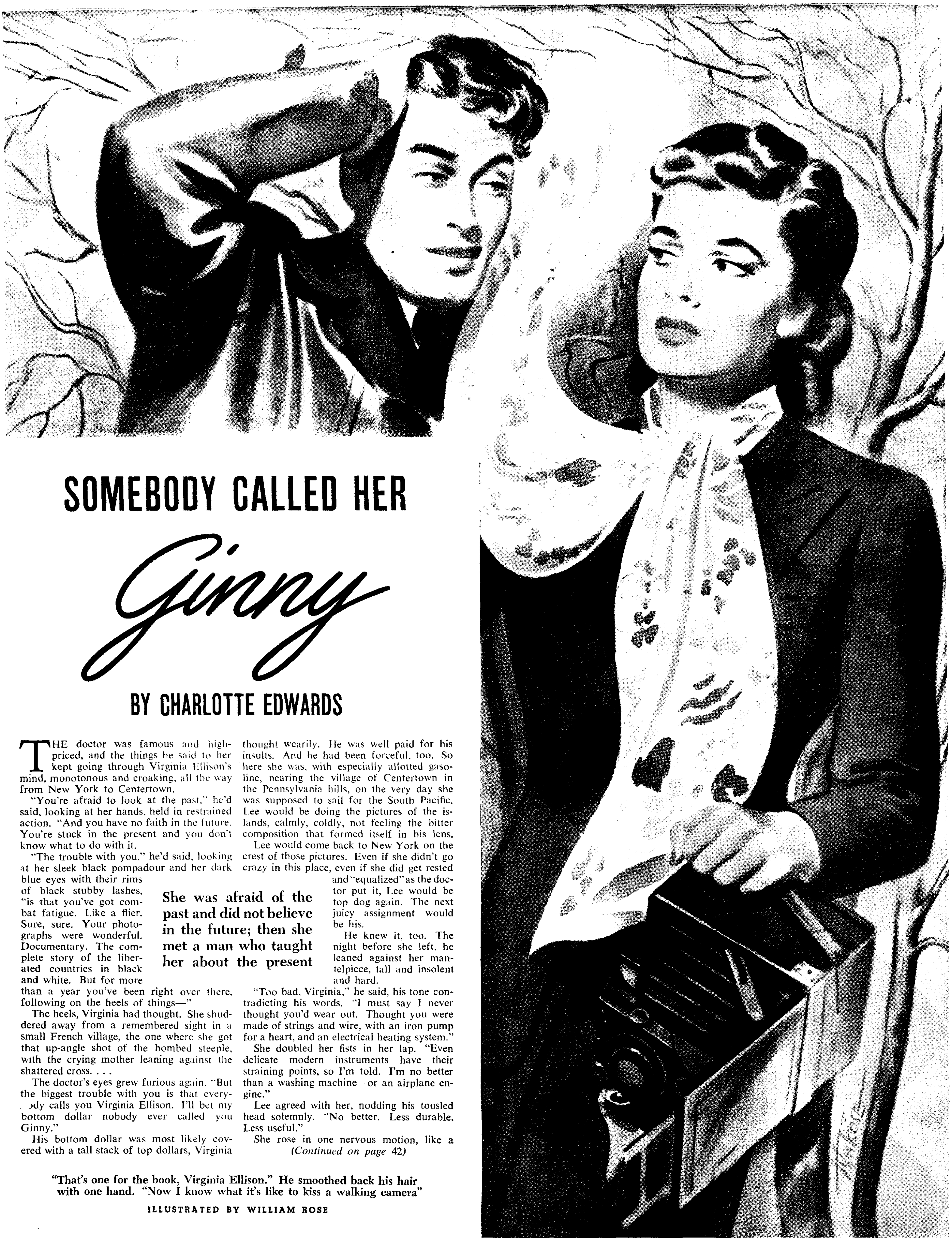
The Russians got along very well with the people. They are crazy about children. It was not unusual to see a Russian officer with a dozen kids go into a coffeehouse and ask for *zákusky* (dessert) for the kids. There is no dessert, however. The Café Mánes serves only mineral water, and such famous restaurants as Piskácek on Prikopy, where the menu once read like a gourmet's dream, have nothing but soup, potatoes with tomato sauce, dumplings with kraut, potatoes with kraut, and, as dessert, potato salad.

The most popular members of the Soviet Army are the traffic police who are smart-looking women, wearing long blouses, tight skirts and high boots, looking military yet completely feminine. They have wonderful teeth but they rarely smile. They stand on all crossings waving their green and red flags, solemn and imperturbable.

The Czechs have gone back fast to business as usual. The first proclamations of the Benes government emphasize that this is not the time to celebrate but to work "twice as much as before." On the outside, little has changed, apart from some strange aspects. The Ceská Banka Union, one of the great banks, now serves as headquarters of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, and the Red flag waves over the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange is already open. The confusing money situation has been straightened out. Currently one can use the old "Protectorate" bills, both Allied Military Government money and Russian Military Government marks, and the ruble, which is worth 5.50 Czechoslovak crowns.

All industries and enterprises belonging to

(Continued on page 40)



SOMEBODY CALLED HER *Ginny*

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

THE doctor was famous and high-priced, and the things he said to her kept going through Virginia Ellison's mind, monotonous and croaking, all the way from New York to Centertown.

"You're afraid to look at the past," he'd said, looking at her hands, held in restrained action. "And you have no faith in the future. You're stuck in the present and you don't know what to do with it.

"The trouble with you," he'd said, looking at her sleek black pompadour and her dark blue eyes with their rims of black stubby lashes, "is that you've got combat fatigue. Like a flier. Sure, sure. Your photographs were wonderful. Documentary. The complete story of the liberated countries in black and white. But for more than a year you've been right over there, following on the heels of things—"

The heels, Virginia had thought. She shuddered away from a remembered sight in a small French village, the one where she got that up-angle shot of the bombed steeple, with the crying mother leaning against the shattered cross. . . .

The doctor's eyes grew furious again. "But the biggest trouble with you is that everybody calls you Virginia Ellison. I'll bet my bottom dollar nobody ever called you Ginny."

His bottom dollar was most likely covered with a tall stack of top dollars, Virginia thought wearily. He was well paid for his insults. And he had been forceful, too. So here she was, with especially allotted gasoline, nearing the village of Centertown in the Pennsylvania hills, on the very day she was supposed to sail for the South Pacific. Lee would be doing the pictures of the islands, calmly, coldly, not feeling the bitter composition that formed itself in his lens.

Lee would come back to New York on the crest of those pictures. Even if she didn't go crazy in this place, even if she did get rested and "equalized" as the doctor put it, Lee would be top dog again. The next juicy assignment would be his.

He knew it, too. The night before she left, he leaned against her mantelpiece, tall and insolent and hard.

"Too bad, Virginia," he said, his tone contradicting his words. "I must say I never thought you'd wear out. Thought you were made of strings and wire, with an iron pump for a heart, and an electrical heating system."

She doubled her fists in her lap. "Even delicate modern instruments have their straining points, so I'm told. I'm no better than a washing machine—or an airplane engine."

Lee agreed with her, nodding his tousled head solemnly. "No better. Less durable. Less useful."

She rose in one nervous motion, like a

(Continued on page 42)

She was afraid of the past and did not believe in the future; then she met a man who taught her about the present

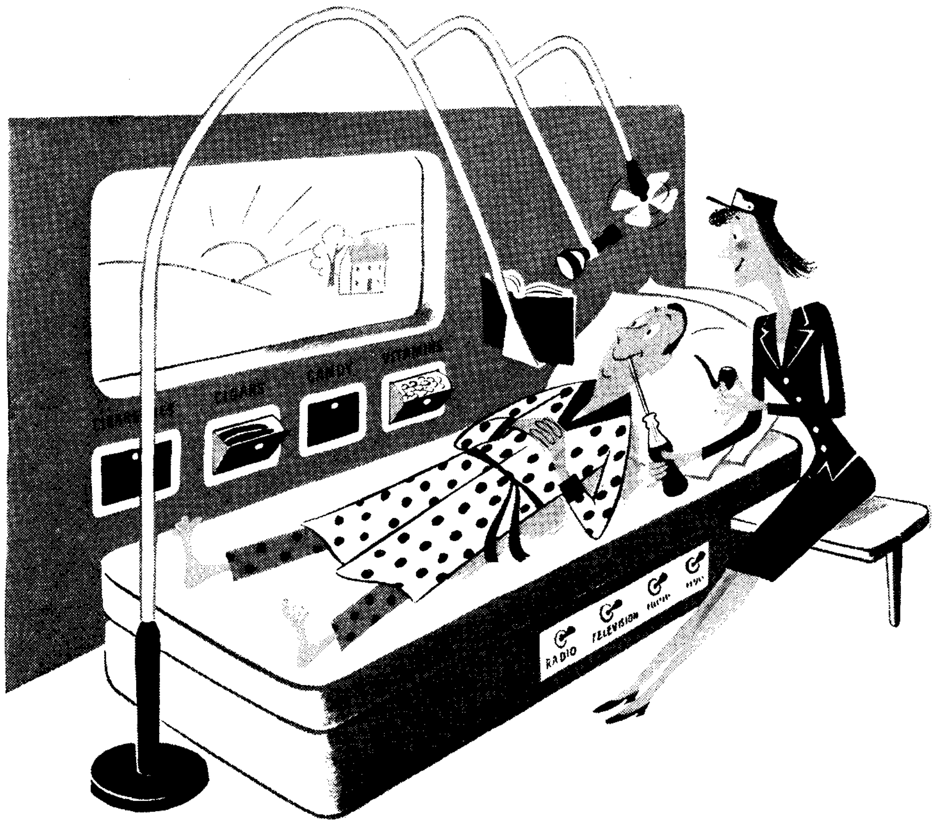
"That's one for the book, Virginia Ellison." He smoothed back his hair with one hand. "Now I know what it's like to kiss a walking camera"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

FROM HERE TO THERE—*Postwar*

BY JIM MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN



Above is probably a slight exaggeration of what passenger accommodations will be after the war. Railroad executives know that the passenger end is the small end of their business, consequently are spending more time on things like central traffic control, boxcar loadings, better fuels (below)

What's going to happen to the big job of moving American people and the things they produce after the war is over

LIFE is a transportation job; human progress depends entirely on the movement of things, people and ideas. History is merely a record of changes in transportation methods for getting notions, bullets, Americans, lampshades, pig iron, poison gas, coal, power, Arabs, jelly beans, submarines and other commodities from here to there.

Transportation is always changing. Invariably the trend is toward greater speed, safety and comfort. At times two of these are sacrificed for the third but over a long term of years the advance is in all three.

The great postwar transportation problem boils down to a battle between three or four transportation industries for what freight needs to be moved. Moving freight is four or five times as necessary as moving people; usually it is more profitable; normally it accounts for about eighty per cent of transportation revenues.

Given time for adjustment, railroads, highway freight lines and steamships could dispense with passenger traffic and still make a living; many of them would be glad to do it, because in many cases hauling humans is just a headache. This is true more in peacetime than in wartime: While wars are going on, passengers become a sort of self-loading and unloading bulk freight, filling cars to capacity and allowing transportation concerns to make a profit on them. There are, of course, plenty of profitable passenger runs in peacetime; but there are also plenty of money-losers, operated for prestige or because the Interstate Commerce Commission insists on their continuance.

For years the basic transportation machine has been the railroads. We have about 230,000 miles of them and we pay them between four and six billion dollars a year to haul things and people around the country. Americans have something less than 25 billion dollars invested in railroads.

The railroads built the United States, colonized the West, created huge empires, made possible the development of untold wealth. Around railroading there has grown up a feeling of romance. Well, there was a lot of romance to the old stagecoach, the Conestoga wagon, the prairie schooner and the Deadwood stage—and, for that matter, the old brewery dray with its eight-horse hitch of shining Clydesdales. But romance didn't help any of them when the showdown came. It won't help the railroads, either.

Air Lanes vs. Ground Lines

The coming of the railroads to New England almost wrecked flourishing stagecoach and canal enterprises in less than a decade. Some enthusiasts in the aviation business predict almost as rapid a decline for surface transportation once the war is over and planes can really get going. Whether this is true or not, history is largely a record of the quick displacement of one form of transportation by a better one.

After the last war the railroads lost a lot of short-haul business to trucks and busses. After this one, they're afraid a lot of their long-haul traffic will be taken over by planes. Just how much, they don't know, and most of them aren't even guessing. To add to their troubles, there are plans for cross-country superhighways, with cars to match, but these won't come along for a while after the last shot's fired. The planes, however, can start operating within a few weeks, since hundreds of them require little or no conversion for freight carrying.

The roads themselves have a fair grip on the bus and truck business. In fact, some of our biggest systems now operate more truck and bus miles than train miles. Expansion of this side of the business will have to wait on new equipment.

What the railroads are really worried about are private cars and private planes. Just how many million Americans are going to take just how many million trips after the war is a guess, but the roads fear that too many of them will pile into cars and private planes to do it. On trips of less than 500 miles, easily made in a day by car in the West, the swing will be away from rails and onto highways.

Railroads—and to a lesser extent, truck lines and planes—will have to worry after the war about increased intercoastal service by ship. We will have plenty of ships to make runs from Atlantic to Pacific ports, carrying mass tonnages at low rates through the Canal. This route is protected by law against foreign competition, and a hundred cargo ships could divert a great deal of profitable freight business from land haulers.

The one thing the railroads do best is haul heavy bulk freight long distances at reasonable speed at less than a cent a ton a mile. No other sort of transportation has yet been able to do this. There are billions of tons of freight in this country, in the shifting of which time is not of great importance. It usually doesn't matter whether it takes something three or five days to travel from Chicago to the West Coast. Since speed is a very costly ingredient in transportation, no one is going to pay for it who doesn't need it.

Passengers Like Their Freedom

One factor in transportation of passengers that frequently is overlooked is what may be called freedom of movement. Passengers like to move around while traveling, and trains give them more freedom than planes or busses. Cars give them most of all, because they can stop anywhere as long as they like, drive at any speed they like, arrive and leave when it suits them.

Up to a few hundred miles, there is not much to choose in speed between trains and private cars, but for overnight trips the train is faster. The bus is slowest and the plane fastest, even counting the long taxi hauls to and from airfields. Bus transportation cannot compete with trains, cars or planes for freedom of passenger movement, or in speed, and probably in comfort. So busses have to depend largely on low prices to get their business, and must make operating expenses by running full most of the time. The space per passenger is much less on a bus than on a train. There will, of course, be bigger, faster and more comfortable busses, with new facilities aboard, but it will take time to build them.

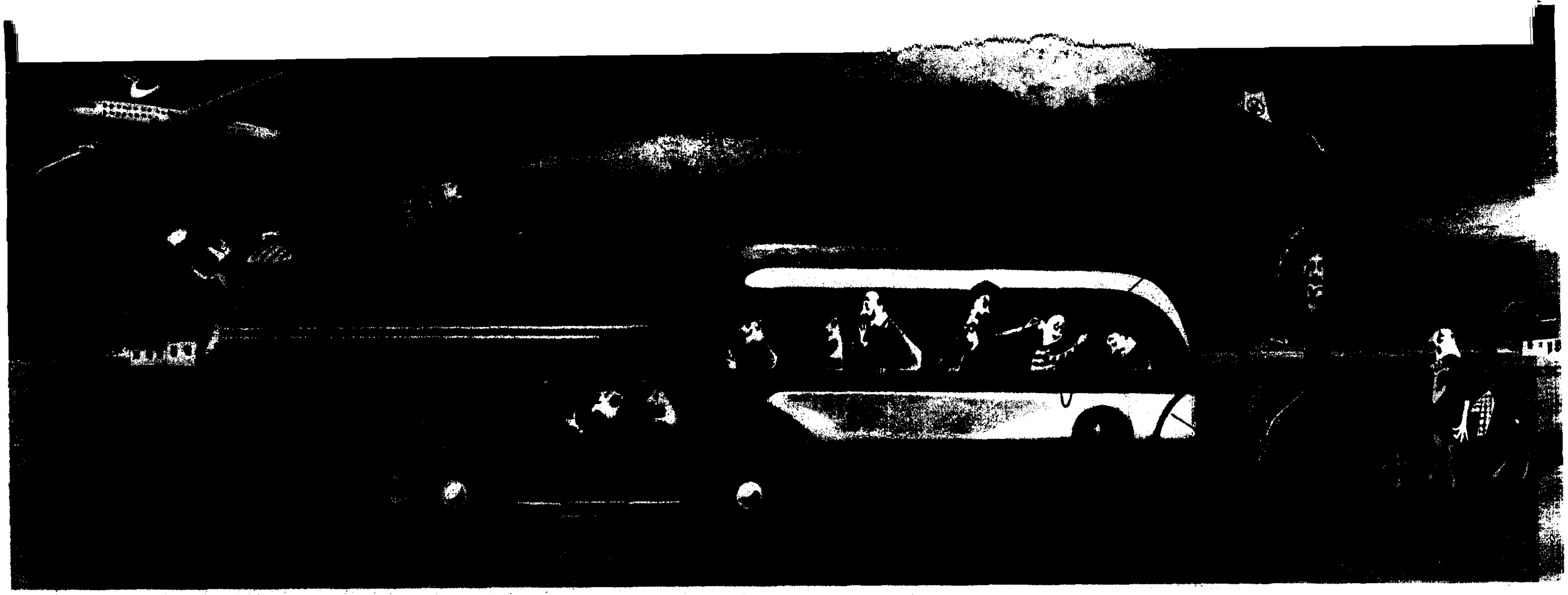
The last year before the war, about 20,000 busses were operating over routes totaling more than 350,000 miles. As against this, less than 40,000 miles of air routes were in operation. Now there are plans to quadruple airline mileage, put on hundreds of new planes, some of unheard-of size.

One of the biggest and fastest of the new airliners will be a Consolidated Vultee job carrying 204 passengers at about 325 miles an hour. This is about as many passengers as board a modern streamlined train in normal times. While the fastest train journey coast to coast now takes around sixty hours—including the enforced layover in Chicago—this plane would make the trip in about ten hours, allowing for several stops en route.

This speed gives the plane an operating advantage: It does not have to carry the expensive living equipment—beds, diners, and so forth—that a long-distance train has to offer, all of which means extra dead tonnage to haul. The plane's advantage over surface ships on ocean runs is even greater: It takes only three quarters of one ton of plane to carry a passenger; an ocean liner often figures out at twenty-five tons to one passenger; trains, including motive power, average several tons to each occupant, depending on how well they are filled.

But there is some skepticism even in the airline industry about the practicality of 200-passenger planes. They are enormously expensive and in a crash they would be a total loss—and so probably would all the passengers. Huge planes are costly to operate, and one school of thought holds that it will be more economical and a great deal safer to run four 50-passenger ships than one 200-passenger craft.

Cross-country flights nonstop already are tentatively scheduled for 510 minutes (8½ hours); Chicago to New York, 120 minutes;



History is a record of the displacement of one form of transportation by a better one. Whether this means the end of railroads postwar is a large question

Chicago to Denver, 175 minutes. The air people say that fares will be lower than by train, and maybe even than by bus, figuring in incidentals on rail and highway trips.

When the average citizen starts speculating about postwar railroading he is likely to waft himself off into a pleasant dream of lolling on silken cushions, tended by blond stewardesses, fed on exotic food, inside an air-conditioned, rocket-propelled, chromium-plated hotshot zinging across the country at some fantastic speed, usually two hundred miles an hour. This may all come true, but five will get you fifty in any rail executive's office that it won't—at least not for a long, long time.

There are plans for new trains and new speed and new comfort and safety, but the passenger end still is the small end of railroading. What most of the planners are concentrating on are unglamorous things like central traffic-control systems, better boxcars, heavier individual car loadings, and how to get one or two per cent more punch out of a pound of coal or a gallon of fuel oil.

Of late years the roads have learned that speed and comfort combined with low fares will produce profitable mass business. They are not likely to neglect this side of the game after the war. But still their main job is moving dead tonnage around the country at reasonable speed—a job they do more cheaply and efficiently than any form of transportation anywhere in the world, and fifteen times as cheaply, incidentally, as the Chinese coolie.

There are three ways in which railroads may be improved, from the public standpoint, but only one way is open for improvement from the road's angle. The traveling public can be given more speed, more comfort and more safety; the shipping public can be given more speed and more safety and, in the case of livestock, perhaps, more comfort. But the only improvement that can benefit a railroad is summed up in "economy of operation." This includes such diverse things as freedom from wrecks and natural disasters, relief from debt burdens, lower operating costs, better-filled varnish (passenger) strings and freight drags—a thousand items that add up to the difference between profit and loss.

It is seldom that the roads can make a few dollars by advancing rates. They have to make a profit by trimming expenses.

Contrary to public belief, the Interstate Commerce Commission does not set railroad rates. It sets a ceiling, and in theory, the roads, in agreement with shippers, can charge anything they like under this ceiling. Actually, they don't, for if they did, rail service in America would go to hell in a year.

Back in the late '80s and early '90s, there was unrestricted competition among the roads. Shippers got rebates, and passengers traveled in a dream world where you could go from Chicago to any point in California for $5. Rival lines ran excursions, topping one another's offers until some hundreds of happy trippers would get five hundred miles of travel, free lunch with beer, and tickets to an amusement park for $1.50.

This sort of insanity ended with the great rail company collapses of the '90s, and since then, the systems have lived sanely together. Rates between common points are held even, and both freight and passenger running times between main terminals are, accidentally or otherwise, practically the same for rival lines.

Although theoretically the roads are able to compete in fares, equipment and speed, actually the only thing they usually compete in is service. Three transcontinental limiteds leaving Chicago for the North Pacific Coast every evening, for example, are almost identical in everything except the routes they take. There is nothing to choose between them, except that seasoned travelers think the service on one is better than on the others, or the food is tastier. It has to be that way. The only alternative is chaos, with ruinous races for speed and revenue-cutting slashes in fares—with the bill, in the end, going to the public.

Railroad Progress Slow But Sure

Railroads at first were slow to adopt such things, for example, as fast, luxurious coach trains, but most of these have proved highly profitable, some grossing up to $8 and $10 a mile.

Bill Jeffers started the fast, cheap transportation idea with his Union Pacific Challengers, which have always been money-makers. So have such trains as the New York Central's Empire State Express, Southern Pacific's Daylights—once rated the most profitable passenger trains in America—and other coach speedsters between population pools: Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Tulsa, Houston, Detroit and a score more. That such trains will remain popular after the war seems likely. They may be speeded up some and given new equipment, but don't expect anything radical.

The Pullman Company has plans for a variety of new cars: three-decker sleepers, all-room cars, solid cars of duplex rooms on two decks; day cars with seats that stretch out almost to make beds. The old-fashioned berth arrangement probably is on the way out. It is almost incredible it lasted as long as it did; its main achievement was to create a nation of acrobats.

It is hard to imagine any more conveniences being crowded into a Pullman room. The newest of them have private shower baths, and even the roomettes offer toilet facilities, individual heating and cooling, and places to plug in radios and train telephones. After the war, telephoning to and from trains anywhere seems likely. Such a system was operated on the Canadian National Railways between Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal at least fifteen years ago, and there has been considerable experimenting with the thing on this side of the line lately.

There'll be little new in freight cars, except that they will make use of new alloys to lose weight and will adopt steel wheels—most wheels are now cast iron—and maybe roller bearings to increase speed. Union Pacific has been testing roller-bearing freight cars for some time.

There will be extensions of the overnight merchandise freight service started before the war. It is now possible for a wholesaler in one city to have merchandise picked up as late as six o'clock one evening and have it delivered to a store in another city five hundred miles away by eight o'clock the next morning. But speed-ups probably will come gradually; no spectacular new methods of freight handling are in sight.

There is a maximum over-all speed for standard railroad operation—probably around 100 miles an hour—which will not be greatly exceeded for years, if ever. There are problems concerned with balancing cars nine and a half feet wide on a track four feet eight and a half inches wide that definitely limit speed.

Railroad speeds are governed by a little thing called centrifugal force, which is the tendency of moving things to proceed in a straight line and to resent being forced around curves. It is possible to build 300-mile-an-hour locomotives and track, but there seems to be a limit to curves around which you can take a 300-mile-an-hour train. There are quite a number of 100-mile-an-hour curves at present, but banking them to take trains operating at three times that speed would mean that slow freights would just fall over. Curves have to be built for trains to stop on, as well as to move over.

American track for years has been getting straighter and flatter, but there is a point at which this can no longer be done, especially in mountain sections where curving track is necessary to gain and lose elevation at a grade slight enough to enable locomotives to handle heavy trains. Trains can climb only about four feet in every hundred, and if two stations a mile apart vary 1,000 feet in elevation, the track has to be lengthened to more than four miles if trains are to "make the grade."

One long-needed improvement in rail transportation seems just as far off as ever: There still is no transcontinental train in America, though there are several in Canada. This is due to what is called "the Chicago situation." There are many more lines feeding into Chicago from the west than fan out

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THE RAILROADS' JOB—NOW!

The transportation situation in this country right now is far more critical than at any time since Pearl Harbor, and it will get worse before it gets better.

Here is what the railroads are doing, and what they will have to continue doing for a long time:

They are transporting about 3,100,000 men in the redeployment program. There will be a total of approximately 20,000,000 individual trips, about 7 trips per man, including furloughs. The soldiers will arrive at Eastern seaports from Bangor, Maine, to Miami Beach, Florida. After their furloughs, they will have to be routed west from the big double-track Eastern systems to the seven railroads which serve the West. Because of manpower deficiencies these roads are already running at capacity.

At the moment more than 300,000 men are returning each month. The redeployment load will increase to a point above this and stay there for about eight months.

Before redeployment began, 50 per cent of all Pullmans were assigned to military service. In August, the military will be using 75 per cent of the Pullmans and more than one third of the coaches. Soldiers on furlough will have to travel with civilians. The railroads must also take care of the requirements of the Navy and Coast Guard, the 40,000 casualties transported each month to hospitals and rest areas, and the 90,000 men who are to be inducted each month.

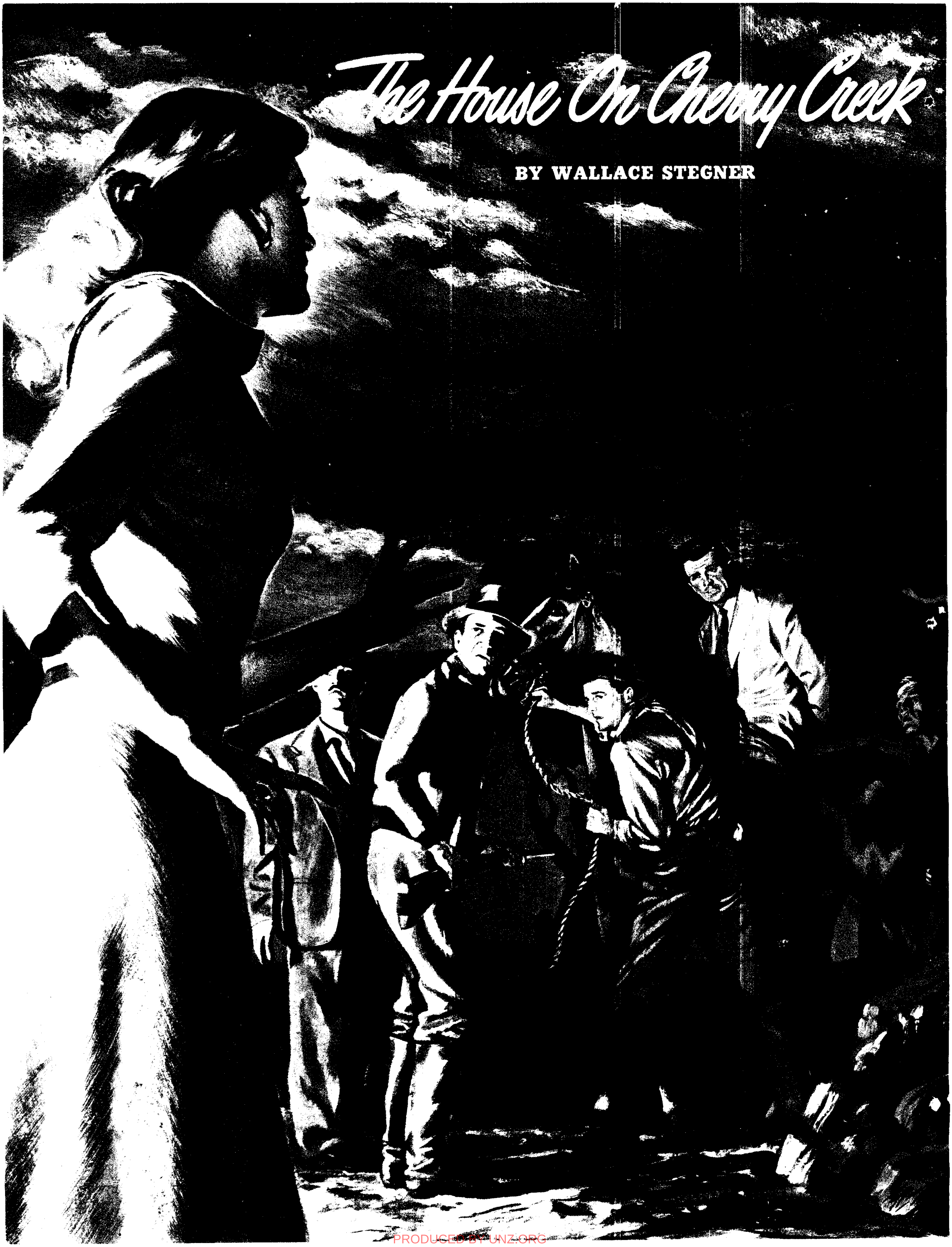
For many months there won't be any place on the trains for nonessential civilian travel. Honestly and sincerely ask ourself, "Is this trip necessary?" and act according to the dictates of your conscience.

J M Johnson

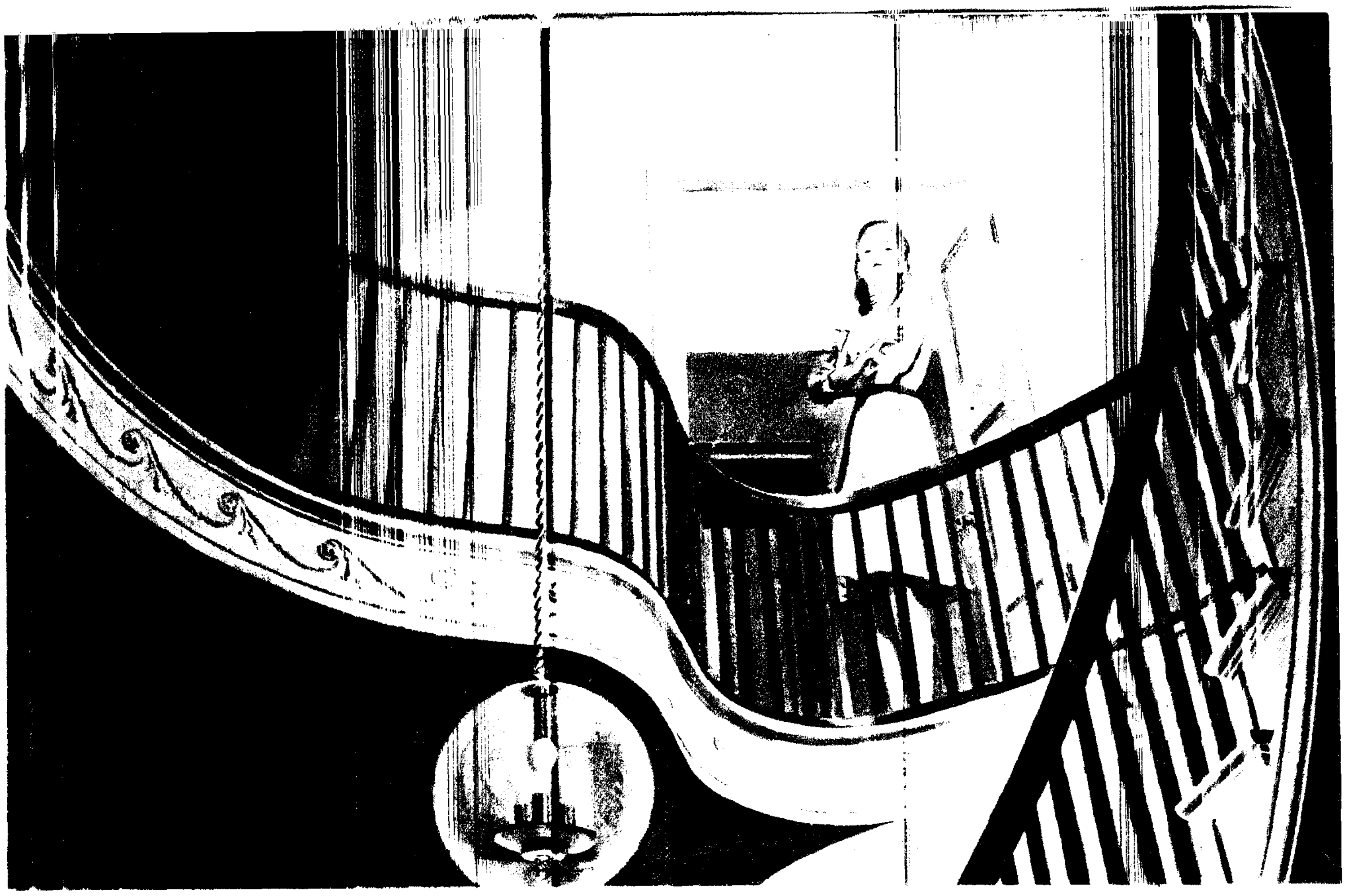
Director, Office of Defense Transportation

The House On Cherry Creek

BY WALLACE STEGNER



Ted Halstead came back from prison to his love and to his home, his one sin against convention expiated—only to face the cruel fury of the lynch mob



Amy appeared at the top of the stairs, cool and dangerous. "I don't need you to help me pack my clothes," **she said**

LYING with my elbow digging into the soft orchard ground and the night sky over me blurry with blossoms, I could look down between the lanes of trees to the station, its platform light gleaming yellow on a short stretch of rail. I didn't dare get any closer. The others were waiting in a ring around Ted Halstead's house. If I raised up they'd see me against the light.

I didn't really think there was much I could do. A wire up the line, warning Ted not to come on, would have given me away to the telegraph operator, and there was no chance to drive up and intercept him because a bridge was out below Summit.

So all I could do was lie in his orchard and hope to steer him away from his house. I could visualize him coming down that old Wooden Shoe Line, thinking of his home and his family, sitting with the coach window raised and letting the smell of open country drive away the seven months of prison stinks.

He was riding right into it, and only a chance that I could do anything. I thought as I lay there that I might have gone to Amy, got her to take the children and go to meet him and never come back, but I knew all the time why I hadn't. Amy was too proud to run, or she would have run long before now. And she had so much faith in Ted that she wouldn't even think of letting him duck his responsibilities. She wanted him to come back and live that disgrace down.

He was coming back, all right, but there was no way he could know what was waiting for him. He might anticipate hard feelings, but hardly harm, because there was no harm in Ted himself, for all the label of thief the town had put on him.

There was harm in that gang of vigilantes, though, and in Leo Bruckner. Leo was a mean man, the kind who would want to get even when he lost his money in a broken bank. He had a dozen things to get even for, actually. Ted had everything, including Amy, and ever since they were twelve years old, Leo had been wanting everything Ted had. Ted's conviction had given him a chance to bring it out in the open and make it sound like the indignation of an honest citizen.

I remembered Leo's face the day they sentenced Ted to two years for misusing the bank's funds. There were plenty of people then in the town who thought the whole trial was a put-up job, an unloading of the collective guilt on a goat, but Leo never thought so. In his harness shop that day he picked up a heavy tug from the counter and wrung it till the rivets strained.

"If he ever shows his face in this town again," he said, "I'll wring his neck like a jaybird's. Two years! By the holy, they ought to've hanged him!"

In the seven months Ted had been gone, times hadn't got any better. There was time for people to forget that the man they had jailed was the most openhanded man in the county, the first citizen, the man whom for years they had trusted, liked and depended upon. They could forget that he practically supported the hospital singlehanded, let people haul fruit out of his orchards for nothing. They could forget what all of them had really known all the time: That their own panic had broken the bank, and that the only thing wrong with the bank's accounts was that Ted had been too generous making loans to people in a hole, trying to use the bank as a public-service institution to hold the whole town together in a bad time.

All the things they had admired and envied in him before, the way he walked and talked, the way he treated Amy as if she were made of china, the way he made the hardest things seem easy—all those things became, to a lot of them, evidence that he had always been contemptuous of them and their money. They wouldn't forgive him that, and they wouldn't forgive Amy her pride. He was coming back to live down the name of thief they had given him, and Amy had stayed right on through the whole fall and winter with the same notion. But the town was not going to let them do it, not if I knew Leo Bruckner.

"Isn't this a little late for a visit?" Leo's voice was gloating. "You win," Amy said. "Let him go"

I FELT rather than heard the sound, and it was so close when I felt it that there was no chance to duck. Turning my head, I saw the two shadows coming between the trees, and when they were thirty feet away I heard the hiss of warning. I did the only thing there was to do—stood up.

"Who is it?" I recognized Bruckner's voice.

"Me," I said. "Benny."

"What the hell are you doing down here?"

"I thought he might try to slip around the orchard."

"Why would he want to slip around the orchard?" Leo came up and peered into my face.

"I don't know," I said. "I just thought he might smell a rat."

He took hold of my arm. "Who let you in on this?"

"Nobody. I just heard about it and thought I'd come in."

"Where'd you hear it?"

"Around town."

"Who from?"

"I don't remember. Some of the boys."

"He used to be pretty thick with that guy," the second man said. When he stood out from the shadow I saw that he was Harry Pilling, the deputy.

I stood still, with Leo's hand biting into my arm. "So did a lot of other guys," I said. "I had seven hundred bucks in that bank, boy."

The train whistled for the tunnel out beyond the shadowy bulk of the mountain, a long, lonesome sound that wailed down the canyon.

Leo swung me around. "Go on up with the others, and don't try any monkey business. I don't know what the hell you were down here for, but you're in it now."

"Come on," Pilling said.

We went back and sat down in the sweet clover at the edge of Ted's lawn and watched the white lance of the headlight burst out from behind the rock and swing across the tops of the Lombardy poplars by the plaster mill. For an instant the spikes of sweet clover blossom two feet before my eyes were distinct and haloed as the light glared directly into my face, dazzling at two blocks' distance. Then the engine slowed and stopped behind the station. Its steam rose yellow in the glow of the platform light.

Pilling rose to a crouch, peering. A man with a suitcase came around the corner of the station and started up the path toward the orchard, disappearing in the shadow of the trees. I knew then that I could have done it if Leo and Pilling hadn't come down. The two of us could have slid off to the south and into the creek timber while the men waited for Ted to come out of the orchard. But now Leo was down where I had been.

Two shadows separated themselves from the trees and came single file up the path.

I heard Ted's voice. "Sure, but what's it all about?"

"Little party," Leo said. "A little welcome-home party."

Figures were rising from the tall clover. It was too dark to see faces clearly as they clustered around, but I saw Ted standing quietly with one hand up to his face.

"All right," Leo said, and pushed Ted toward the house.

There was a bright light in the living room, and as we crossed the lawn under the French doors, I saw the gun in Leo's hand, and in Ted's the sprig of apple blossom he must have picked when he entered the orchard.

The door opened quickly at Leo's knock. Without a word, Leo pushed in, and we all followed. I saw their faces for the first time, all of them people I had grown up with, but quiet and a little grim, some of them shuffling their feet in embarrassment.

Pilling kept me back by the door. Maybe, because he was a deputy, he didn't want to be seen too prominently in that mob. But I am taller than most, and I could see Ted and Amy out in the middle of the big room. They didn't kiss each other, but Ted put out his hand and Amy touched it.

Ted was sniffing the apple blossoms, half smiling. He didn't seem to be bothered or scared. I guessed then—and guess now—that he'd never been in a situation he wasn't completely on top of, even that trial, and he didn't know how to be bothered. Amy didn't show any fright, either. She looked Leo in the eye. "Well?" she said.

"Little visit," Leo said. He dropped the gun in his coat pocket, but Amy's eyes did not follow the movement. There was not a shadow of expression on her face, unless it was contempt.

"It's a little late at night for a visit," she said.

Leo Bruckner was a mean man, a horse breaker who broke horses by beating them bloody with a club morning after morning until they did nothing but stand and quiver when he entered the corral. I think he hated to see a horse completely broken. He looked at Amy then, as I had seen him look at a horse before he climbed over the corral bars.

"You didn't keep very regular hours stealing our money," he said.

For a moment Amy stood and locked eyes with him under the heavy chandelier. "I think you'd better leave my house," she said.

Leo's head jerked once like a turkey gobbler's. "*Our* house," he said.

"You can consult the records," Amy said.

"This place is made out of money you stole!" Leo shouted. "You stole it, and you're damn' well going to . . ."

"Can't we sit down and talk this over?" Ted said.

Leo jerked his eyes around. "I had a bellyful of the way you talk business. We'll talk the business tonight, see?"

"All right," Ted said pleasantly. "Go ahead, but stop shouting at my wife."

Leo looked around at the crowd. "Okay," he said. "I'll make it short and sweet. Seeing you were clever enough to put all this in your wife's name while you were stealing it from us, she can just sell it and turn the money over. What do you think of that?"

"I think," Ted said, "that it sounds like extortion."

Leo laughed. " 'Tain't legal, huh?"

TED was fastening the apple blossom in his buttonhole. He got it fixed and looked up. He had a very pleasant face, a little pale from prison, but smooth and solid, with plenty of jaw. "It isn't legal and it isn't necessary," he said. "Maybe I made a mistake at the bank. If you'd trusted me then, nothing serious would have come of it. But it was my mistake; I was responsible. I'm willing to make it good now, but you'll have to trust me this time or I can't do it."

None of the men in the crowd was saying anything. It was all between Ted and Leo.

"Do you remember," Leo said softly, "when I came and wanted a little two-thousand loan and you wouldn't give it to me?"

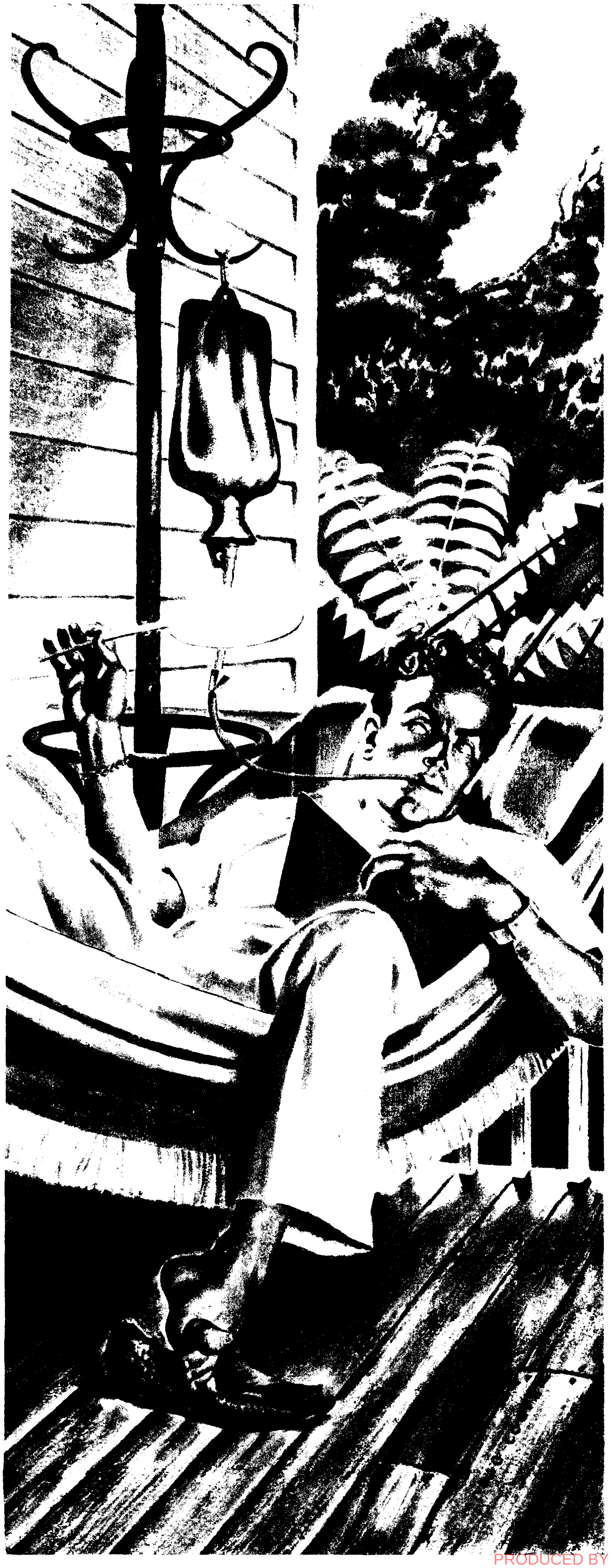
A light flush had jumped into Ted's cheekbones. "It wasn't a good risk," he said. "You wanted to gamble in wild horses when horses weren't worth five dollars a head."

"I suppose the plaster-mill loan was a good risk."

"It could have been. It could have made jobs for fifty men in this town."

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS



I put the hose into my mouth and open the lever, out comes beer. I open the book; it comes up Hamlet

BERTRAM
The Beachcomber

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Perhaps Bertram and Frances did love each other, but they both played so hard-to-get that they fooled everyone—even including themselves

THAT Frances! What a girl! She's the kid next door who grows up while I'm in the Army. Always in my hair except when I come back on furlough now and then, it seems that Frances changes. She develops bumps, and suddenly I discover she has legs instead of just something to walk around on.

Then finally I come home for good. I'm in the hospital while they take a last piece of shrapnel out of me. I'm laying there one day when in comes Frances. She is small enough to be packed in a shoebox and has brown hair and big brown eyes. Not bad to look at, you understand, but hardly a pin-up.

She comes in the ward and it so happens a nurse is there, a blond nurse who by chance is holding my hand. I look past the blonde and see Frances in the doorway, and she sticks out her tongue and looks cross-eyed at me. She has a box of candy in one mitt and I duck, because I know Frances, and most likely me or the nurse is going to get that box right in the kisser.

But she don't do nothing rash, and the nurse sort of eases out and Frances comes across the room. "I never see such a fella," she says. "Even shot up, you still got a blonde hanging around." She drops the box on my chest. "Have some peanut brittle," she says, "and I hope you choke."

That Frances!

It's a funny thing. I got a lot of relatives and they are nice people, but they come in the joint and look down at little Bertram and they say, "Cluck, cluck," and "Tch, tch," and "Poor boy," and when they leave, I am ready to bust out crying. But Frances comes in making cracks, and I feel fit as a 4-F with a punctured eardrum.

Well, of course the guys are all giving Frances the old one-two, and I introduce her around, kind of wishing that she was a five-foot-eight glamorous blonde that would have the boys' eyes popping out.

The guy in the next bed is Joe Pratt and there is nothing much wrong with him, but he is low and nobody ever gets a rise out of him, and I tell Frances he is from Vermont, and instead of saying, "How nice," like most people will, Frances says, "What a place! Buried under the snow all winter and then up to your neck in mud."

"Oh, yeah?" says Joe Pratt and he sits up. "Listen, sister," and they go on from there.

That is the start of things. Frances goes around being nasty to everyone in the ward, and I sit there eating peanut brittle and thinking she is kind of cute, at that. But the way she talks is something fierce, and I feel sorry for any guy that ever breaks down and marries her, because he will lead a terrible life.

Finally she comes back to my bed and she says, "Is there anything you want?" and I am feeling kind of sore because she comes to the hospital to see me but spends her time with everybody else and I say: "Yeah, I want a big blonde. About five-eight and one who don't insult her friends."

"Sometimes," Frances says, "I wonder why I ever bother with you," and out she goes and all the fellows yell goodby, and as soon as she is gone, the boys start talking about her, and Joe Pratt is telling me that if I ever take Frances up to Vermont, to be sure and look him up, and instead of laying there like a log, he goes on sounding like the chamber of commerce half the night.

Well, it seems the fellows don't mind Frances' insults, and I hope she will come back because I got a soft spot for Frances although I am by no means in love with her.

A couple days later when things are quiet we hear high heels tap-tapping down the corridor, and in the doorway stands a blonde who is tall enough to be a basketball center. Her hair is pure gold, her eyes are blue and big as soup plates, and her figure will make a politician forget about votes.

She looks around and then gives me a big smile and says, "Bertram, darling," and comes over and puts her arms around me and sits down and holds my hand.

Now I never see this dame before in my life but I do not admit this because I am no dummy and we are getting on very cozy, when Frances comes in. She don't pay no attention to me but goes over and starts talking to Joe Pratt, and out of the corner of my eye, I see that skunk Pratt reaching for Frances' hand and she lets him hang on like he paid cash for it. The blonde is cooing at me and I ain't paying attention, and pretty soon Pratt reaches out with his other hand and brushes Frances' hair, and Frances pats him on the head and smiles.

I reach out with my left hand and get hold of a glass of water and figure I will get Pratt right in the mush, but my arm seems kind of weak and what happens but the water hits the blonde instead and she stops giving me that big smile and gets up and walks out sore, and across the bed Frances is laughing fit to kill herself. "Why, Bertram," she says, "what a way to treat a nice girl!"

"He's a roughneck," Pratt says. "A big hoodlum. I wouldn't have nothing to do with him, Frances, if I was you."

SHE gets up and goes around talking to the other boys while I do a slow burn and finally she comes over to my bed and grins down at me and says, "I hear you'll be home soon. Poor boy, you'll have to go to work."

I'm so mad I can't say nothing, and Frances looks at me, and then bends down and gives me a kiss, although personally I am afraid she is going to bite me, but she just brushes my lips and when she goes outside, Joe Pratt says to me, "You lucky stiff!"

It seems all the boys think that Frances is some girl, although they do not know her all their life like I do. But I begin to wonder about it and while I still think big blondes are very nice, I have to admit there is something about that Frances, although whether I love her or want to take her over my knee and spank her, I can't tell.

Anyway, they have taken the last German souvenir out of my carcass and it ain't long after that that I am discharged and headed for home, and Bertram is just an ex-sergeant from that point on.

The truth of the matter is that I have decided that Frances is a pretty nice kid, at that, and so after I get home, I go down the porch steps and jump the hedge into the next yard and find Frances hanging out the wash.

"Hi, Frances," I say, "how's tricks?"

"Terrible," she says, taking a clothespin out of her mouth. She has red spots in her

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

They're Coming Home

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ONE day the sun will rise fiercely and triumphantly, and its heat will warm a world chilled too long by war. One day a blessed silence will descend upon the battlefields of the earth, and men who were boys a short time ago will drop their guns and turn eager eyes toward the future which their blood and they so well deserve—a future in which war will be only a horrible memory, a nightmare that has come and gone. On that day there will be singing in the hearts of millions and there will be joy in the land.

The joy will be tempered by sadness, and even the final victory will not lessen the agony in the hearts of those whose loved ones lie in graves in far-off foreign soil. It would be impudent for anyone to try to assuage the grief that they will still feel, for grief is an armor that winds itself around the heart, and only time can corrode it and banish it. But it might be some consolation to the bereaved to know that even now, long before the victory is in sight, the Army is planning to soften that as much as possible. The Army can't do very much, but it can and will at least bring our honored dead home to rest. No American will rest in the foul jungles of Guadalcanal, or in the hard volcanic lava of Iwo Jima, or under the coral of islands where the feet of Japanese once trod. They lie there and in Germany, in 300 cemeteries in a dozen other countries now, but as soon as the day of victory comes, they will all come home to the soil from which they sprang.

Lieutenant General Edmund B. Gregory is the Quartermaster General of our Army. By direction of the War Department he has been put in charge of all details concerning Army dead. Legislation is now pending in Congress which, if enacted, will place in his charge the repatriation of the dead of all services. Gentle, soft-spoken General Gregory looks upon his gigantic task as a trust, and he and his staff feel that they represent the parents and wives of the dead.

Mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts of men killed in action will be comforted to learn what the government plans for our honored dead

In the last war, there were 77,897 men killed. More than half of the dead were brought home, but 30,902 were buried in cemeteries in Belgium and France. It is hardly likely that we will leave many of our dead abroad after this war. In fact, the Quartermaster's Department has proposed a plan that needs only Congressional approval to be put into action. It is General Gregory's plan to poll the next of kin of those who have given their lives. Would they prefer leaving their sons in cemeteries abroad? Or would they prefer bringing the bodies back to be buried in their own family plots? Would they prefer to have them buried in one of the 76 additional national cemeteries it is proposed to establish after the war?

Indications are that ninety-five per cent of the bereaved will prefer to have the bodies brought back. With Congressional approval this will be done. After the last war, thousands of Gold Star Mothers visited the graves of their sons abroad as guests of the government. Many of the mothers were very old, and the trip was too arduous for them. This time, with cemeteries on such isolated and distant islands as Iwo or Okinawa, the trip would be even more arduous.

Then, too, while thousands of parents felt satisfied to know that their sons were buried in the lovely countryside of France or Belgium, they will feel quite different about the miserable, ugly coral, lava and jungle of the Pacific islands. None of us would feel content with American dead lying in soil so completely foreign to us.

It seems reasonable to suppose that most Americans will want their sons returned. A complete plan has been worked out by the American Graves Registration Service, and it waits only upon the end of the war to be put into operation. Even bodies from Europe cannot be returned here until the war with Japan is finished. Our first duty is to the living, and our men in the Pacific need every bit of shipping space available to bring them the guns and bombs and food and medical supplies which will shorten the war. But once the war is ended, shipping will be diverted to bring our soldier dead back home—if this is the wish of their kin.

"It will be left entirely to the families," says General Gregory. "We have no desire to regiment the dead or to say where they shall lie."

If parents want their sons buried in family plots, a cash allotment will be made to the family to cover the cost of opening and closing the grave. The bodies, of course, will be brought directly to the home town of the next of kin at government expense. The Army is fully cognizant of its responsibilities to those who gave their lives.

There are thousands who will no doubt prefer to see their sons buried in the magnificent national cemeteries which are proposed for each state. The first national cemetery for men who had fallen in the service of their country was established in 1862 by the 37th Congress. The bill authorizing an appropriation for this first national cemetery said eloquently:

"This sentiment of respect to the memory of the fallen is humanizing and beneficial in its influence in enhancing the value of human life, and in pointing out the fearful ravages of war. It also hallows the achievements of individuals and thereby elevates the

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STANKE

The Gift

BY DAVE GRUBB

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A short short story complete on this page

THE little girl sat on the back steps and listened to the formless murmur of the ladies' voices in the dark, cool house behind her. The wind tossed the branches of the big tree over the porch, and the ground at her feet quivered with sunlight. Although it was midday she felt lonesome, and she hugged the ragged Teddy bear closer to her breast and listened to the sound of her mother talking to the ladies in the depths of the house.

Her mother's voice rose round and thrilling above the murmur:

"Oh, I think that's perfectly wonderful! Nobody but Reverend Grant could think of a plan so perfectly wonderful!"

The little girl hugged her Teddy bear and watched the light on the ground where it fell through the wild leaves of the big linden. Like the ocean, she thought, tossing and full of deep green lights. Her heart dreamed far away to oceans.

"Isobel!"

Her mother's voice was close and urgent now in the doorway. The little girl turned and saw her mother's long, white face behind the wire screen, the two lenses of her spectacles white with bare reflected light and her thin lips pressed in her most special afternoon-tea smile.

"Isobel, come inside, dear. Mrs. Yance has the most wonderful thing to tell you about!"

Isobel felt the coldness coming inside her body as it always did when she was about to be brought into the room for company. She got up and, as her mother held the screen door open, she put her thumb in her mouth and hugged the worn, one-armed Teddy bear closer to her breast.

Her mother's hand rested against the back of her head all the way down the long hall and into the dark parlor as if to make certain she couldn't turn suddenly and run back again toward the door, away from them all.

"Oh, she's such a lovely child," a rich, heavy voice boomed from the window seat. "*Such* a lovely child, Mary! I do believe she favors you!"

Then a dark, huge figure was looming against the light and bearing down upon Isobel. A dry soft hand was patting her on the cheek. The little girl felt her mind withdraw tight and warm inside her most secret self, hiding from them all and from the room, but most especially from the soft, dry fingers. She hugged the Teddy bear so tight that it seemed that the heartbeat thudding strongly in the dark, cool room might be his and not her own.

"Isobel," her mother's voice was saying from somewhere, "say 'How do you do' to the ladies, and take your hand out of your mouth, dearest. Remember what Mother told you."

Isobel took her thumb from her mouth and wiped it on her skirt.

"How do you do," she said, pronouncing each word carefully and staring hard into the wild arabesque of the rug at her feet.

"Now," said a new voice. "Do you think Isobel might like to hear about Reverend Grant's wonderful plan?"

"Yes, Mrs. Yance!" said her mother. "I know she would! Isobel is the most generous child in the world. Her father and I have always seen to that!"

Two hands grasped her shoulders, and two round eyes came close to her face.

"Reverend Grant has pointed out to us all," said the voice, "that we must learn to share our nice things with those less fortunate—with other little children whose parents aren't able to buy them nice things like you have, Isobel. That's why he's asking each and every child in our Sunday school to share its toys with these less fortunate little ones. He wants every child to seek deep down within its heart and decide what one toy it loves the best—and then give that toy to the teacher at Sunday school next week!"

ISOBEL stared at the hard little star of light that winked from the emerald brooch on Mrs. Yance's dress.

"That's right," said Isobel's mother. "And then the toys will be distributed"—she finished the last of her tea with a lift of her head—"to the most needy."

Needy. The word played in Isobel's head. *Needy.* A thin, hungry word with rags fluttering at its elbows. She shifted her feet uncomfortably, feeling sad for the poor little needy.

"Now," said her mother, folding her fingers neatly in her lap, "go play, dear. Mother wants to talk to the ladies. We just wanted you to be thinking about it, so you can decide which toy you care for the most—the one you want to give next Sunday."

She paused, and Isobel could feel the silence poking inside her like a finger in a purse.

"You *will,* won't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Isobel obediently. She clutched her Teddy bear and walked toward the door.

"Isobel," called her mother. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Isobel turned in the doorway and stared at the dark group, the rims of the teacups shining palely.

"Pleased to have met you, I'm sure," said Isobel. Then she curtsied and was gone—down the dark, cool hall, running toward the golden day that shone distantly through the door at the end.

She clattered down the steps into the yard and ran across the soft grass to the tree. She spread her blue skirt delicately and sat in the grass, conscious again of the soft, caressing light that played all around her, feeling the cool, moist grass blades against her bare legs.

It had been a choking, panicky sickness with her at first: the idea of giving the Teddy bear away. Since deep in the unremembering, formless time when she lay helpless and kicking, it had been a close and usual part of her. It would be like giving her arm away. But now a huge new thing was swelling within her, until she could no longer endure the thought of keeping it. *Needy!* Isobel's heart burst and ran over.

When she stood up, the tree tossed wildly in a sudden gust of wind, and the oceans broke around her stubby brown shoes. Her eyes were gleaming. Like a flock of foolish sparrows, fragments of laughter splashed from the dark house. The screen door closed behind her and she walked into the hallway feeling the darkness of the house take her like arms, but it was as though she floated now.

WHEN she entered the room, the eyes turned, and the three cups poised and trembled like eyelids, gleaming faintly in mid-air.

"Yes?" said the voice of her mother. "Yes, dear. What is it?"

Isobel walked straight across the room. The quiet shrieked around her.

"Here," she whispered, placing the treasure in her mother's lap.

It lay there, staring up fatuously at the dim glass of the chandelier, almost sadly, its one arm lifted and the dangling shoebutton eye gleaming like a tear.

Isobel shut her eyes. Her small feet were close together and her knees pressed tight.

One of the ladies cleared her throat in the silence, and Isobel's mother gave a cold, embarrassed laugh.

"Really, Isobel," she said, "I don't think you understood Mrs. Yance. I don't think you understood her at all. When we give something—we don't give something we don't want." She stared redly at the Teddy bear in her lap. "Just *imagine*, Isobel, if *somebody* gave *you* an old worn-out toy like this. How would *you* feel?"

Isobel put her thumb in her mouth and sucked hard on it. It seemed important that she keep her feet very close together.

"Remember the beautiful doll your father gave you for your birthday?" said her mother. "It's the nicest, most expensive toy you have. Now, dear, I want you to think about it again real hard and then decide that maybe *that* would be a nicer toy to give away. Don't you think it would?"

Isobel nodded, her heart gone to water, her stomach quivering with shame.

"Shan't we promise Mrs. Yance right now that you'll bring *that* to Sunday school next week instead of—of *this?"*

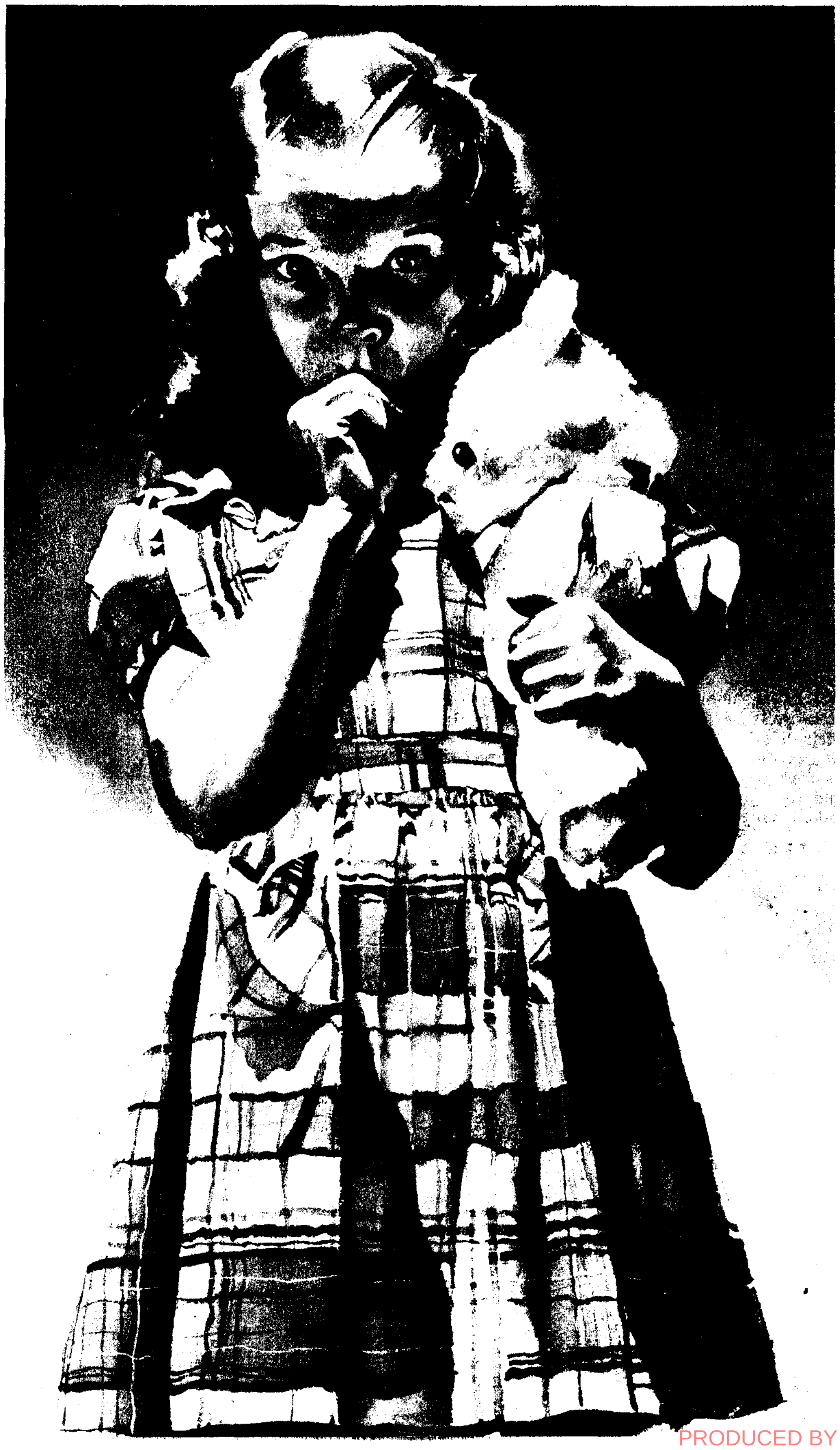
Isobel took her thumb out of her mouth. "Yes," she whispered.

She took the Teddy bear in her hands and walked slowly out of the room. She felt their warm, laughing voices hating her as the dark coolness of the long hall enveloped her again. The door was far away this time; the beckoning golden tree farther than ever before. Shining with clean sunlight was the distant yard with its oceans.

Isobel stood under the tree looking at the Teddy bear: the ugly empty thing in her hands; the dull glass shoe button dangling from its face. Suddenly she ran down the lawn to the toolhouse and bent at last to peer breathlessly into the dark mouth of the abandoned cistern close to the moldy brick foundation. Quickly she stuffed the cloth body into the hole, listening until she thought she could hear it fall softly, deep within the earth.

They were coming out of the back door, and the ladies' voices were saying goodby and laughing. Isobel crouched there trembling, hoping they wouldn't see her. Then the voices were suddenly stilled.

"Isobel!" her mother's voice was saying loudly. "Isobel, did you hurt yourself? Why are you crying? Tell me, dear!"



Isobel hugged the Teddy bear so tight that it seemed the heartbeat thudding strongly in the room might be his and not hers

ACME

Three famous flying officers plan B-29 raids against Japan. Left to right, they are Brig. Gen. Emmett O'Donnell, Jr., Lieut. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, now dead; Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell, Jr.

ACME

Tokyo Rose, first B-29 to fly over Tokyo, and her crew. Left to right, S/Sgt. William O. Starks, Dunbar, W. Va.; William J. Arnette, Winnsboro, S. C.; Harley W. Clark, Des Moines; T/Sgt. Walter C. Marvin, St. Louis; T/Sgt. Marcus M. Johnson, Cold Spring, Minn.; T/Sgt. Fred A. Hutchins, Italy, Texas; 2nd Lt. Harold L. McCommon, Athens, Ga.; 2nd Lt. Charles G. Hart, Kansas City; 2nd Lt. John R. Burke, Newark; 1st Lt. Claude K. Stambaugh, San Antonio, Texas; Capt. Ralph D. Steakley, Jefferson, Ohio

"MISTER BEE" GOES TO TOWN

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

Here's the story of the development of the greatest air weapon of all time—the B-29; and of how hundreds of them daily go about annihilating the power of the Japanese Empire. The first of two articles

BY RADIO FROM HEADQUARTERS, 21st BOMBER COMMAND, GUAM

TALK with a Navy veteran or a B-29 man—pilot, navigator or tail gunner—about those raids over Japan, and inevitably he'll mention a three-letter word, Iwo. That small bleak island which our Marines took at great personal cost from the Japs means almost as much to Superfortress crews as the planes they fly. Oddly enough, they used to consider Iwo a menace and avoided it as they would a triangular mound of poison. Now these same fliers regard it as a life saver.

This attitude readily explains itself. Before we owned Iwo Jima, B-29 men based in the Marianas faced the long 3,000-mile round trip to the Japanese homeland with crossed fingers. When they started out on a bombing mission, they never knew whether they would reach the target, whether they would be forced back or down by weather they'd never dreamed of until it hit them. If and when they did start bomb runs, enemy fighters and ack-ack gun crews, alerted well in advance, were usually there to deliver punishing blows.

The return home through the same unpredictable weather with damaged ships, failing engines and sparse gas supplies was the granddaddy of all nightmares.

Most of those shudders are gone now. Instead of detouring around Iwo to elude Jap fighter planes and radar detection, they now head right for it. Today Iwo is the guiding beacon for Superfort navigators, an invaluable weather station, a base for friendly escort planes, and an emergency haven for crippled bombers. By capturing Iwo Jima we raised the morale of these fliers higher than Mount Suribachi.

The evolution of the tremendous B-29 striking force—before Iwo and after—is a story of brains, brawn, smart planning and an item respectfully called guts. Ten months ago there wasn't a single Superfort in the Marianas. The people of Tokyo hadn't seen one, either, and they were not worrying about such a prospect. But by now they've seen plenty. And according to Radio Tokyo, the Japs call a B-29, with great respect, "Mister Bee."

Last October two young brigadier generals flew into Saipan from the States. One was Haywood S. Hansell, Jr., who for a year had been planning with other Air Forces experts in Washington headquarters a bombing campaign against Japan. Early in the planning stage "Possum" Hansell had insisted that the Marianas would furnish the best platform for launching the campaign, and now here he was on Saipan as head of the Twenty-first Bomber Command.

The other brigadier general, Emmett "Rosy" O'Donnell, was a sort of branch manager of the Twenty-first, commanding the Seventy-third Bombardment Wing which he had trained with Superforts back in the wheatfields of Kansas. Rosy, a Brooklyn boy, had flown the mail with the Army Air Corps back in the early thirties and was commander of a squadron of Flying Fortresses in the Philippines when the Japs attacked there. He had flown more than a hundred hours in those early, sad days of war, bombing the Jap navy and shipping.

Their first joint inspection didn't take long. The solitary B-29 which General Hansell had just flown in was parked on a hardstand flanking the airfield's one long runway. The sleek silver ship was their current air force. It was true that additional B-29s would be flown in at the rate of about five a day, but this expansion would probably tax the meager facilities available to service planes. Aviation engineers had doubled the length of the strip on an old Japanese air base, Aslito Field, a job that had consumed most of their time and labor. Completion of maintenance shops and equipment necessary to the care and fueling of big bombers would have to wait.

Possum and Rosy didn't like waiting. Neither did their flight crewmen and mechanics and clerks, so they all jumped in to help the engineers, contriving to sandwich their regular duties in between. Some of the

(Continued on page 59)

The Tennessee Valley Authority has increased prosperity in hundreds of towns and on thousands of farms in seven states. Most of the doubts that attended its creation have already vanished—including the fear of regional autocracy

Fontana Dam, built by enthusiasts in record time. It lies high in the mountains of North Carolina, near Knoxville, Tenn. The TVA operates a series of 24 such great water barriers strategically distributed through the Tennessee Valley. By controlling floods they prevent ruin. By providing sources of cheap power they make wealth

THE TAMING OF THE TENNESSEE

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

STATES RIGHTS FINLEY is a good man to ask about the Tennessee Valley Authority—the TVA about which the advocates of public ownership and the defenders of private initiative in business have argued so furiously these past dozen years. States Rights Finley knows the answers. He is the general superintendent of the Chattanooga Electric Power Board and, besides, he is a man of conviction. Strong opinion runs in his family. He wasn't christened States Rights for nothing. He must like the name, for his son bears it, too. So we can take it that he isn't an advocate of federal autocracy.

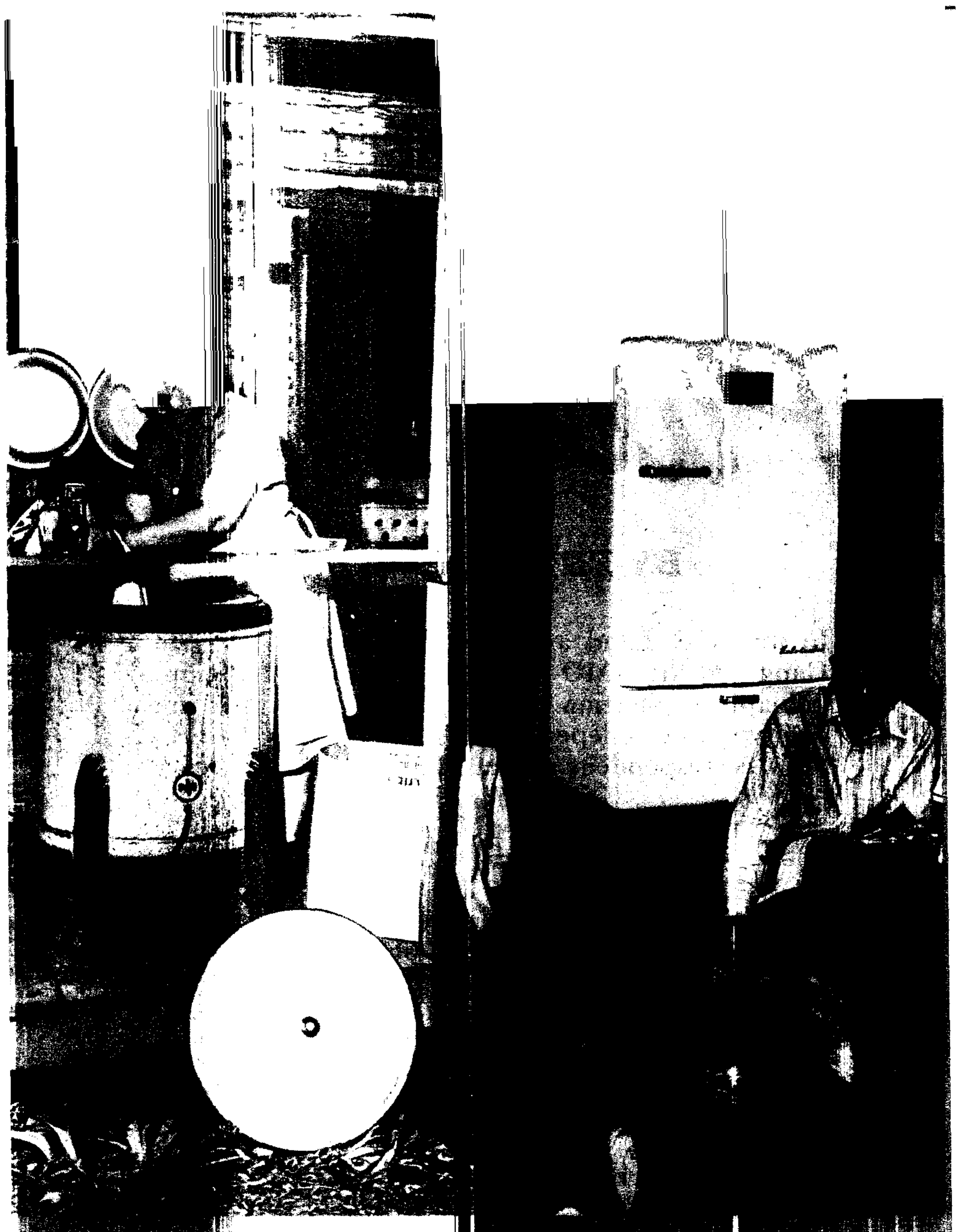
Well, States Rights Finley was lately one of a group of fifteen of Chattanooga's business leaders who had gathered around a luncheon table to tell a stranger what the people of the Tennessee Valley think of TVA. If opposition to what the federal government has done and is doing still exists in Tennessee, you would find it among these men—manufacturers, transportation executives, private utility officials, publishers and other representatives of chamber-of-commerce sentiment.

What little opposition is left—and it seemed to be more conventional than real—was expressed by Roy McDonald, publisher of the Chattanooga News-Free Press. Mr. McDonald approves the prosperity developed by the TVA but on principle he is opposed to government operations in the utility business. He said he preferred the slower methods of private business.

States Rights Finley broke in on Mr. McDonald: "But you forget the twelve billion kilowatts washing away down the Tennessee River every year. Remember that energy that just flowed away until the TVA put the river to work? Remember that those twelve billion

States Rights Finley (left) is superintendent of Chattanooga Power Board. Barrett Shelton owns the Decatur Daily. They don't argue about TVA. They agree

Traveling book-mobiles tour the Valley. Miss Mary Utopia Rothrock, once Knoxville's librarian, launched these carriers of progress. TVA backs her program



…ectric washing machine…
…egion. Now they are re…

J. E. Bacon, whose neighbors call him Mayor of Grasshopper Creek. He used to raise 15 bushels of corn per acre. Along came TVA. Now he gets fifty bushels

kilowatts of electric energy are transforming the Valley and its people. There was no other way to capture that energy."

Mr. Finley talked earnestly. His friends, the business leaders of Chattanooga, respected his views and very largely shared them. In Chattanooga the opposition to TVA, once strong, has become negligible.

Actually a great change has come to the Valley, and the fame of TVA is spreading throughout the world. While I was there, an engineer sent by the Australian government was making a minute study of the lakes and dams and the countless other developments. Australia would like to apply to its own Murray River the lessons the United States has learned on the Tennessee. China a little while ago sent engineers to find out what they could that might be applied to the Yangtze River. Residents of the Missouri Valley, the Arkansas, the Columbia and other river basins are considering what benefits they might get from the creation of similar river authorities.*

One good way to find out just what has happened is to travel through the Valley and to listen to the people and to look.

Decatur is a spectacular place to begin. Decatur, a city of about 30,000 people, lies in the hills of northern Alabama. A dam across the Tennessee River has made it a lake port with a nine-foot channel to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. In what a few years ago was a cotton field, you see Little Liberty Ships (steel ships capable of carrying about 3,000 tons of cargo) being built.

But let Barrett Shelton, editor and owner of the Decatur Daily, and the spark plug of the community, tell Decatur's story. Mr. Shelton is an energetic young man who inherited his paper. He tells you: "Decatur exemplifies what happens when a town served by the Tennessee Valley Authority makes the most of the tools provided by TVA. In the boom year 1929, Decatur was dependent upon a single industry and paid little attention to agriculture. The industrial pay roll was then five millions annually. Today, Decatur has some seventy small plants. The majority are home owned and home financed. Seven thousand people are employed with an annual pay roll of $12,000,000.

"Shipbuilding flourishes on the Tennessee River, a thousand miles from the sea, because there is navigation. Flour milling is established because of navigation. Our farm people will have access to cash markets for every product growing in the Decatur area. Our people will have better educational standards, better health standards. We intend that the Tennessee Valley Authority shall continue to operate in complete freedom from political influence, freedom from centralization of

(Continued on page 52)

**"One More River to Boss" by Kyle Crichton, Collier's, December 9, 1944, tells of plans for control of the Missouri.*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

…thal, TVA's chairman…
…project by Secretary o…

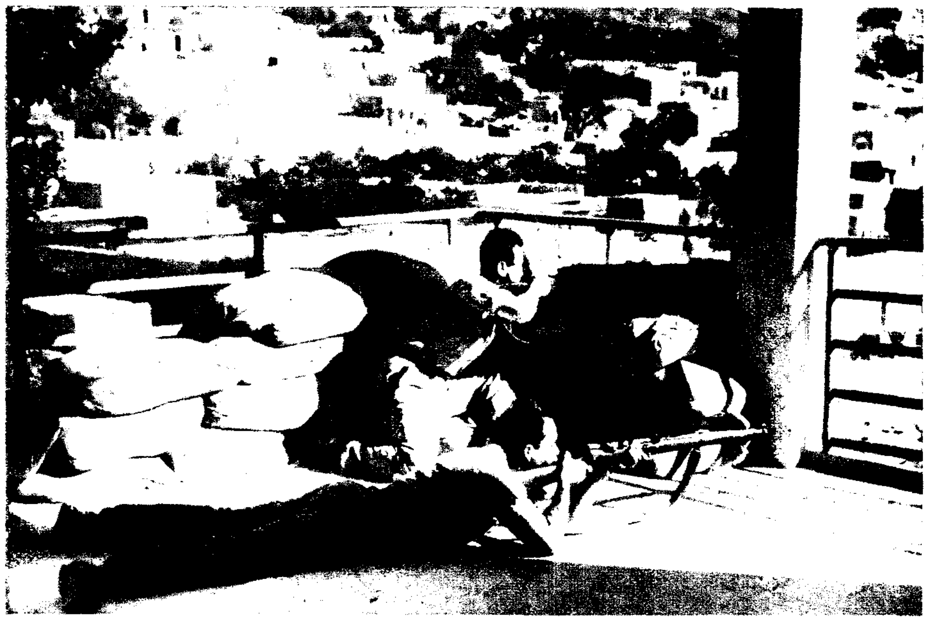
…ner of Decatur. He owns broad…
…dacres. TVA has eased his pain

R. T. Harris, rising industrialist of Decatur. He builds anything from tugboats to canteens

TERROR IN *Palestine*

BY FRANK GERVASI

In the Holy Land are two organizations—the Stern Gang and the NMO—the members of which employ kidnaping, extortion and murder to gain their ends: civil war and independence for Palestine. Here Collier's correspondent reports who and what they are



DUENNER-PIX

Palestine is the scene of almost constant clashes between Arabs and Jews. Here Jews answer Arab rifle fire in the town of Safad, one of the country's hottest spots

WALTER EDWARD GUINNESS, first Baron Moyne of Bury St. Edmunds, was a slim, pallid man who looked like a retired character actor—urbane, handsome and restrained. Had Lord Moyne devoted himself to making the stout for which his Dublin family became famous, instead of entering politics and diplomacy, he would almost certainly be alive today. For he would not have been in listless, fragrant Cairo last November.

But Lord Moyne wasn't an actor and he didn't pay much attention to the brewery industry. He was the British Resident Minister in the Middle East, the instrument of British imperial policy in those trouble-charged lands.

Lord Moyne was, therefore, a man marked for death. His assassination was a predictably probable act of Palestine terrorism, not because he was Moyne, but because he was the symbol of British policy in the Middle East.

On the afternoon of November 6, 1944, while Cairo lay in its customary midday torpor, Lord Moyne was shot and killed by two assassins hiding in the shrubbery of his modern Mediterranean villa. The shots mortally wounded Moyne, killed his soldier-chauffeur outright and almost literally echoed around the world. They were intended to. They were fired by Jewish terrorists.

The killers were Elihiahu Hakim and Elihiahu Bet-Tsouri, 20 and 23 years old respectively, members of the so-called Stern Gang, the smaller but more virulent of two terrorist organizations operating in Palestine. They were captured by an Arab policeman. Egyptians tried, prosecuted, defended, judged and subsequently sentenced the pair of young killers to death by hanging. They received, according to the law, what they deserved.

Their fate won't, however, solve the problem of terrorism in Palestine. Much less will it solve the greater problem of Palestine itself (a territory about one fifth again as large as Massachusetts) which the League of Nations mandated to Great Britain after the last war.

Hakim's and Bet-Tsouri's confessed motive for the murder of Moyne was to arouse world opinion about Palestine. From the witness stand in the noisy, hot, Cairo courtroom, Hakim and Bet-Tsouri, carefully briefed by their terrorist leaders in what to say and even how to say it, told why they killed Moyne. The correspondents covering the trial for the world press were not permitted to report what Hakim and Bet-Tsouri said. They weren't even allowed to make notes.

The killers sought to put Great Britain's imperial and colonial policy in Palestine on trial at a critical moment in world history. Because of censorship, the young terrorists failed in their propagandist mission and so wasted the lives of Moyne, his driver and themselves. In the end they were tried—and not Britain.

In one sense, however, Hakim and Bet-Tsouri succeeded. They indirectly but effectively brought Palestine to public notice. The problem of Palestine or, as it's sometimes called, "the Jewish question," had been shoved into the background by the war. Statements by British and Jewish officials condemning terrorism and deploring politics by murder couldn't alter the issues involved any more than they could restore Moyne to life. These issues have challenged the political ingenuity and patience of British and Jewish officials ever since the Balfour Declaration—as ambiguous a document as ever was written—half promised the Jews a national home in Palestine.

The trouble began on November 2, 1917, when Arthur James Balfour wrote Lord Rothschild:

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

A Desert Begins to Blossom

This statement was issued in the name of the British War Cabinet. It was confirmed by a joint resolution of the Sixty-seventh Congress of the United States, approved by President Woodrow Wilson and incorporated in the League mandate. The World Zionist Organization, charged with the development of Jewish interests in the Holy Land, went to work. Jews were brought in from the ghettos of central, eastern and southeastern Europe. They built cities like Tel Aviv, towns like Ramat Hakovesh. They made deserts blossom into farms, banana plantations and citrus orchards. They built factories, and Palestine, Arab and Jewish, prospered.

The population of Palestine in 1922 totaled 589,177 Arabs and 83,790 Jews. By the spring of 1939, the Arab population had doubled to about one million, while the Jews had increased sixfold to about 550,000.

London, rightly or wrongly, felt it had to appease the Arabs who opposed the influx of Jews to Palestine. The government of the champ appeaser of our time, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, issued in May, 1939, the White Paper closing Palestine to Jewish immigration. At the moment, some six million European Jews stood in the path of Hitler's armies. Ever since, Palestine's Jews and their Zionist supporters everywhere have been fighting to have the White Paper revoked and the country reopened to immigration.

Whether or not the Balfour Declaration legally permits unlimited Jewish immigration is another matter. Any good Zionist lawyer can find words in Balfour's historic paragraph to mean yes, and his Arab counterpart can find some to mean no. Until some legal genius comes along with a solution, the problem remains and the conflict continues.

The conflict actually is nearing a climactic explosion as dangerous to peace in the Middle East and to United Nations unity as the one which flared in Syria and Lebanon a few weeks ago. Behind the Jewish agitation is a desire for creation of an independent Palestine. Denied representation at the San Francisco Conference, Jewish hopes of achieving independence through political and diplomatic means have nearly expired.

David Ben Gurion, chief of the executive body of the Jewish Agency, has warned Prime Minister Winston Churchill that Jewish patience is at an end and that the Jews may resort to "direct means" at any moment. If current last-minute efforts to obtain a pacific solution in Palestine fail then a general strike, violence and revolution can be expected.

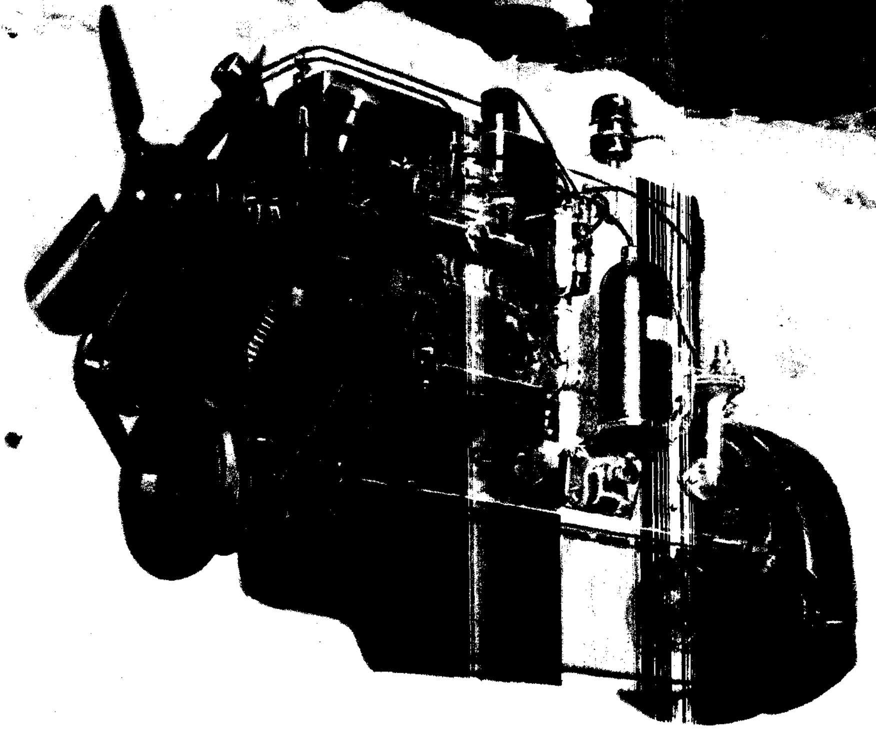
Of the world's 17,000,000 Jews some 5,000,000 have been slaughtered in Europe by the Nazis. The Jews count their dead, measure their war effort in the soldiers they've given to the common cause, the money and

(Continued on page 64)

DUENNER-PIX

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the Jewish Agency, is admired by British and Jews alike. He is sure that extremist acts of terrorists postpone settlement of Jewish question

DONALD MILLS



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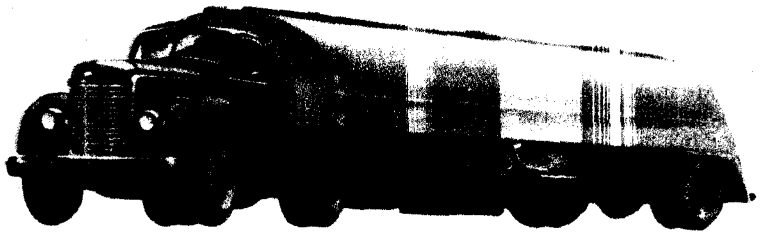
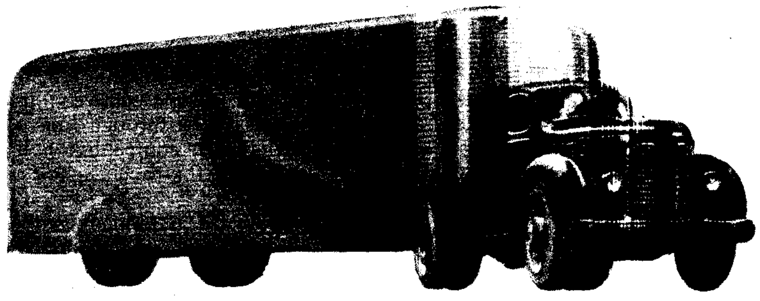


The new Red Diamond Engine powers International Models K-8, KS-8, KR-11, and KS-11.



OUT OF THIS WAR

THIS BATTLEFIELD doesn't look much like a Pennsylvania truck terminal or a 4-lane highway. But out of mechanized war have come ideas that will benefit transportation, construction and agriculture the world over.

The rugged requirements of warfare on every battlefront have inspired the engineering genius of American industry. Out of this war came, for example, the *new International Red Diamond Engine.*

Tens of thousands of International Military Trucks and Half-Tracks—powered by this new International Red Diamond Engine—have set new transportation and combat records in wartime service.

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The International Red Diamond Engine is *one* of the wartime developments International Harvester will pass on to the transportation industry.

When peace comes and new trucks roll out on America's highways, look to International for even greater economy, even greater dependability. And remember—for ten years before the war *more heavy-duty Internationals were sold than any other make.* Backed then, as now, by the *world's largest company-owned truck service organization.*

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NEW TRUCKS: The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of light, medium and heavy-duty International Trucks for essential civilian hauling.

SERVICE: Many operators will have to wait for trucks. Maintenance of existing vehicles is just as important today as before V-E Day. Therefore—be sure your trucks get top maintenance and service at International Truck Dealers and Branches.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Buy More War Bonds and Keep Them

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

Byron Nelson and his wife, the latter with the inevitable knitting needles, watch Nelson's greatest rival, Jug McSpaden, putting on a Chicago golf course

And His Golf Is Getting Better All The Time

BY ARTHUR MANN

Many professional golfers think there's too much Nelson in the business. But John Byron Nelson can't help it. He does not want to disappoint his wife

SIX years ago, after six years of professional golf, John Byron Nelson ironed out his difficulties, so to speak, with an amazing string of successes, topped by a triple tie with Craig Wood and Denny Shute in the United States Open and a victory in the three-cornered play-off.

At the end of the year, he surveyed a batch of cups and prizes and a cushion of cash in the bank.

"Well, honey," he said to his pretty wife, "Ah sure can't play any better than that."

His pretty wife, the former Louise Shofner, merely smiled and attended to her knitting, which consists chiefly of Argyll socks, those varicolored plaid things that require 89 needles, as many balls of yarn and a slide rule to keep track of stitches. Of course, she knocks off a cable-stitch pull-over now and then, but her specialty, as she travels with her husband, is those dazzling hose, which rival golfers envy almost as much as Nelson's magic with the short irons. She disagreed with his silly notion six years ago about reaching the saturation point of golf skill, but withheld comment, because she knew that deep down he probably didn't believe it either.

And it wasn't true, as Nelson proved by knocking off Sam Snead for his first P.G.A. championship at Hershey, Pennsylvania, the next year.

Nelson's old Texas caddie rival, little Ben Hogan, was top money winner for the campaign, but Nelson had improved his financial position no end.

Still, as the year closed, he said, "Well, honey, Ah sure can't play any better than *that.*"

"Try this on for size, dear," the little woman replied, with an understanding smile. "The heel seems a little full."

If you have been amazed by the phenomenal rise of Byron Nelson, consider his personal astonishment after each annual confession about not playing any better. Sectional titles and big-money specials have gone his way, plus successive triumphs in two Golf Masters tournaments at Atlanta, yet he has closed each twelvemonth with that monotonous cliché about not playing "any better than that." Mrs. Nelson could have screamed.

Good Pickings in Any Business

At Christmastime last year, his winnings in War Bonds totaled $47,600, a nice amount in any business, and more so in golf, with most championship tournaments frozen by war. But Nelson managed to make all stops, between appearances in Red Cross and hospital benefits (he played 100 such exhibitions in 1943).

With a 1944 "take" of close to $50,000, the old refrain about not getting any better was understandable. Even rival golfers called his game the closest ever to perfection.

"Sure Ah said it again last year," he confesses. "An' Ah meant it more'n Ah ever did."

Yet before the echo of his gloomy and repetitious prophecy had died down, he was making a shambles of the 1945 golfing situation. Just look at his pickings for the first five months:

January	$4,600.00
February	2,685.00
March	4,312.50
April	1,687.50
May	9,330.00
	$22,615.00

Very warm for May. However, except for the weather, Nelson found June an ideal month, with $5,333.33 won in the first two weeks. He shot a 268 in the Canadian P.G.A. championship at Montreal, starting with a round of 63, and finished 20 strokes under par and 10 under McSpaden. In the P.G.A. Rehabilitation Fund tournament on the Llanerch Club course in Philadelphia a week later, he trailed McSpaden, Jimmy Hines and Johnny Bulla for three rounds. Nelson didn't even make a headline until the final round, when he turned in a record-breaking 64 that knocked three strokes off the course record and flattened poor McSpaden, who had equaled the course mark with a 66 to total 271. But Nelson had shot 269.

The Mechanical Master was two under par through the first dozen holes of that final round. At the 12th, they told him that McSpaden, who had started with a one-stroke lead, had shot an eagle on the 7th hole. Nelson pulled his pitching wedge from the bag. It's a deep-faced niblick, devised in 1929 and actually the only new club introduced in more than a quarter-century. It's called a dynamiter and a sand wedge, but the current wizard calls it "my half Nelson, because I can always strangle the opposition with it."

Finishing under pressure from his best friend, Nelson towroped the Philadelphia field, and the pitching wedge did the trick. On the 13th he blasted from the sand to within an inch of the cup for a birdie. He pitched to within four inches of the cup on the 15th for a birdie, and two inches from the cup for another on the 18th. Five birdies on the last six holes for a 30!

"It was the hottest round of golf Ah ever played," Nelson declared. "Ah don't guess Ah'll ever beat that."

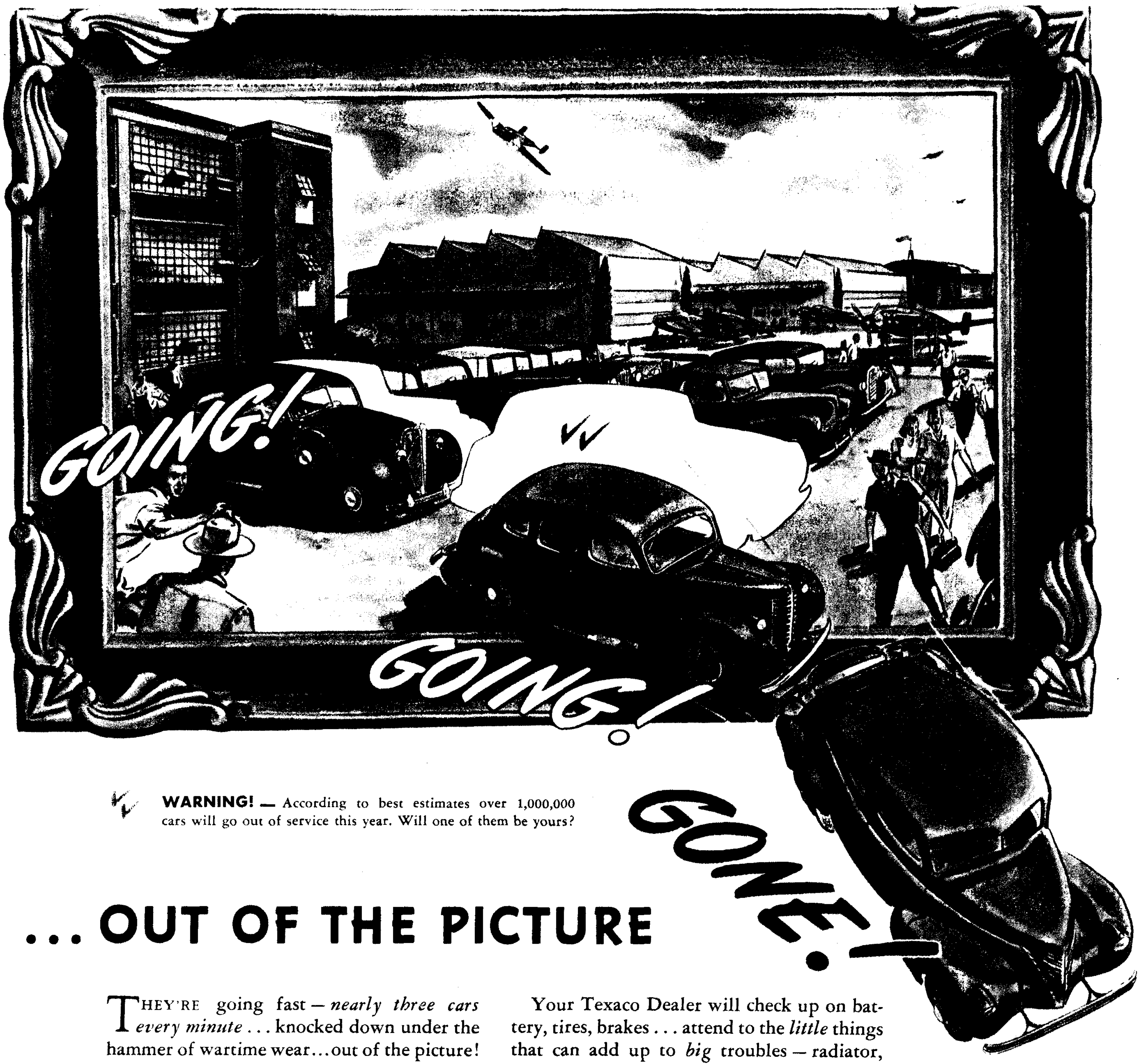
It was undoubtedly the hottest round of golf anybody has played, but that business about never doing any better—well, he should start wondering about the rest of the golfing world. No player in the game's history has ever stood so supreme above the opposition.

The war is on, you might bear in mind. Otherwise, Nelson's position might be a little less secure. Perhaps, but statistics and experts argue to the contrary. No one in service (and Nelson would be uniformed were he not 4F) could match his current par-shattering steadiness or his nerveless competitive spirit without a year or more of practice and preparation.

The victory in Philadelphia was Nelson's sixth straight tournament triumph for a P.G.A. record. He had won at Charlotte, Greensboro, Durham, Atlanta and Montreal. He has the financial distinction of being a money winner in 87 consecutive tournaments. From January 1st through June 17th he played 24 rounds of competitive golf to average 67.45 strokes for each 18 holes, or 3.75 strokes per hole.

The wonder of this mild-mannered and humble Texan is that he can be topped by specialists in practically all phases of the game. He appears to do no single thing better than someone else you might name, yet none of the specialists can be called a better golfer. There is nothing freakish about his personality and less about his game.

(Continued on page 33)


GOING!
GOING!
GONE!

WARNING! — According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

. . . OUT OF THE PICTURE

THEY'RE going fast — *nearly three cars every minute* . . . knocked down under the hammer of wartime wear . . . out of the picture!

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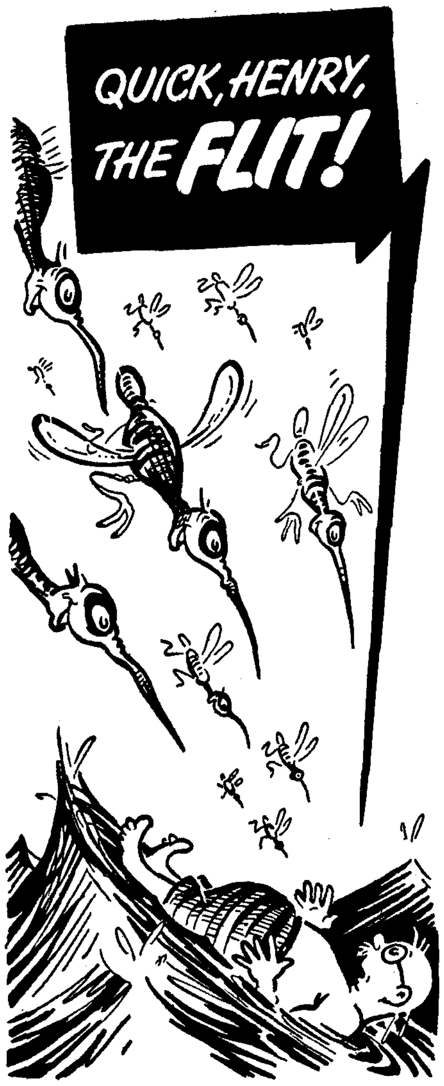
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The House on Cherry Creek

Continued from page 17

"There's an awful lot of 'could haves' in this layout," Leo said. "'Could haves' and 'Trust mes.'" He looked around the crowd. "Which would you rather have: a few thousand sure or a lot of this guy's promises?"

They were stirring their feet again. Half of them, I knew, would have been willing to take Ted's word and let him try to pay off. But Pilling, beside me, didn't want that any more than Leo did. "This house is worth twenty thousand," Pilling said. "You're so willing to pay, we'll settle for that right now."

"You couldn't get eight thousand for it now," Ted said. "Besides, this is my wife's property. This is out of it."

"Oh, no, it ain't out of it," Leo said. "This is the only thing that's in it."

Ted shrugged. "It's up to Amy," he said.

Amy had stepped back, and all I could see was the brown waves of her hair. "Suppose I refuse?" she said. "Suppose I tell you that I'd give it up in a minute if you hadn't come around here with threats, but that I won't give it up to a bunch of extortionists?"

"In that case," Leo said, "I guess Ted will take a little ride up the mountain with us."

There was a full minute of silence. Then Amy said quietly, "You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't we!" Leo said.

A man near me sucked in his breath with a hissing noise. Under the light Ted looked at Amy. His face was strained and somehow puzzled. "Amy," he said, "I thought we could go on living in this town. Maybe we can't. Maybe it's better if we just . . ."

"You don't think that," Amy said.

"No," Ted said. "I guess not."

"Well, come on," Pilling said from beside me. "What're you going to do?"

I moved sideways until I could see Amy. She was pale, her mouth stiff and flat, and a slow hard pulse made a regular flick of shadow in her throat. "I think," she said, "that I shall do nothing at all."

"Amy!" I said. "For God's sake!"

Pilling shouldered me, and Ted half turned at my voice. But Leo and Amy stuck to their deadlock of eyes. "That's final, is it?" Leo said.

Even Amy, through her contempt, ought to have been able to see that he was dangerous. But she looked at Ted and smiled, barely moving her lips. "You haven't the nerve," she said.

Leo's face twisted. Deliberately he brought back his hand and slapped Ted hard across the mouth.

"You filthy coward," Amy said, so low that I could hardly hear her. But she did not move. Ted took out his handkerchief and wiped a spot of blood from his lips. The flush had gone dark red under his skin.

With a hand in his coat, Leo pushed him toward the door. The crowd parted to make way for them.

At the door Leo turned. "Changing your mind any?" he said.

Amy didn't answer, and after a minute Leo pushed Ted out. The rest of us followed. The last I saw of Amy she was standing straight with her head high under the light. She didn't say a word or lift a hand.

AT THE edge of the tracks by the Cherry Creek bridge, a car and a truck were parked, and as we came down, a horse whickered. I heard its feet hollow in the truck box. Ted and Leo and another man got into the cab of the truck, six of us into the sedan, the other three into the box with the horse, and we backed and started up Fire Canyon.

Out of the window I watched the round hills of the canyon's mouth soar up into sharp peaks, but I wasn't paying much attention. I couldn't forget Ted's face as Leo pushed him out the door—not scared, but bewildered, as if it had come clear to him all of a sudden how completely his old life was gone. And I couldn't forget Amy, standing there and refusing to lift a hand.

The truck's taillight crawled ahead, blinking around bends. We went into second, and gravel spurted under the tires as Pilling gunned it on the stiff slope by the cascades. Then the pinching cliffs fell back. We shifted again, flattened out, lost the blink of the taillight for ten minutes, sprinted to pick it up again.

"Leo must be in a hurry," Pilling said.

No one answered.

After a few minutes a man in the back seat said, "We really going through with this? Hell's fire, I come in because I wanted my dough. I don't get nothing out of beating a guy up."

Pilling said nothing. After a while, I felt the listening in the back seat relax uneasily. Those three, at least, were losing their nerve a little.

We cleared the last pitch and met a half-pie of moon face to face. The whole sky was clear. In front of us the rolling tableland lay splotched with aspen groves, silvery and lonesome under the moon. We stopped, and as I piled out, I saw Leo and two others leading the teetering horse down the plank. It was an old horse, bony as a camel, with white saddle and harness scars on withers and rump.

I edged close to George Lewis and some others, and stood behind them while Leo shoved Ted into the glare of the headlights and tied his hands behind him.

"I don't see what good this does," I said out of the corner of my mouth.

Lewis looked around quickly, then straight ahead again. I knew he didn't dare say what he might have felt like saying.

Then I heard Ted's voice, and something was gone out of it, the old self-confidence wasn't there. "Look, Leo," he said.

Leo prodded him with the gun. "Climb aboard."

"Look," Ted said. I saw his tongue come out to wet his lips.

"Climb on, you rat!" Leo said.

Ted shut his mouth, and scared and helpless as I was, I was glad he didn't stoop to beg from a snake like Bruckner. He looked around once, and then jumped clumsily and got his leg over the horse and straightened up.

"You're a bunch of damned fools," he said. "I thought I could make you listen to sense, but you wouldn't before, and I guess you won't now."

"I heard all that kind of sense I want to," Leo said. "If you had anything to say, you should have said it to your wife."

He tied Ted's feet together under the horse and then reached into the cab and brought out a double-barreled shotgun.

I pushed between the men in front of me and yelled at him: "What the hell good does this do? Why don't we sign him up to pay us off? We don't get any good out of shooting him."

Pilling lurched across the lights' beam with his hand in his coat. "One more peep out of you," he said, "and you go, too."

I looked at him, wondering if I could get any support if I hit him, and while I was staring into his dead eyes, I saw light reflected in them and a faint lightening glow brush his face. We all turned at once; there were headlights coming up over the rim.

The car pulled up fast, swung bumping out of the trail, and stopped. Pilling had turned his back to me, and I was thinking I could slug him and pull his gun on Leo and get Ted out of there if I moved fast, but I was still getting up my nerve, and wondering who was in the car, when I saw the white dress glimmering as she ran, and then I relaxed, feeling sick.

I knew it had been close. So did Amy, I guess. Probably she had had as hard a time as Ted in coming to the belief that things didn't go his way any more, that here was a spot he couldn't take care of. That slap in the face must have done it. She couldn't have waited five minutes before starting, or she would have lost our lights.

She stopped by the horse, brushed past Leo and touched Ted's ankle, tied under the horse's belly. "Have they done anything?"

"It's all right," Ted said. "They haven't done anything yet."

LEO'S voice cut in, oily and full of triumph. You could hear in his voice how he was going to twist her now.

"Isn't this a little late for a visit?" he said.

"You win," Amy said. "Let him loose."

"Isn't that just dandy?" Leo said. "Somebody must have been giving you good advice."

"I wouldn't trust her," Pilling said. "She'd cheat you if she could."

"I been cheated all I'm going to be by this pair," Leo said. He stood looking at Amy, shaking his head. "Not so highty-tighty now," he said. "Not so damn' proud."

"Never mind the gloating," Amy said. "Let him loose and let's get it over."

"Giving up that fine house," Leo said. "It's going to make me feel bad to see you run out of there, ma'am."

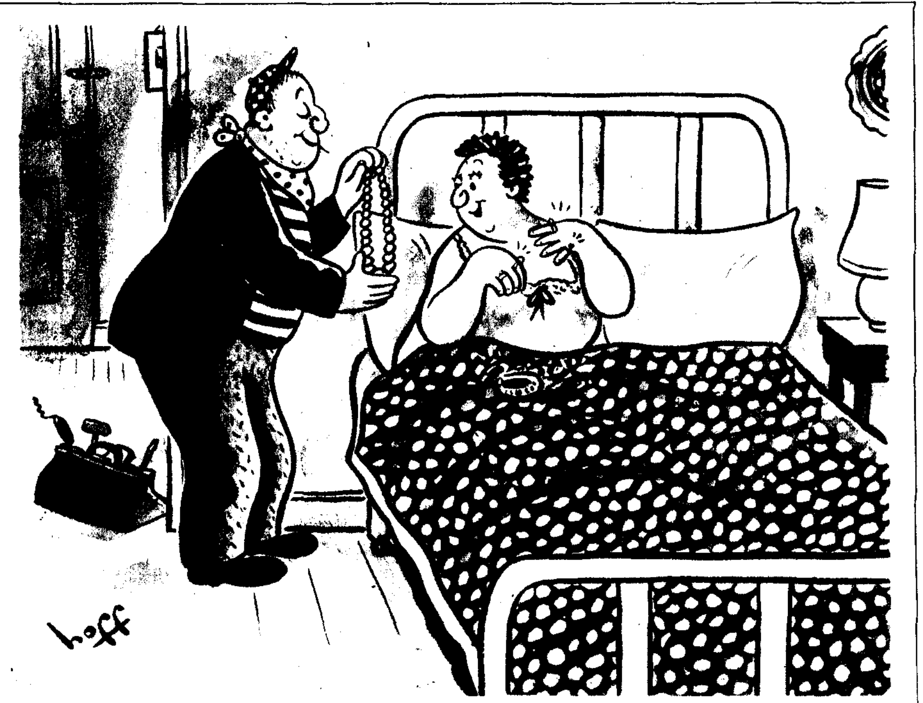
Amy said nothing.

Still laughing and shaking his head, Leo reached out and cut the rope between Ted's ankles. The horse shied when Ted slipped off, sidestepped with its halter rope trailing.

Leo laughed again, leaning toward Amy. "Just to show you what you stopped," he said. "Watch."

He threw a clod at the horse, which trotted farther away. The shotgun came up, and two cones of fire leaped from the barrels, one just behind the other. The light and sound were so blinding and deafening that it was a second before I heard the horse. It was running like mad across the plateau, and the noise it made was like a man screaming.

"Little rock salt'll do wonders," Leo said. He broke the breech and the empty shells kicked out. "Ted here would've got a nice skinful of that. Come morning, if he stuck



COLLIER'S "They're bee-yootiful, dear—whose were they?" SYDNEY HOFF

Taste Magic

Yes, there is something magically satisfying in the flavor of lobster, served crisply cold on a warm summer evening. Seagram's 5 Crown, too, served as tall, frosty highballs, has a magic way of pleasing!

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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BLDG., NEW YORK to the horse, and the sun came out and sunburned him a little, and the flies and mosquitoes sort of settled on his back, and he couldn't get his hands loose . . ."

"Now that you're through showing off," Amy said, "will you take us down?" I think she was the only one in that crowd who hadn't jumped at the shots, or winced at the sound of the agonized horse.

On the way to the car, Ted put his hand on Amy's arm. "Amy," he said. "Thanks."

Leo steered Ted into the sedan. "I'll just ride between you two," he said. "Keep you from thinking up any fancy dodges."

But Amy stopped with her hands at her sides. "You can blackmail my house out of me," she said. "You can threaten to lynch my husband. But you can't make me sit beside you for one minute. I'd rather ride with a corpse."

The man beside me snickered. "Leo's corpse," he said.

Leo looked around and finally called Pilling. "You ride with 'em, Harry. I can think of pleasanter company myself."

Amy laughed. "Pilling?" she said. "The law! Legalized extortion! I think I'll ride down alone, thank you!"

She patted Ted on the arm, flashed him a tight smile, and got in her own car. No one tried to stop her. We just piled into the truck and sedan, and followed her down the canyon as meek as a flock of ewes after a bellwether, and I think there wasn't one of us who didn't admire her. Even when she was licked, she ran her own show.

And even in her driving she made them look foolish. I was with Pilling in the sedan, and we lost her taillight before we were halfway down. Pilling drove like a madman, but it did him no good. The car was parked in the drive, and Amy was just going into the house with a pail or can in her hand when we pulled up. We met her two little girls in the living room as we came in. She must have awakened them before she started up the canyon.

"Where's your mother?" Pilling said. He was mad at being left behind on that mountain road. The girls pointed toward the stairs, and Pilling started up.

Amy appeared at the top, cool and dangerous. "Where were you going?"

"I was going to watch you," Pilling said. "I still am."

"No, you're not," Amy said. "I don't need you to help me pack my clothes."

He started up, but her voice came down the stairs like a whip. "I'd stay where I was, if I were you," she said. "There's a limit to what I'll stand."

Pilling looked around as if to invite us to marvel at her nerve. When he looked back she was gone. And he didn't go up. He sat down on the steps and lighted a cigarette.

LEO, Ted, and the rest came in while Amy was still upstairs. Ted took the girls on his lap and helped them brush their hair, staying scrupulously out of the whole situation. *It was Amy's show now.*

In a few minutes Amy came down with two suitcases, set them beside Ted's, and went up again to come down with another. "All right," she said. "Where's your lawyer?"

"We don't need any lawyer," Leo said. "Just sign it over to us, that's all you got to do."

She looked at him a moment, then laughed, and though I knew it was a stage laugh, crowding the edge of hysteria, I had to admire the way she did it. "What if I signed you over a place with a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage on it?"

Leo's face got black. "Is there a mortgage on this place?"

"I wish there were," Amy said. Her eyes as she faced him were bleak and cold as stone. "Oh, how I wish there were!"

Pilling had moved over from the stair rail. "You can't pull out tonight," he said. "You'll have to wait till we can get a lawyer and do this up legal."

"You're a little funny," Amy said. "One minute you can't get us out of town fast enough, and the next you won't let us leave." Her voice dropped its poisonous joking tone and grew hard. "We're leaving, just the same," she said. "You brilliant lynchers bring a deputy when you come blackmailing, but you forget to bring a lawyer. Well, I'll sign a power of attorney to one of you, and you can settle it any way you please. I hope and believe you'll all cut one another's throats for it before you're through."

Her eyes went over us. I was ashamed when they lighted on me. "Benny," she said, "what if I make it to you?"

"Not on your life!" Leo said. "Not that stool pigeon! You can make that paper to me."

Amy shrugged and looked amused. "All the better. Now you're sure to cut one another's throats."

She found paper and pen and ink in the desk and sat down. Everybody crowded to look over her shoulder. The pen scratched in the silence, and she deliberately shook ink from its point onto the rug. "Your house," *she said, and twisted to smile into Leo's face.* When she had finished writing, she stood up. "Couple of witnesses can sign there," she said, made a careless X on the paper, and threw the pen on the desk.

The men crowded closer to read what she had written.

"Now," Amy said, "I'm going upstairs. Anybody want to come and see I don't steal anything?"

They stood shuffling their feet as she went.

Leo passed the paper to Pilling. "Look all right to you?"

"I can't see anything wrong with it," Pilling said. "It gives you power to sign, sell, collect, anything."

"How about having everything in Leo's name?" George Lewis said.

Leo swung around. "What the hell, you think I'm going to steal it over again?"

"I trusted too many guys already," George said. So they wrote in carefully that Leo was acting for the depositors of the Richland Bank, proceeds of sale to be prorated among them, and all signed it as witnesses.

Amy came downstairs with one small overnight bag. She was walking fast, and stopped only long enough to gather the girls under her arm and nod to Ted, who rose and picked up the three suitcases. "I wish you joy of your house," Amy said to Leo; "as much joy as I had in giving it to you."

Nobody said anything when I followed them out and helped Ted stow the bags in the back seat. Ted was quiet and looked beaten and sad. "The fools!" he said.

Amy was already in the driver's seat. "Hurry!" she said, her voice so tense and snappish that we both turned.

Ted climbed in, but before I had time to shake the hand he put out, the car started and roared off down the road.

I went back to the porch and found Leo and Pilling shooing everybody out and locking the doors. We stood on the lawn a minute under the French windows, everybody suddenly talkative, everybody saying, "Well, we got it! What do you think of that? Halstead, he ain't such a bad guy, maybe he *never did intend to steal that dough.* Sort of glad Leo never got to rock-salt him. But that wife of his, isn't she made out of whalebone and iron . . ."

Leo, folding the paper into his pocket, started around the corner to where the truck was parked. I heard his hoarse yell, and then all of us were running after him in a panicked crowd.

AND there was the final gesture of Amy's contempt. The roof was crawling with flame. Through one opened dormer, we could look into an upstairs room, and in the moment we stood there glued to the ground, we heard the growling, crackling roar as the draft sucked in the open window and bent the flames in ducking streamers.

Then I remembered the can Amy had been carrying into the house as we came down from the canyon. There was no wood on earth that would burn that fast, with that wild, billowing, roaring sort of flame. Only gasoline could have started that fire—gasoline and an open window and a match lighted just before Amy came down defeated to leave her house to her enemies.

THE END

THE Heroes

XLII

CAPT. TRUMAN HEMINWAY, JR.

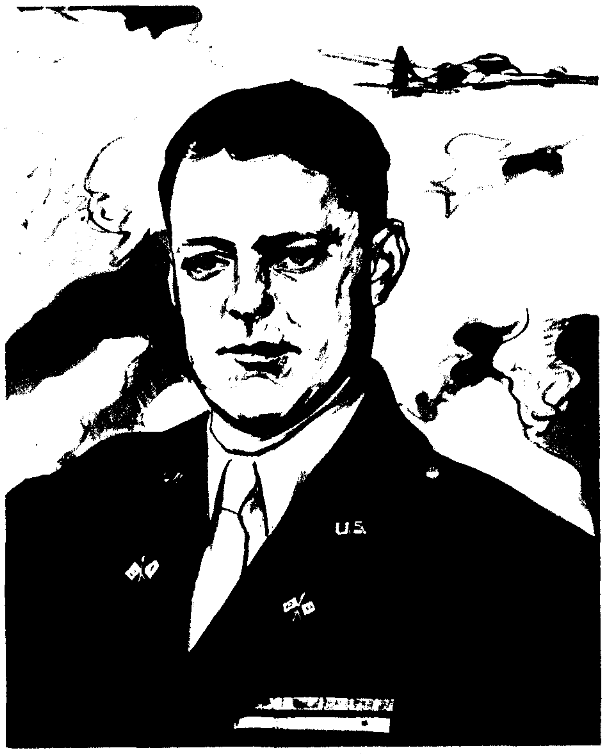
ALL heroism does not have a tragic ending in the posthumous award of a medal to the widow or the mother. Here and there in the records of the armed forces are stories of high daring in which the actors skimmed danger and death as gaily as dragonflies over summer pools. Take the case of young Truman Heminway, Jr., from Sherbourne, Vermont, who fought the Japanese from island to island in the Philippines for three long years, now the hunted and now the hunter, building himself a "navy" and a radio network between deadly encounters, and yet taking time off to marry and start a family. An aerial photographer in 1941, private first class, he came out of the jungles in 1944 to find himself a captain in the Signal Corps.

When the battle for Luzon ended on May 10, 1942, General Wainwright surrendering to save the men on Corregidor from massacre, Heminway and five comrades were on Mindanao, miles to the south. Soon seven others came along, and the Lucky Thirteen, as they styled themselves, took to the hills and planned their own little private war against the Nips. For the first few months, it was not much of a campaign, but finally Heminway and his gang established contact with an American submarine that crept in under cover of night. Along with arms, they were given a lot of radio sets.

What the aerial photographer did not know about radios would have made a hefty book, and even after mastering the technique, there was the job of getting them around to the various islands. The need for a "navy" stood plain, and the Lucky Thirteen, after long search, salvaged five or six launches that the Japs had abandoned as utterly worthless. These were tinkered into shape, and the problem of power was solved by extracting a substitute for Diesel oil from coconuts.

Somewhat sluggishly, but still proudly, the "fleet" took to sea, and soon every neighboring island had its radio station, enabling native guerrilla bands to keep in touch with one another. Not an easy or safe task, for the waters were thick with enemy craft, and typhoons blew with ghastly regularity, but Heminway came through without the loss of a "ship." The crews, to be sure, spent almost as much time overboard as on board, due to leaks, and sharks made mending a hazardous occupation.

Always, of course, there was a desperate shortage of arms and ammunition, but the Lucky Thirteen gave the matter of logistics their usual brisk and successful study. Whenever a boatload of Japs came offshore, a Filipino boy would row out, bearing a bunch of bananas and waving friendly greetings. Tucked away in the bunch, however, was a nice fat stick of dynamite, and as the youngster drew close, he would light the fuse, and give the bananas a lusty toss. On one occasion, Heminway recalls, forty-eight Nips were blown right up into the arms of their ancestors. Before the smoke of the explosion cleared, the natives were diving for guns, knives, ammunition and even the engines.



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Food was another continuing problem for the Lucky Thirteen, for while the hospitality of the natives was generous and ungrudging, there were many weeks when hot pursuit drove the Americans into the mountains or the jungle, far from human habitation. *Camotes* (a stringy type of sweet potato) and locusts, caught on the fly, were often all they had to eat, sustaining life at the cost of appetite. After a fashion, however, the diet helped the fugitives to measure time.

"The first six months," reports Truman Heminway, "we threw food away when ants got in it. The second six months we picked out the ants and ate the food. The third six months we ate the food, ants and all. The fourth six months we grabbed the ants when they got away, and put them back in the food."

It was in the jungles of Samar that Heminway met Catherine Barbara Krebs, daughter of a Manila lumberman, who had fled the sack of the city to find refuge with native friends. Which one looked worse is still a matter of dispute, for Miss Krebs was tattered and torn, and bewhiskered Heminway's bare feet struck fire from the rocks. Anyway, the two fell in love and were married in a village church at midnight, the best man and the ushers standing armed guard outside in case of a Jap attack.

Now the Lucky Thirteen became fourteen, for Mrs. Heminway shared their perils as the gallant little band moved from cave to cave, from thicket to thicket, and in course of time, the number increased to fifteen. The baby was born on Leyte, and down from the hills came every American for the baptism. Unhappily, a detachment of Nips also poured in just as the Filipino padre was about to perform the ceremony. Mother and child fled in one direction, and father and godfather in another, yelling to draw off pursuit, and it was three months before all of them got together again.

Nightmare months followed in slow, heartbreaking succession, but the Lucky Fifteen fought on, as gaily, as doggedly. At last, in November, 1944, General MacArthur radioed the news of victory, ordering Captain Heminway to report to him in Tacloban. And there the gaunt, sun-blackened Vermonter and his wife sailed for home. Just in time, too, for a second baby was born on the ship. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

Checkmate, pardner... Have a Coca-Cola

Drink
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... *refreshment fulfills a friendly mission*

The location ... an airfield somewhere in the Pacific area. The place ... a recreation hut. The flyers ... veterans all. The drink ... Coca-Cola, served from its red dispenser just as at familiar soda fountains at home. Thus do fighting men get together for friendly recreation many places across the seas. The phrase *Have a Coke* expresses the friendliness and hospitality that come second-nature to your Yankee fighting man. It's his way of saying, *Pardner, you belong; you're a good Joe.* Wherever they meet up with Coca-Cola, they find in *the familiar pause that refreshes* a flashback to their own way of living —friendliness and refreshment all wrapped up in one happy, home-like moment.

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Coca-Cola
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There's no magic at all to capturing the luscious flavors of fresh fruit . . . Orange! Lemon! Lime! Pineapple! Wild Cherry! But the wonderful part is that you can carry them all in your pocket—in a delicious, handy, Five Flavor pack of Life Savers.

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

And His Golf is Getting Better All the Time

Continued from page 26

Reporters would rather write of barefooted Sam Snead from the West Virginia hills, and his spectacular blow-ups with titles in sight. Nelson will assure you that all his color is confined to his Argyll socks. He uses the overlapping grip, and for putting he effects a bunching of the fingers. You cannot single out any phase of his game as better than another. He is of average size and looks chubby, but isn't. He is deadly serious about life and golf, but wholly without delusions of grandeur or his own importance. He expects V-J Day to let loose a batch of repressed golf addicts who will topple the existing champions within a year. His humility is the backbone of his game, and therein you will find the answer to the man himself and to his mechanical technique.

Probably the worst enemy of the average golfer, Nelson believes, is Joe Muscles, the club member who can powder a ball 275 to 325 yards from the tee. He usually drives first, insuring himself an audience, and shames normal players into trying for more distance than their game permits. They don't realize that the drive is the least important of all golf shots, and they never see Joe Muscles over in the rough or woods. They are too busy trying to undo the damage he has caused their own game.

For years, Nelson's driving was a major problem. He couldn't even use a driver. Some would say that the ball wouldn't rise. But Nelson admits that *he* couldn't raise the trajectory. He gripped the club wrong for years. In trying to loft the ball with a driver, which has an almost vertical face, he'd hook. He escaped financial ruin by the simple expedient of using a brassie off the tee. The slanted face gave him the desired height. With the brassie he worked to correct the faulty grip, perfected his swing by making it normal to eliminate the hook, and eventually mastered the use of a driver. He learned exactly what he could do with this club, and he charges his success to the fact that he is always conscious of his limitations.

This early regimentation became his forte. His self-analysis amounted to introspection, but in it Nelson found the answer to his mistakes. Today he is a study in humility that stands as an indictment of anyone who labors under the silly delusion that he can play golf, for Nelson has never played a "satisfactory" round. How far below 63 is satisfactory, he wouldn't say, but conveys the general idea this way:

"There's always a mistake in the best round. An honest golfer takes eagles and birdies for granted. He profits by remembering what he did wrong, and never by gloating over what he may have managed to do right."

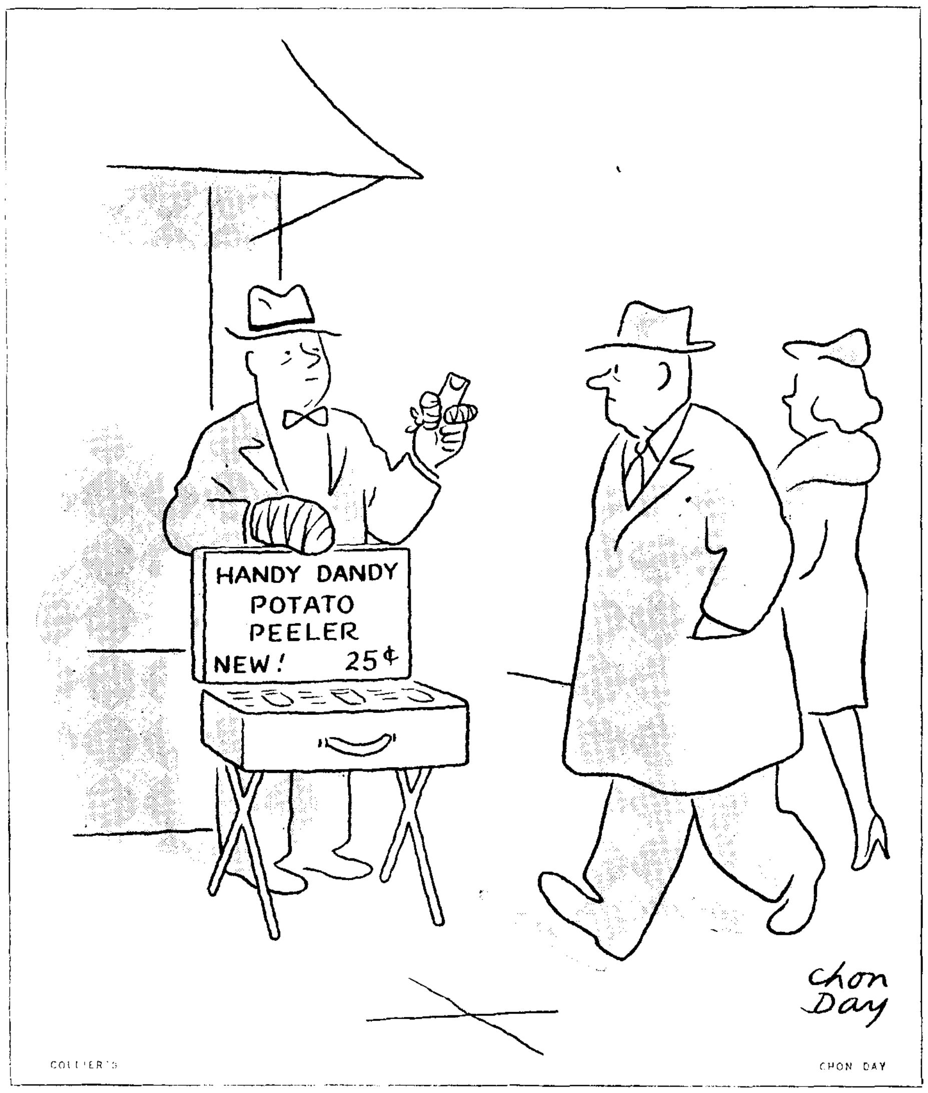
Nelson believes that the average golfer could lower his score and perhaps live longer by injecting a maximum of humility into his habit of self-analysis. Golf addicts are necessarily introverts, constantly studying themselves with all the intensity of a woman before a mirror, but they seldom get around to recognizing their specific limitations until too late.

Playing the Game for Relaxation

He has seen a lot of tempers lost and has watched the game become a psychological millstone. He is startled by the fact that more than a few doctors in prewar days were toying with the idea of discarding golf as a medium of relaxation for patients because it was too often the opposite. And it wasn't golf's fault; it was because the average human likes to think himself capable of doing more than he ever will.

Mass participation in golf has been at a low ebb for the past three years. The public has neither time nor equipment. But Nelson looks for unprecedented interest and activity, judging from the record crowds that now attend tournaments and exhibitions. The Professional Golfers Association is meeting the situation by raising a gigantic fund to build courses in close proximity to service hospitals where the therapeutic value of golf may be tested and proved.

"If the playing foundation is right, which it seldom is," Nelson adds, "habit and ego fortify the beginner. He buys a set of clubs, or receives a set as a gift. Some are too heavy or too light for his physique. He goes to a strange golf course with no knowledge of its distances or subtleties for a hit-or-miss afternoon, with less hits than misses. When the game's complexities finally conquer him, he decides to 'take a few lessons.'



"The poor pro at the club faces a horrible mess. He wants to tell the guy to burn his clubs, that his faults have become habits and too fixed for correction. But the pro can't chase away business, so he tackles it as honestly as possible. He advises the lift of a heel, the twist of a wrist, foot-movement, weight-shifting. All are undoubtedly good suggestions, but it's like adding a few shingles to a roof that leaks all over. It needs a completely new surface."

A teacher cannot do this alone, Nelson contends. It's up to the golfer himself, but the victim quickly becomes a golfing hypochondriac through substituting alibis and excuses for simple admission of limitations.

You rarely hear a golfer admit that his hook comes from trying to drive 25 yards beyond his normal ability, which is Nelson's explanation for virtually all hooks, and most mistakes.

"A golfer, good or bad, must face reality and shortcomings like a pro," Nelson insists, "and practice with honesty and patience, not to eliminate faults, but to find out what his body can do, and build his game around those shots. If a player's best drive is 225 yards, the length of the hole shouldn't make him try for 300. He's got a brassie or a driving iron for that second wallop. But no, he wants a 350-yard drive and an easy midiron shot that will put him on the green for a one-putt and an eagle that he can talk about for a week at the office. So he winds up in the woods, takes an eight on the hole and spends a miserable afternoon."

This is not advice from a born golfer, but from a former caddie of Fort Worth, Texas, who has spent fifteen years at hard labor trying to correct his own mistakes. His early zeal and interest captivated members of the Glen Garden Club, and they sponsored his career with a junior membership. Only sixteen, Nelson showed his gratitude by winning the club's junior title. He quit high school to clerk for the Fort Worth & Denver City R.R. and had more time for golf.

He first played professionally in late November of 1932 in the Texarkana $500 Open, placing third behind Ted Longworth and Ky Laffoon to win $75. Backed by the Glen Garden members, the situation looked very rosy, but he won only $12.50 more during that winter.

Picks a Wife and His First Plum

Two years later, he won $924 and the pretty Louise Shofner, also a Texan. With a wife to support, Nelson threw away his driver and used a brassie off the tee. The next year, 1935, he took down $2,708, and followed that with a victory in the Metropolitan Open, his first plum. He's been picking them steadily ever since.

Nelson ridicules the frequent suggestion that golf courses of today are easier than a generation ago, and that Bobby Jones' scores of 280-290 wouldn't get him very far in today's sub-270s.

"If Jones or Hagen or any of the past masters had needed a two-seventy to win," Nelson says, "they'd have shot it. Neither the courses, ball nor clubs have changed. Bigger prizes, more tournaments and more competition force players to keep in shape and practice at all times. They can't afford to risk a single week of idleness, because they know that a dozen others are hard at work. They know that one bad shot—one shot, mind you—may cost them a thousand bucks.

"Ah don't kid myself for a minute about my own position, because Ah expect to get knocked off by the kids coming up or coming out of the service. Ah've seen a couple already in Army camps that made me blink. If the P.G.A. can put up all the golf courses we'd like to right next to those hospitals, you'll see the hottest golf the game has ever known—much better than Ah expect to play. . . ."

THE END

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IN the office, the factory and the home you, too, will find the Classified section of Telephone Directories helpful in many ways.

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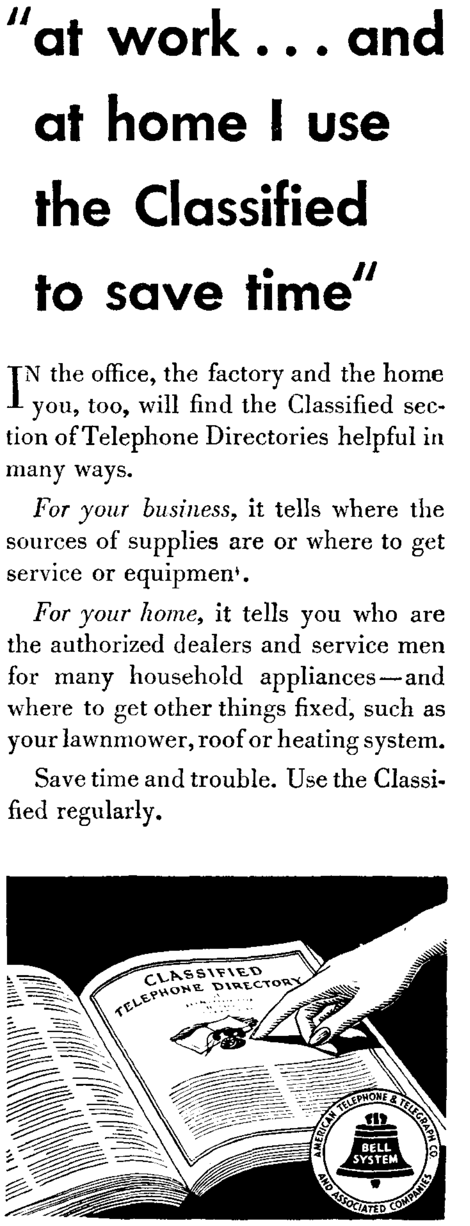
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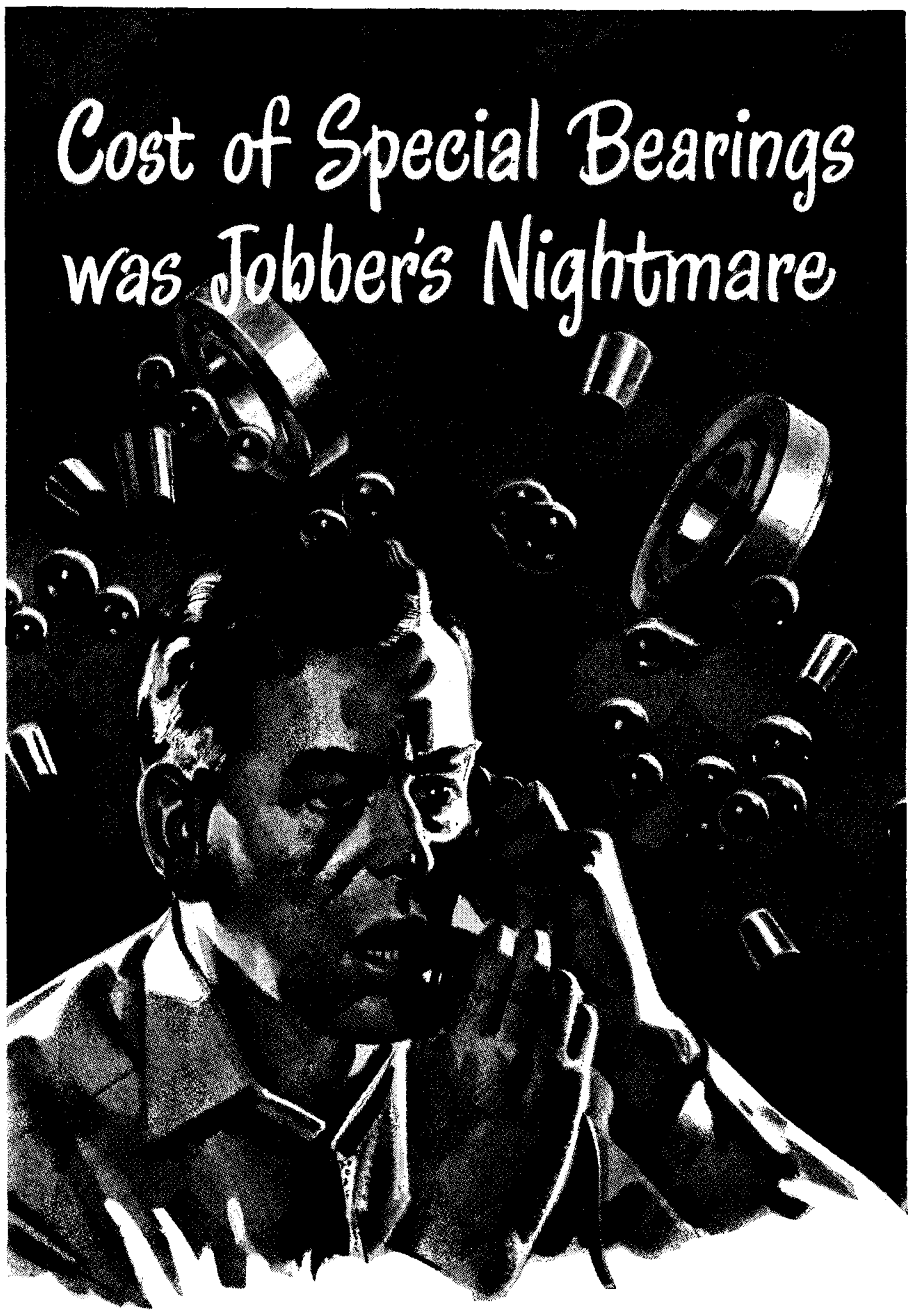
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Air Express solves his problem — for 5% of selling price!

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He stocks a standard line of precision bearings — a plenty big investment. If he had to carry *all* special types and sizes, his investment would run into a nightmare of high-cost, slow-turn "specials."

So in order to give 100% service, what does he do? Simply this. When a customer wants a "special", the jobber wires the manufacturer and has the order shipped Air Express. Same-day delivery is often made on orders placed early in day.

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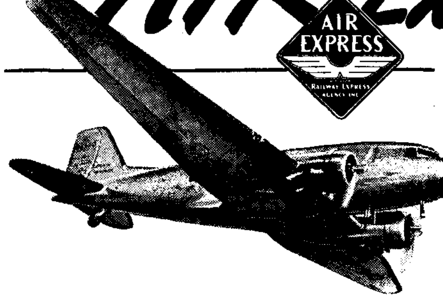
AIR MILES	2 lbs.	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	25 lbs.
250	$1.04	$1.25	$1.57	$2.63
500	$1.11	$1.52	$2.19	$4.38
1000	$1.26	$2.19	$3.74	$8.75
2500	$1.68	$4.20	$8.40	$21.00

AIR EXPRESS



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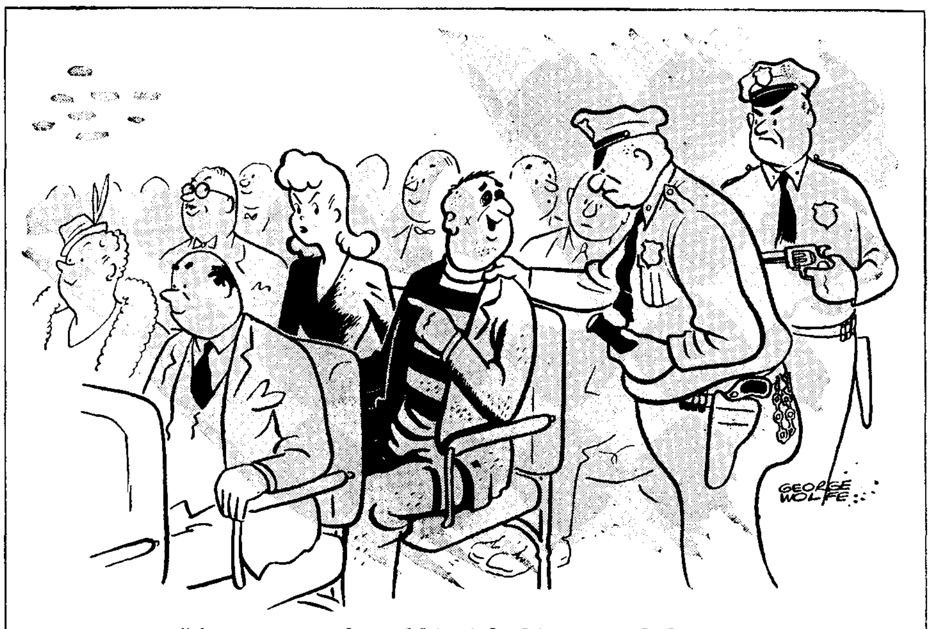


COLLIER'S "I've got a perfect alibi. Ask this young lady just who has been annoying her for the past two hours" GEORGE WOLFE

They're Coming Home

Continued from page 19

position of the rank and file of the Army who are too often forgotten and overlooked."

It was then that the Arlington National Cemetery, today a shrine, was opened. Before the end of the Civil War, there were 53 additional national cemeteries. Most of them were small, and soon there was need for additional burial grounds. Congress appropriations and more cemeteries were added. However, nothing has ever been done on the scale now proposed. It is proposed to open cemeteries ranging from 30 to 400 acres (as the needs dictate) in each state.

If the proposal is approved by Congress, each state will have at least one cemetery which conforms to the terrain and the natural resources of that state. In short, it will be symbolic of the state and will, so far as is possible, show the individual characteristics of that state. The architectural plan for instance for a cemetery in Maine would differ considerably from plans for a cemetery in New Mexico. The character of the soil, the drainage facilities, the traditions of the state and, above all, the will of the people of the state will be determining factors in the building and planning of the cemeteries.

There will be one large chapel and several smaller ones. In each case there will be a space where memorial services may be held, and there will be an impressive building containing regimental flags, decorations, and emblems of the great regiments identified with the state. Every effort will be made to make these the most beautiful cemeteries in the world, and there seems every reason to believe that thousands and thousands of parents and wives will be comforted to have their dead resting there with their comrades who fell with them.

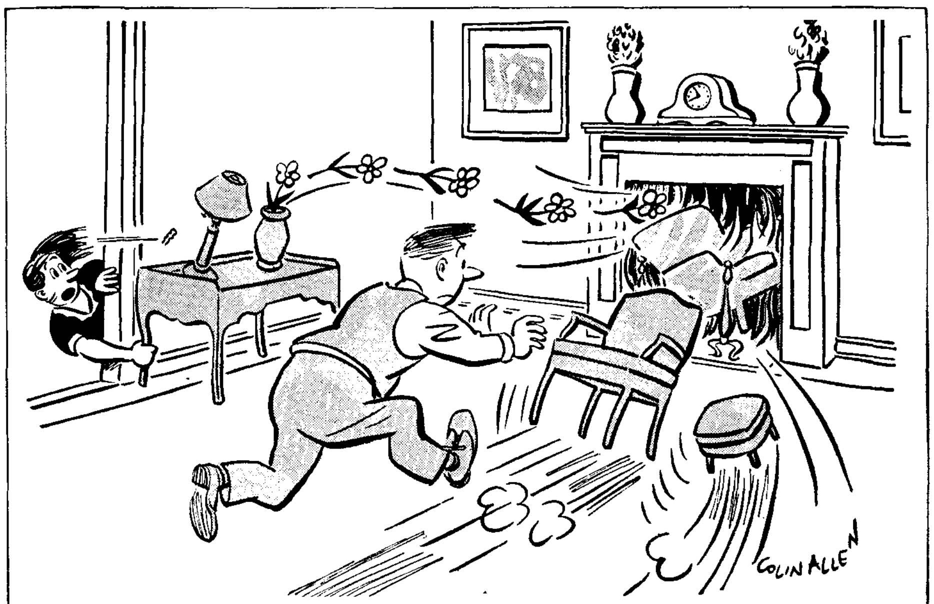
Of course, all burial expenses and future upkeep of the cemeteries will be borne by the government. The matter has not yet come before Congress, but our Congress has never been reluctant to pay every possible tribute to our dead, no matter what the cost.

Another responsibility held by General Gregory and his staff is the identification of the dead. There is no more heartbreaking message for a parent or wife to receive than the words "Missing in action." General Gregory has at his disposal every possible scientific method of identification. A dozen methods of identifying the dead are used and so thorough are they that there is no mathematical possibility of any mistake in identity. There will be very few unidentified dead after this war. Never before in the history of warfare has there been such meticulous regard for the positive identification and care of our dead and for the mental and spiritual comfort of those the dead have left behind.

Despite every effort, there will, of course, be some unidentified dead. In most of these cases, however, the diligence of General Gregory's men will result in partial identification. These unidentified dead will be buried in the national cemeteries in their home states. After the Civil War, the graves of unknown soldiers were marked merely with the inscription "An Unidentified Soldier." One item will be added to the headstone of each unknown soldier after this war—the name of the place where he fell.

The whole spirit behind the plan can be summed up in General Gregory's words, "Our responsibility to our sons does not end with their deaths." It is a spirit which Congress and the whole country undoubtedly will reverently echo.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It draws too well, if you ask me!" COLIN ALLEN

TWO GRAND PIPE TOBACCOS THAT ARE WINNING THOUSANDS WHO

Never Smoked Pipes Before

The Flavor's In . . . the Bite is Out!

TWO PIPE TOBACCOS YOU CAN INHALE

SMOKERS of all kinds — thousands who never smoked pipes before—are turning to these two grand pipe mixtures—made by Philip Morris.

Try them! You'll find both extra good . . . smooth, cool-smoking! Thanks to a Philip Morris advance in preparing pipe tobaccos—the flavor's *in*. . . the bite is *out!*

So go to your favorite tobacco counter . . . ask for REVELATION or BOND STREET —*the pipe tobaccos you can inhale.*

ATTENTION! CIGARETTE SMOKERS

When you can't find cigarettes for love nor money, try REVELATION *or* BOND STREET—*the pipe tobaccos you can inhale, just like cigarettes! Thousands are doing it who never smoked pipes before.*

HERE'S PROOF Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is over *three times as irritating* as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

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A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture. Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor and aroma, even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

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One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends. A magnificent "flavor-blend" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure.

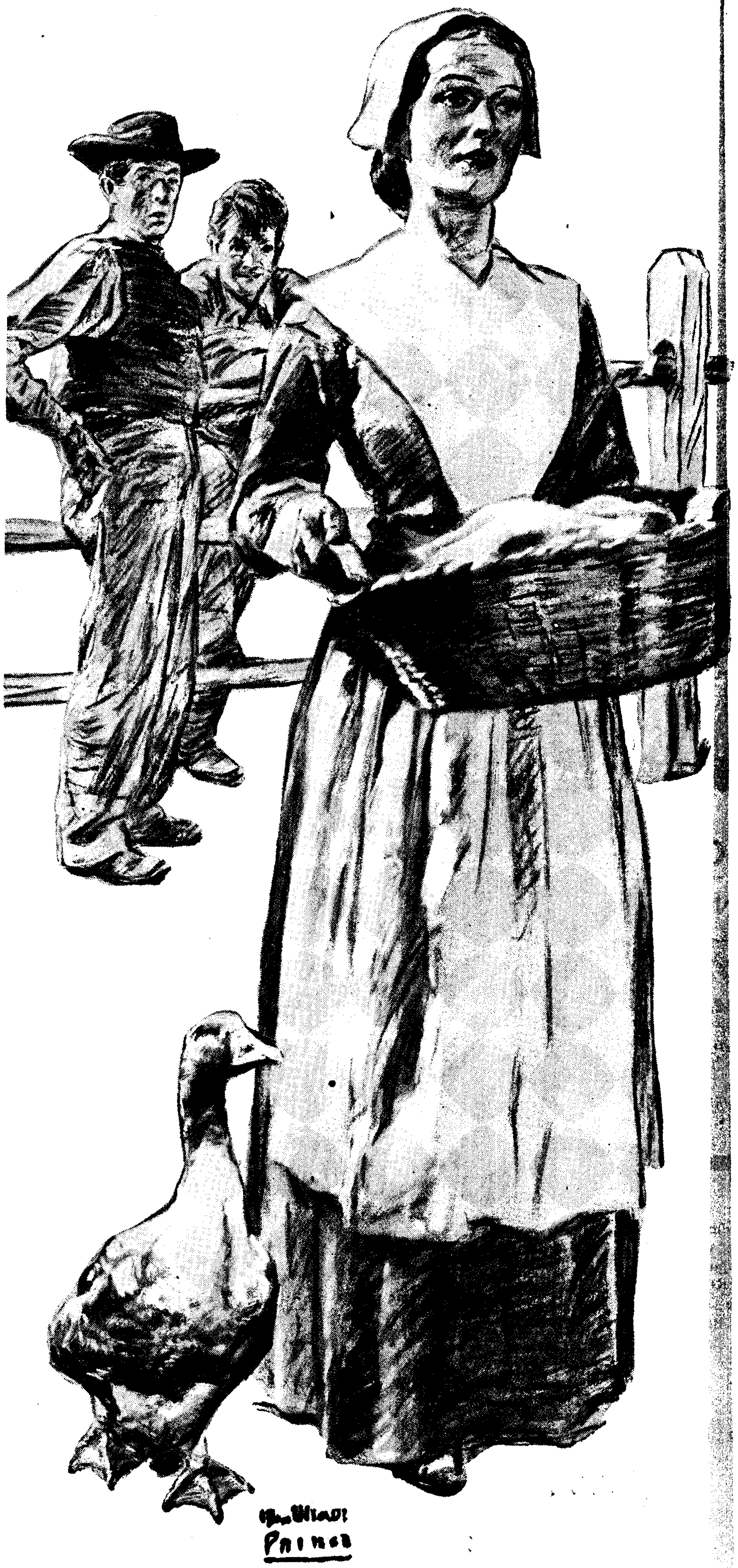
Either 15¢

The PACING GOOSE

A wife should be as various as spring, thought Jess, but a lordly goose—that's right, a goose—revised his notions

BY JESSAMYN WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



JESS sat in the kitchen at the long table by the west window where in winter he kept his grafting tools: the thin-bladed knife, the paper sweet with the smell of beeswax and resin, the boxes of roots and scions. Jess was a nurseryman and spring meant for him not only the spirit's flowering—but the earth's. A week more of moderating weather and he'd be out, still in gum boots, but touching an earth that had thawed, whose riches were once again fluid enough to be sucked upward.

Spring's a various season, Jess thought, no *two years the same: comes in with rains,* mud deep enough to swallow horse and rider; comes in cold, snow falling so fast it weaves a web; comes in with a warm wind blowing about thy ears and bringing a smell of something flowering, not here, but southaways, across the Ohio, maybe, in Kentucky.

"And us each spring so much the same."

"Thee speaking to me, Jess?"

"Nothing thee'd understand, Eliza."

Spring made Jess discontented with the human race—and with women, if anything, more than men. It looked as if spring put them all in the shade: the season so resourceful and they each year meeting it with nothing changed from last year; digging up roots from the same sassafras thicket, licking sulphur and molasses from the same big-bowled spoon.

"Spring opening up," he said, "and nobody in this house so much as putting down a line of poetry."

Eliza, who was lifting dried-peach pies from a hot oven, said nothing. She set the four of them in a neat row on the edge of her kitchen cabinet to cool, and slid her pans of cornbread into the oven. Then she turned to Jess, her cheeks red with heat, and her black eyes warm with what she had to say. "Thee'd maybe relish a nice little rhyme for thy supper, Jess Birdwell."

Jess sighed, then sniffed the pies, so rich with ripe peach flavor that the kitchen smelled like a summer orchard. "Now, Eliza," he said, "thee knows I wouldn't have thee anyways altered. Thee . . ."

"Thee," Eliza interrupted him, "is like all men. Thee wants to have thy poetry and eat it, *too.*"

Jess wondered how what he'd felt about spring, a season with the Lord's thumbprint fresh on it, could've led to anything so unspringlike as an argument about a batch of dried-peach pies.

It was discouraging, but he went on anyway. "Earth alters, season to season, spring never two times the same, only us pounding on steady as pump bolts and not freshened by so much as a grass blade."

Eliza looked her husband over carefully. "Jess Birdwell," she said, "thee's got spring fever."

"I could reckon time and temperature, each spring, by the way thee starts honing for geese," Jess said. "It's a tardy spring; snow still on the ground and not a word yet from thee about geese."

Eliza pulled a chair out from the table and sat. "Jess, why's thee always been so set against geese?"

"I'm not set against geese. It's geese that's set against farming. They can mow down a half acre of sprouting corn while thee's trying to head them off. No, Eliza, it's the geese that's against me."

"If thee had tight fences . . ." Eliza said.

"Eliza, I got tight fences, but the goose's never been hatched that'll admit fences exist. An old gander'd just as soon go through a fence as hiss—and if he can't find a hole or crack in a fence he'll lift the latch."

"Jess," said Eliza flatly, "thee don't like geese."

Samantha was Eliza's pure pet, no two ways about that. Jess watched as the goose walked beside Eliza with that lordly roll of the elect

"Well," said Jess, "I wouldn't go so far's to say I didn't like them, but I will say that if there's any meaner, dirtier animal, or one that glories in it more, I don't know it."

"Geese," said Eliza, with a dreaminess unusual to her, "march along so lordly like. . . . They're pretty as swans floating down a branch. . . . In fall they stretch out their necks and honk to geese passing overhead as if they's wild. My father never had any trouble raising geese and I've heard him say many a time that there's no better food for a brisk morning than a fried goose egg."

"The season's shaping up," Jess said. "I can see thee's all primed to say, 'Jess, let's get a setting of goose eggs.' "

Eliza went over to the bean kettle and began to lift out dumplings.

"It's a forwarder season than thee thinks, Jess," she said quietly. "I got a setting under a hen now."

Jess looked at his wife. He didn't know what had made him want spring's variety in a human being—nor Eliza's substituting doing for asking.

"When'd thee set them?" he asked finally.

"Yesterday," said Eliza.

"Where'd thee get the eggs?"

"Overturffs'," said Eliza. The Overturffs were their neighbors to the south.

"Well, they got enough for a surety," Jess said, "to give a few away."

"The Overturffs don't give anything away, as thee knows. I paid for them. With my own money," Eliza added.

"How many?" Jess asked.

"Eight," Eliza said.

Jess turned back to his window. The sun had set, leaving a sad green sky and desolate black and white earth. "Five acres of corn gone," he calculated.

"Thee said," Eliza reminded him, "that what thee wanted was a little variety in me."

"I know I did," Jess admitted glumly. "I talk too much."

"Draw up thy chair," Eliza said placidly, not contradicting him, "there's Enoch and the boys."

NEXT morning after breakfast, Jess and Enoch left the kitchen together. The sun was the warmest the year had yet produced and the farm roofs were steaming; in the barnyard a rooster tossed his voice into the bright air, loud and clear as if aiming to be heard by every fowl in Jennings County.

"Enoch," said Jess to his hired man, "what's thy feeling about geese?"

Enoch was instantly equipped, for the *most part, with feelings on every subject.* "In the fall of the year," he said, "long about November or December, there's nothing tastier on the table than roast goose."

"Goose on the table's not what I mean," Jess said. "I was speaking of goose on the hoof. Goose nipping off a stand of corn, Enoch, goose roistering round, honking and hissing so's thee can't hear thyself think, goose eying thee like a snake on stilts."

Enoch gazed at his employer for a few seconds. "Mr. Birdwell," he said, "I think that if they's an ornery bird, it's a goose Ornery and undependable."

"I'm glad we's so like-minded about them," Jess said. "Otherwise, I'd not like to ask thee to do this little job." He pulled a long darning needle from beneath the lapel of his coat.

Enoch eyed it with some mistrust. "I can't say's I've ever been handy with a needle, Mr. Birdwell."

"Thee'll be handy enough for this," Jess *said with hearty conviction.* "To come to it, Enoch, Eliza's set eight goose eggs. One little puncture in each egg with this and the goose project's nipped in the bud and Eliza none the wiser."

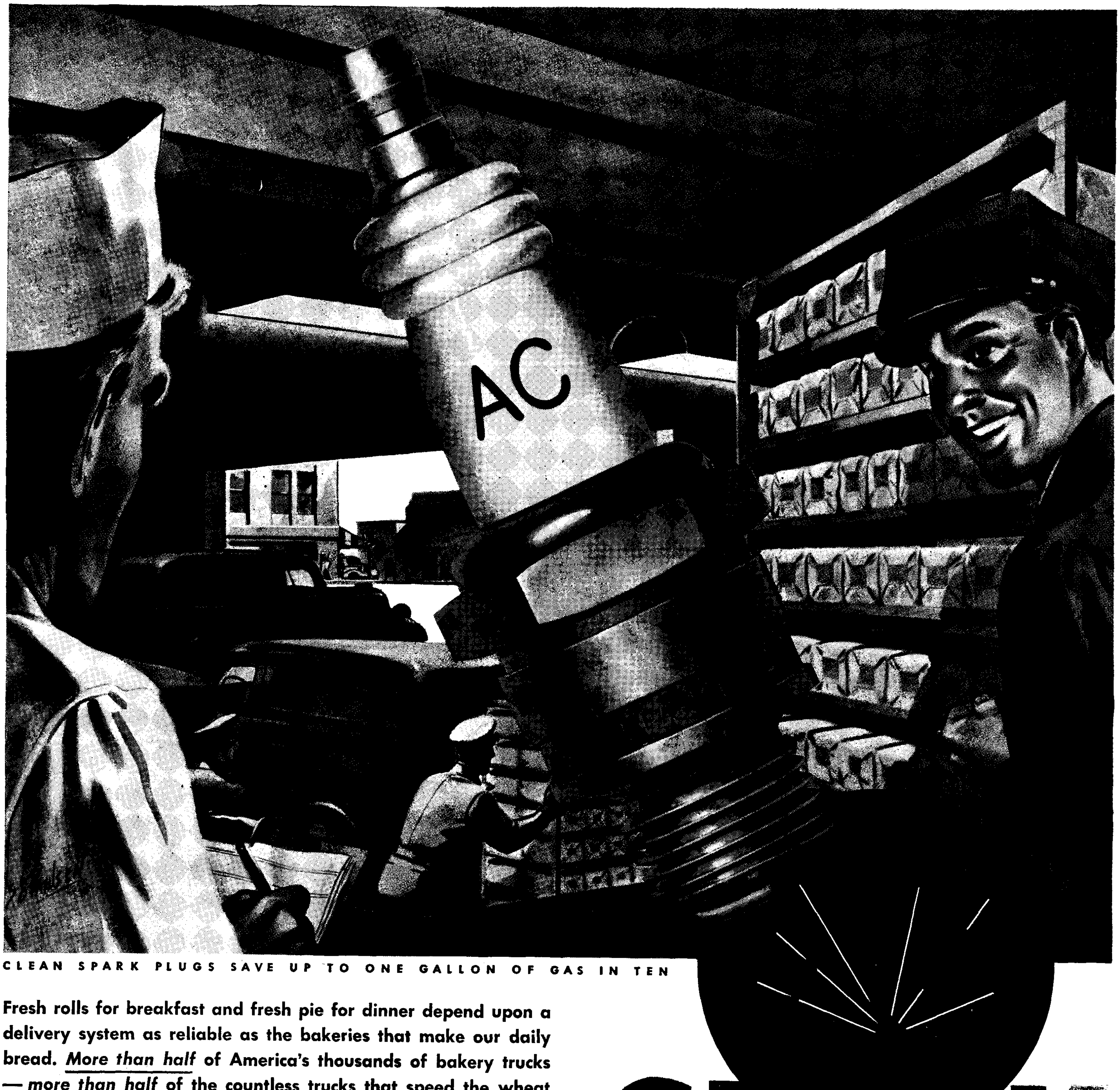
"I'm mighty awkward with my hands," said Enoch, "doing fine work. Ticklish job like this I might drop an egg and break it."

"Enoch," said Jess, "thee's not developing a weakness for geese, is thee?"

"It ain't the geese," said Enoch frankly, "it's your wife. She's been mighty clever to me, and if she's got her heart set on geese, it'd go against the grain to disappoint her. Whyn't you do it, Mr. Birdwell?"

"Same reason," said Jess, "only more of them—and if Eliza ever asks if I tampered

(*Continued on page 48*)



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Fresh rolls for breakfast and fresh pie for dinner depend upon a delivery system as reliable as the bakeries that make our daily bread. More than half of America's thousands of bakery trucks — more than half of the countless trucks that speed the wheat from farm to elevator to flour mill to market — depend upon AC's for the *utmost in spark plug reliability.* And to *save gasoline* and *lengthen spark plug life,* a majority of these plugs are cleaned and regapped every 3,000 miles, as recommended by AC. You can insure the same efficient spark plug performance in your car, truck or tractor by following the same simple plan of regular spark plug cleaning, and *replacing worn plugs promptly with AC's* of correct Heat Range for today's fuels.

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AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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It clothes and shelters our troops—and special uniforms made from cotton guard their health in arctic cold and steaming jungle heat.

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More power to you of the cotton industry! We of the Santa Fe are proud of the part we have in serving you.

Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Serving the West and Southwest

THE POSTWAR TRANSPORTATION PICTURE

There will be more travel by planes and private cars.
There will be less travel by trains, busses, steamships.
There will be more freight and express shipments by planes and trucks.

- TRAINS will be faster, safer, more comfortable, but losing business, particularly to planes and private cars; top speeds will be about 100 miles an hour.
- BUSSES will be better and faster, probably holding business through low prices; their average speed will be around 50 miles an hour.
- PLANES will be bigger and faster; routes will expand enormously; speeds will run up around 350 miles an hour.
- TRUCKS will operate at around 40 miles an hour; more and more of them will be operated by the railroads.
- PRIVATE CARS will exceed in number all former figures; they will be greatly improved and operate at around 60 miles an hour.
- STEAMSHIPS will decline in the luxury class, losing their passengers to transocean planes; there will be increased intercoastal freight business, using war-built bottoms operating at around 15 knots. . . . J. M.

From Here to There—Postwar

Continued from page 15

of it to the east. From time to time there have been talks about hookups between say, the Santa Fe and the New York Central. But nothing ever has come of any of these plans. Nor has anything been done about a coast-to-coast route via St. Louis, missing Chicago.

There is plenty of coast-to-coast business to warrant half a dozen through trains a day, but every passenger now is forced to detrain at Chicago, often change depots, worry about baggage transfers, waste from two to six hours time, and then get into another train for the rest of the journey. Something may be done about this after the war, but most rail executives are pessimistic about it.

More than twenty years ago a comprehensive plan for railroad consolidation was painfully worked out—and stuck in a pigeonhole and forgotten. It's still there.

This plan reduced the present number of railroads to a comparatively few big ones, but still left competition alive over the main routes. In general, weak systems were to be given to strong ones—which was all right in theory, only the strong systems would not go along with it, quite naturally. They will be no more anxious in 1946 than they were in 1923. But some kind of consolidation probably is overdue.

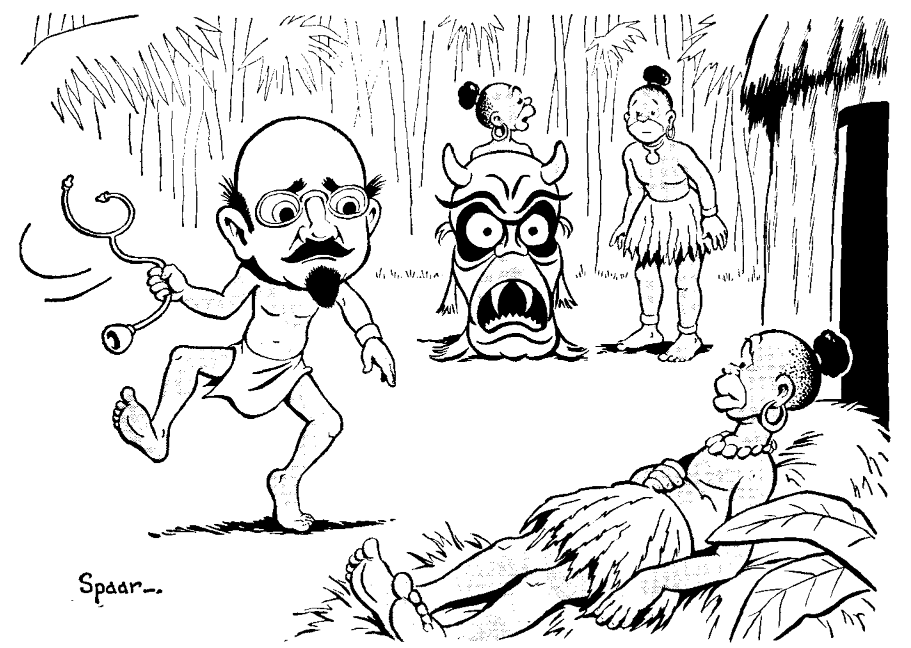
There are, for example, four main lines running from the Lakes to the Pacific Northwest: Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Milwaukee, and Northwestern-Union Pacific. In normal times, these four systems operate at least eight passenger trains each way each day. There have been, in the past, many periods when there wasn't enough passenger business to fill two trains, but the eight ran just the same, all of them losing money.

So it looks logical to the average man to work out one fast main line between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma-Portland, using the fastest and most direct portions of each of the four systems, and using this for a pool operation over which to run through trains.

But suggest this, and hell breaks loose. There are now scores of towns in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington which are on the main line, which have daily limited train service—and by heck they are going to hang onto that prestige! Take away their daily stop of the limited, and a howl rises to heaven—or Washington. If the railroad no longer operates its crack speedsters through Tumhunk or Plopswattle, then the chambers of commerce of Tumhunk and Plopswattle will boycott the lines and ship by truck.

Just what planes are going to do to the rails after the war, no one knows. They may be hauling brick, lime, cement and coal; and some air enthusiasts will prove to you that it's possible. But this seems a trifle farfetched, and the old red boxcar and the gondolas and hoppers probably will be rolling profitably for a long time yet.

THE END



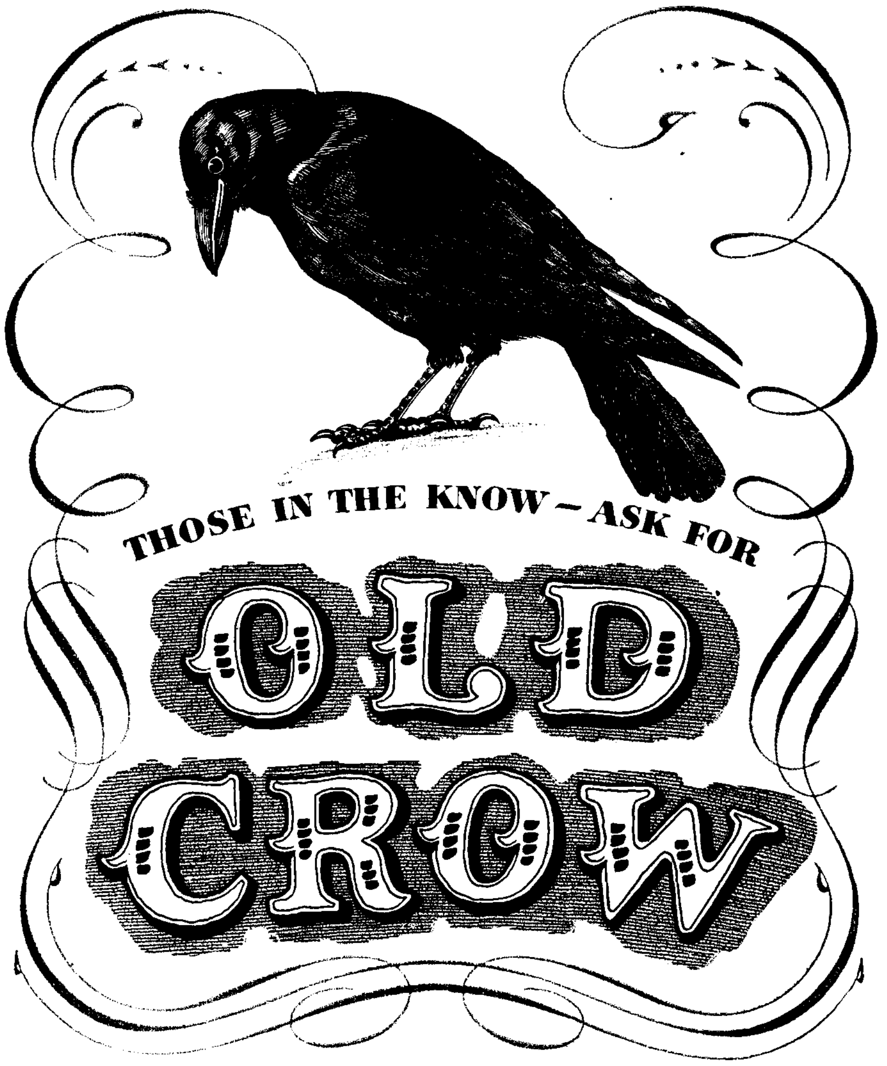
COLLIER'S "He says that's the kind they wear at Johns Hopkins!" WILLIAM SPAAR

Spring house where original spring used by founder James Crow is still in use.

Unchanged *for a Hundred Years*

TODAY AS ALWAYS . . .

a great Kentucky Straight Whiskey



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Among those things on which a man can depend absolutely—count the enduring *quality* of Old Crow. Unchanged for more than a century, it remains—year in, year out—the finest straight whiskey that Kentucky can possibly give you.

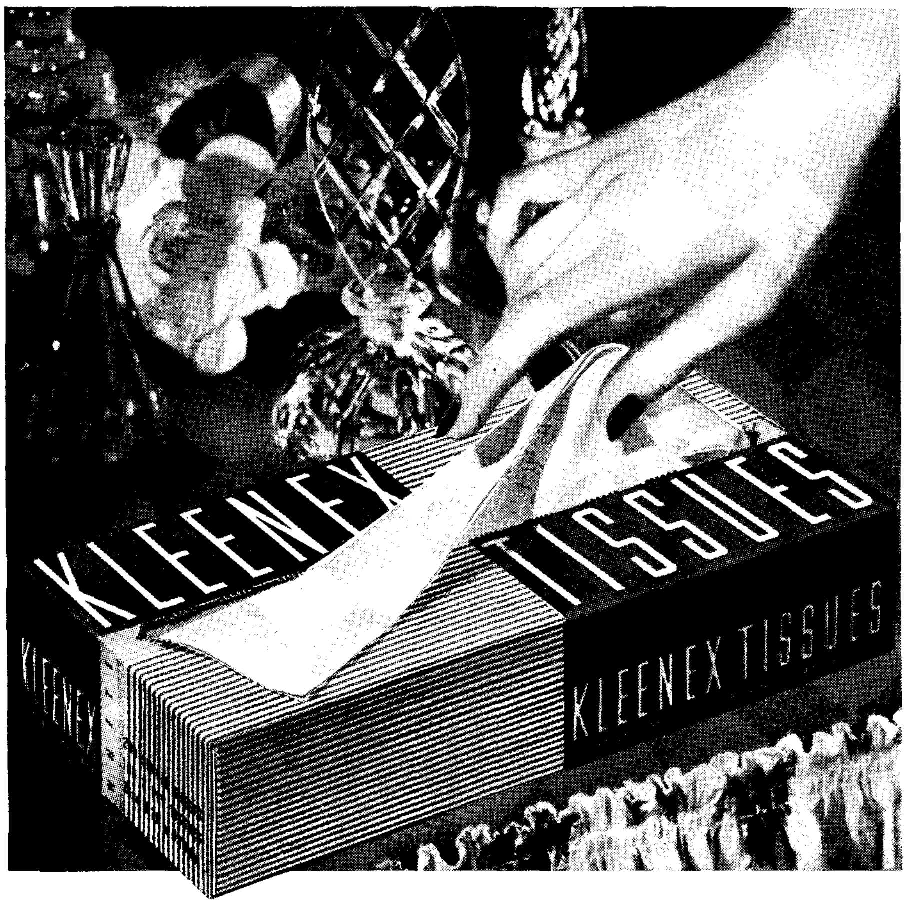
TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS

Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

"The only thing that subject took was a lot of umbrage."

WE'VE just read a letter from an Australian fighter pilot who is now on his way home. He had had some trouble deciding whether he'd go home or remain in this country. However, that was decided for him by Senators Bilbo and Eastland of Mississippi. Just before it became necessary for him to make up his mind, he saw the United States Senate in action, a phenomenon he'd never before witnessed. They were saving America by filibuster from a dastardly plot to sovietize us by granting Negroes the right of American citizenship. So he has gone back to Australia with plenty of time on hand to wonder what the war was all about.

AND a Red Cross lady notifies us that a demobilized veteran applied at her office for a transportation loan enabling him to return to his home in southern Illinois. "I am mentally irresponsible, they tell me," he said, "and would like to get back home to my job in the county courthouse where my infirmity will not be recognized."

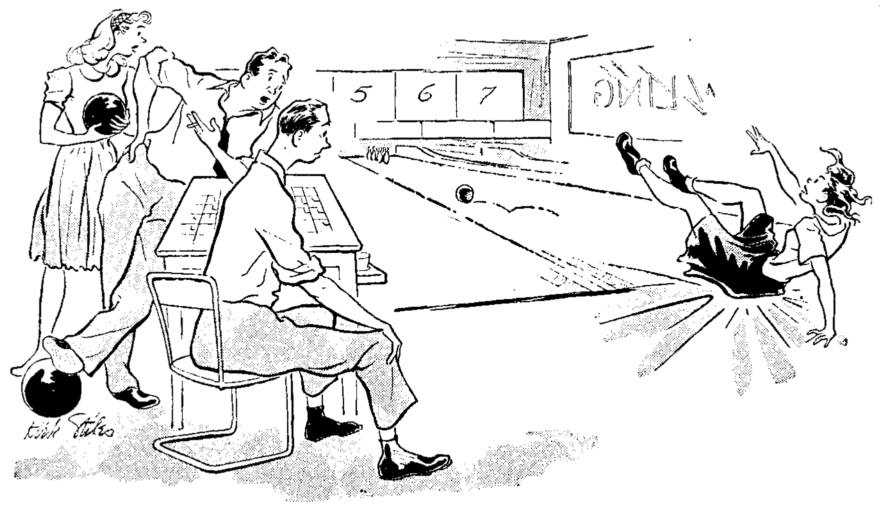
THIS week's most irate taxpayer, back in Michigan after a week in Canada, reports that in Canada he bought one pound of butter for thirty-eight cents. What touched him off was that the butter was made in his home town where it sells for forty-eight cents "if you can get it, which you can't." Anyway, it didn't help him any to be told that it was Lend-Lease butter.

AS WE understand it, a Russian soldier who speaks English cornered a G.I. in a Paris saloon and without provocation told him exactly what parts of Europe the USSR wanted and which, in due course, were sure to become Soviet states. When he paused for breath, the G.I. said: "Listen, Joe, if you're looking for a good place to start, you can have my part."

SIGN noted by Miss Cora Binyon Chater in an ex-hamburger stand near Biloxi, Mississippi: "Try Our Gin While You Wait and Save Money."

AND Mr. Lawrence T. Padden of Haverhill, Massachusetts, exclaims: "It is darned inspiring to see and hear combat-fatigued members of Congress returning from three postwar weeks in Europe to tell us that our G.I.s and their officers have loused up the war." . . .

W. D.



"We took her roller skating Monday. It was pretty much the same story"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

Streetcar Revolution

Continued from page 12

the Germans, collaborationist Czechs and traitors have been put under state control. All apartments where Germans lived have been taken over by the National Council and will be given to bombed-out people, people returning from concentration camps and homeless people. In the factories and industrial enterprises, committees of workers have taken over, but there has been no throwing out of bosses. There were a few instances of lynching, but now all Germans and Czech collaborationists will be tried before a court of the people. The universities, which were closed for six years, will soon be open again to Czech students. For a year, most public schools were closed, and children were taught only German history and physical education. "Our fourteen-year-old boy cannot even write a Czech letter correctly," a woman told me.

There will be only four political parties in the new Czechoslovak Parliament (there were seventeen before the war): the Communists, the Social Democrats, the National Socialists (the party of Doctor Benes), and the Democrats (the bourgeois elements).

The press is being reorganized along party lines. The Communists already publish their *Rudé Pravo*, which was *verboten* under the Germans, the Social Democrats have *Práce* (Work), the National Socialists bring out *Svobodne Slovo* (Free Word), and the Democrats the *Lidova Demokracie* (People's Democracy). The old liberal German-language paper, *Prager Tagblatt*, which was eradicated by the Nazis, now is being taken over by *Mladá Fronta*, a Communist Youth paper.

There will be no German paper in Prague. All collaborationist editors have been arrested and will be tried. A special committee (which consists of a former underground editor, a newspaperman back from a concentration camp and the widow of a tortured and killed journalist) will go over the individual records of all newspapermen during the occupation.

It took the Czechs two days to clean the streets of the worst rubble. On May 11th, two Czech policemen were washing the statue of Saint Venceslas on the Square when President Benes rode through. Venceslas Square looked almost as beautiful as ever. The National Theater opened on May 14th with a special performance of Smetana's opera Libussa for the Red Army. The performance was repeated the next evening for the repatriated prisoners from the concentration camps. Many were weeping.

The trolleys were running again, except that now they stopped for passengers, and the people could now argue as they pleased, and everyone could wait for the motorman to settle the issues with a grunt, and then the laughter would dim the sound of the trolley bell.

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Somebody Called Her Ginny

Continued from page 13

sword unbent. "I know what you're trying to do, Lee Jacobs," she said in her light voice. "But I won't quarrel with you. You're jealous, as you always have been. Jealous of those first six pages of World week after week after week for a year and a half. Six pages filled with my pictures and my name, while you were covering the home front, senators and cheesecake and the typical American—"

The familiar look of fury moved up the line of his jaw until it pulsed in his temples. He picked up his hat and strode from the room. The door slammed behind him.

Virginia stood where he had left her, warm with a sense of triumph that shut out all but the moment. But then the shaking started in her stomach again. By the time she was in bed, the pounding began in the back of her head and thudded against her ears, triphammer blows of pain that kept her awake until gray light stumbled in the windows.

AHEAD of her the road curved suddenly, then threw itself forward down the hill. The village lay at the bottom, the dot on a question mark. Virginia watched it approach the car. Suddenly the green of the trees faded. The pavement turned to mud. The village was a heap of rubble and agony, that lifted and reached, like fog, to envelop her. Then her mind clicked shut, and the picture was gone.

She found the house quickly, checking with the number on the card the doctor had given her. It was a square of white, appliquéd on soft green wool, with pink hearts and flowers embroidered all around.

"Sweet!" she said contemptuously. She pulled her camera case from the back seat, revulsion stiffening her fingers as though she had touched blood. "Like a valentine. Like a sickening, lace-trimmed, romantic valentine." She picked up her battered suitcase, lugged it up the path to the house, turned the old-fashioned bell. The door opened and a girl faced her. Great heavens, the milkmaid! she thought.

"I'm Virginia Ellison," she said aloud.

"I'm Susan Andrews," the girl answered slowly. "We've been expecting you. Won't you come in?"

Virginia hauled her case through the door. All in one glance she realized that the girl's eyes were dark and almost emptily soft, that her hair was silky on her shoulders, that she formed her words carefully as though she were just learning to talk, and that she was going to have a baby in three months or so.

The girl led the way up the enclosed stairs, walking as softly and slowly as she talked. "We are so proud to have you with us," she said at the door of the bedroom. She hesitated, then went on calmly, "Doctor Bettors said we were to treat you like one of the family." She smiled. "That means supper at six when the boys get home." She nodded to verify her statement and went slowly down the stairs again.

Virginia stood in the middle of the room and looked around her. "I'll smother," she thought wildly. "I'll choke to death on pink and white ruffles and rag rugs, and dish-faced girls and sweetness and light."

She sat down suddenly on the high bed, a terrible weariness clutching at her. Then she stretched out full length, her arm across her eyes. . . . When she woke the print of the hand-crocheted spread was painfully indented in her cheek, the room was dark, and a knock was repeating itself on her door.

Downstairs they waited. "This is my husband," Susan said. She put her chubby hand on the arm of a young man, who at once put that arm around her and drew her close.

He smiled. It was a good smile, in a good, open, unprepossessing face. "Name's Deke," he offered. "My wife here always forgets I have a name, outside of pet ones." He beamed down at Susan.

Virginia choked off the short laugh that started to rise in her throat. Of all the fatuous fools! She switched quickly to look at the other man.

"And this is my brother," Susan said, and added, "His name's Ralph. Dickens is his last name."

The tall man named Ralph also smiled. "Ma said I was full of it, too," he offered.

"Full of what?" Virginia asked carefully.

He bent his head. The hanging lamp from the center of the ceiling cast strong shadows on his cheekbones. Interesting construction, Virginia's mind told her.

"The Dickens," Ralph explained patiently. "Ma always said my name was Dickens, and I was full of the Dickens!"

"Great heaven deliver me!" Virginia muttered under her breath. "A nest of them!"

"Beg pardon?" Susan asked.

"Where are the rest of them?" Virginia hastened.

Susan smiled her easy smile. "That's all there is. These are my boys."

"So far," Deke put in. "Of course, there's going to be another." He focused his beam down at Susan again.

"Everything blue," Virginia murmured.

"Everything," Susan agreed happily. "But dinner's getting cold."

The meal spun itself out in silence. The food was good. Once Ralph looked at Virginia, and she raised an eyebrow in the manner she knew to be both cool and calculating. A red flush climbed up his neck and covered his face in a colored tide. He was older than she, and a little like Lee—like Lee, with the venom and the quick, tense excitement removed.

Susan's hand was tucked in Deke's. Like that French boy and his child wife, so heavy with her baby, holding hands. . . .

Virginia put down her fork with a sharp clack. "If you'll excuse me," she pushed the words. "I think I'll go to my room."

She ran up the stairs, the memory of their three placid faces, like milk, like the empty bright-colored ads, carrying her safely to the door. Closed in with the ruffles, though, it all began again. The pounding and the noise and the pictures.

The pictures. She paced the room. At last she stopped by the camera case in the corner. She kicked it viciously, glad to see the new nicks on the worn leather. She pulled her clothes from her thinness, slipped a gown over her head and dropped on the bed.

"Doctor Bettors is a fool. This is no place for me. In the morning I'll go," she promised herself.

And much later, when the pounding slowed to a heavy heartbeat, she thought of Lee, as she had so many nights in so many places, without the realization that she was praying.

BUT in the morning, the sun slanted to touch her cheek, her mind was as blank as unexposed film, and Susan's coffee was dark and fragrant. Just one more day in Centertown seemed completely possible. And then one more still. . . .

Lying in the lawn chair a week later, surrounded by Susan's tidy back yard, Virginia let her mind slide back, far back to that first week. Flash photos. The round girl with the box camera, who won a national contest, and left the aunt with whom she lived, equipped only with a desire to make good, and the new folding camera she'd bought with the contest money.

The frightened girl, who walked into the dirty, noisy hubbub of a New York newspaper room, and was more frightened when she got the job than when she asked for it. Brief, sharp pictures of fires and floods. Mrs. McGinty, sobbing, open-mouthed, when her husband Mike was killed in the tunnel disaster.

The quick, competent girl, Virginia Ellison, always moving fast, always using her elbows and her feet to push herself in front of the other photographers to get her shots, to get them back, to develop them at top speed, and throw them, still wet, on the city desk.

And a special picture. The rainy night they sent her upstate to get shots of the train wreck. . . .

He had got in her way from the very first. She was balanced on an upturned wheel, the light from the flares throwing exciting, weird shadows into her lens, her finger poised and ready, when he loomed up before her and cut the picture from her view.

"Out of the way, dope," she cried above the noise and the rain. "Make it snappy!"

He didn't move. When she saw that he, too, held a battered camera before him, that he was calmly stealing her shot, she picked her way down from the wheel, and stood below him, fury riding her, until he came down, too.

"Of all the rotten tricks!" she cried, even before she looked at him.

He pulled the corner of his raincoat over his camera. "I was there first, little girl," he said easily. "Had to go back for flash bulbs. Salon pictures can wait."

SHE looked at him then. Her words held their anger, but her eyes smoothed out a little when they hit his, bright and eager. "Salon prints, my eye," she said. "I'm with the New York Broadcast. Local photographers have no right to block my shots."

His whole face turned scornful. "A woman photographer! Well, kid, I'm with the Ace Syndicate. I get fifty pictures printed to your one. Why shouldn't I be out in front?"

Rude, crude and conceited, Virginia thought. She was surprised to find herself, a little later, next to him in the steamy diner. Nodding agreement to his order of hamburgers with onions, drinking the tan milky coffee, and arguing about the merits of their respective cameras.

Looking back on it, Virginia decided that they had argued in every possible spot in New York. For a long time it was fun—fun to run into Lee unexpectedly, to try to outdo him, to meet him in cheap little restaurants with guttering candles and good hot soup. But it stopped being fun the day he kissed her.

Clear before her eyes came the two of them, cameras on their backs, starting out through the woods above the King's Highway. It had been good, matching her stride to Lee's long one, watching the way his dark hair fell forward, the sudden eager turn of his head, the beautiful sure way he pulled his camera to him and waited, that precious knowing instant, before he snapped his shot.

But it had gone wrong. It started with an argument over an exposure and ended with Lee kissing her. Only the kiss hadn't ended the quarrel. It had started a longer and deeper feud.

He'd stood there, his eyes blazing, his excitable voice held calm. "Talk, talk. Work, work. All right. So you think F.16 and I say F.32. You just got an assignment from World and you're a great woman photographer. But it doesn't make you a great woman by any means."

Before she could sense his intention, his arms reached for her. She was closed in the smell of his leather jacket, the hard delighted pressure of his arms, the downreaching warmth of his mouth. It was long, so long that Virginia's anger reached low ebb, and she knew that this was what she had been waiting for, with something simple and happy inside of her that had nothing to do with arguments or cameras or careers.

Lee let go of her, suddenly, with a push. "That's one for the book, Virginia Ellison." He smoothed back his hair with one hand. "Now I know what it's like to kiss a walking camera."

Shock hit her. So the arguing was real to him, and the competition and, she forced out the word, the jealousy about her new assignment. That was what mattered to him. Getting ahead of her.

Her hands trembled. Her lips felt uselessly soft and young. She walked ahead of him, down the mountain, not seeing the purple and smoke blue of approaching twilight, filling herself carefully and determinedly with hate for Lee Jacobs.

That was before the war, of course. Just before Lee became so famous for his industrial studies, before people began to praise her pictures for their warmth and human interest. But the hate had sustained her. It had evidently sustained Lee, too.

She knew he thought of her with each click of his camera, that he couldn't take a picture without trying to outdo her, any more than he could stay away from her when they were both in New York, taunting her, quarreling eagerly, yet always pulling back because he must prove he was better than she.

It was some satisfaction. Not much. But some. All she would get. . . .

VIRGINIA stirred irritably in her chair. She frowned at the tree above her. All the satisfaction she wanted, too. You learn how to protect yourself, how to talk back. You don't get hurt twice, not if you're smart. And after a while, you believe what you tell yourself. Lee Jacobs, you say, is nothing to me.

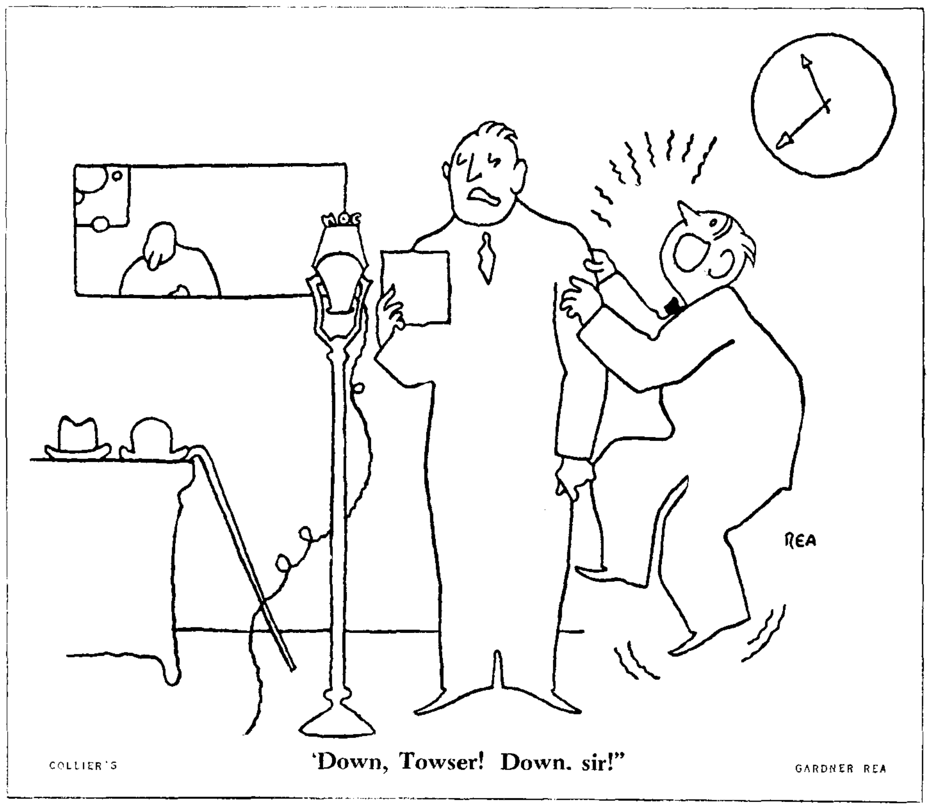
A voice beside her said, "You've been thinking about him for a long time. Do you mind if I tune in?"

Quick denial started to her lips. "I never think about him," she said, before she could stop herself. Then she felt hot and red and furious as she looked up into Ralph's quiet face.

He grinned. It was a slow upcurve very much like Susan's. After a long moment, Virginia was surprised to feel her own lips curve to match his.

"That's better." He jackknifed himself to the grass beside her. "Do you know—that's the first time I've seen you smile since you came here?"

"I've only been here a week," Virginia an-



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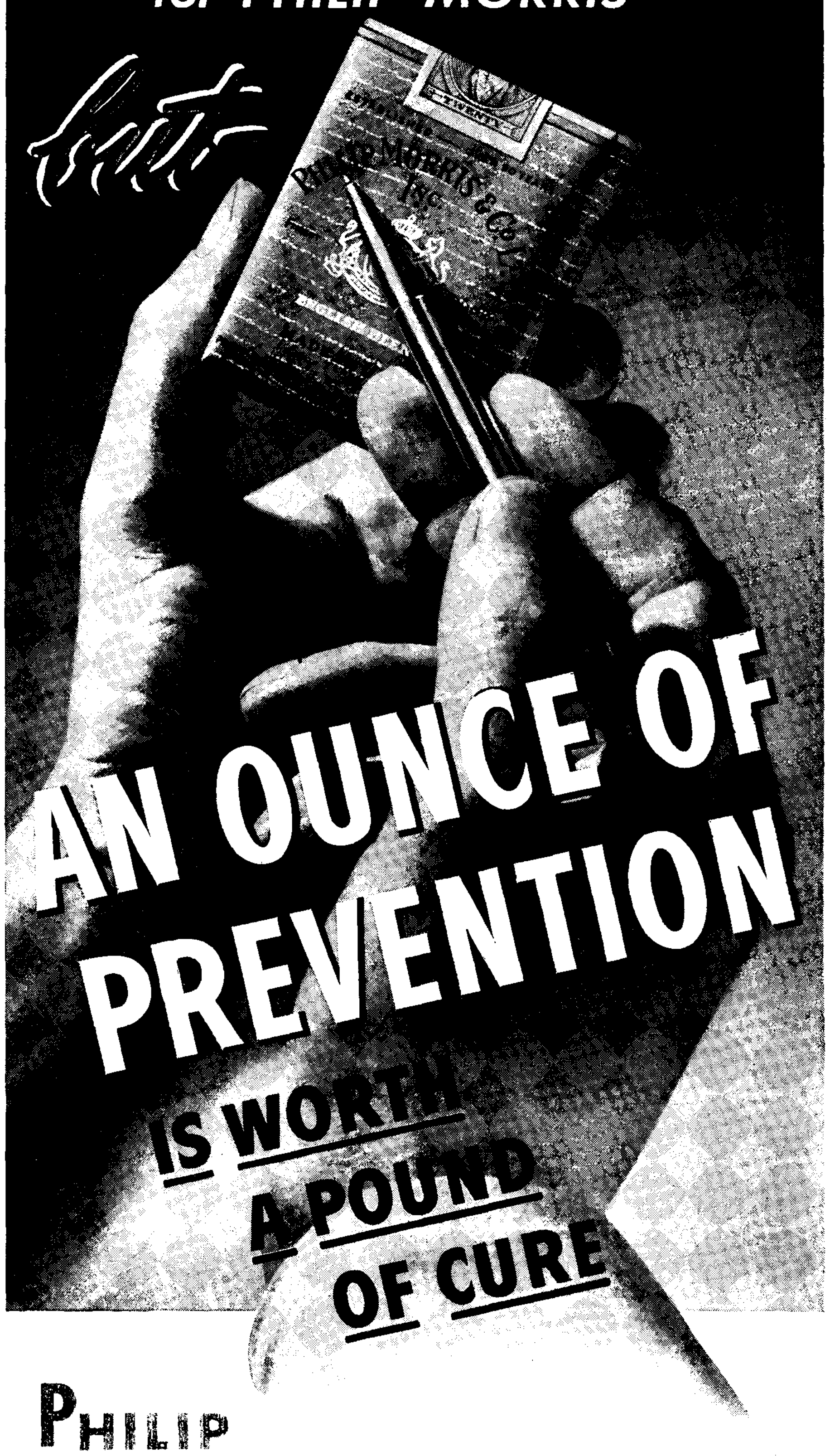

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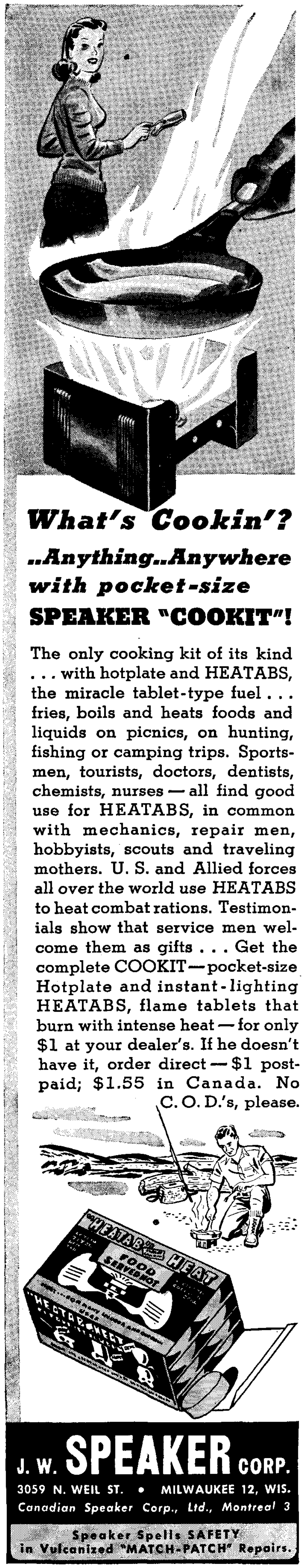
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swered. "I usually don't smile more than twice a month."

He looked at her steadily. At last she said, "I don't feel like smiling."

He nodded. The sun was warm. There was a hesitant breeze. Virginia relaxed a little. Finally Ralph said, not looking at her, "I'd like to get a gander at that camera equipment of yours sometime. I've never seen the real stuff. Bet it means a lot to you."

"I hate it." What was there about this man, she thought amazedly, that brought the truth from her? "I'm never going to take another assignment."

Ralph calmly pulled his pipe from his shirt pocket. After a while he said, "A camera, seems to me, could be a little like a human mind."

Virginia watched him intently. He was looking out over the yard, his steady fingers tamping tobacco.

"Go on," she ordered urgently.

He put the pipe to his lips and reached into the pocket for a long match. "But it isn't," he went on slowly. "Not really. Only you could get to thinking it was. You could get to thinking a camera had things caught in its lens. Terror and suffering and all the horrible sights it had seen and taken pictures of."

"Yes?" Virginia found herself leaning closer to him.

"A mind is like that." Ralph pulled on the pipe. The match flame leaned down, danced up, leaned down again. "A mind holds the past, and has to learn how to forget it. That's hard enough to do, without getting any notions about cameras." He grinned suddenly. "Now, wherever did I get such an idea?" He shook his head. "Susan says I'm alone too much. Getting queer."

Virginia's mind was busy with his words.

"I'm a forest ranger, you know," he explained. "Nice pictures on my mountain. Bring your camera." He got up, stretched, and walked off, as silently as he had come upon her.

"A mind holds the past, and has to learn how to forget it." How had he known about the camera? How could he have understood that it was monstrous to her? A black evil box, filled with horror. She'd admitted it to no one, not to Doctor Bettors, not even to herself.

That night she dragged the case from the closet. She took out the worn camera, pulled the bellows, dusted the lens, clicked the shutter. She peered through the view finder. An edge of the mirror reflected her bent dark head.

BY THE time she got the first letter from Lee, she had learned the curves of the path up the mountain to the tall white building, a tree-house on stilts, where Ralph spent his quiet life. Sometimes, as she started up the circling stairs, she'd think—with the clouds filtered and a sharp angle on the top platform—but then, she'd hurriedly click the shutter of her mind.

She spent hours, looking out over the patterned hills that nudged softly against one another, lifting high and holding earth-close at the same time. Standing beside Ralph, with her elbows on the white railing, the screaming hushed itself within her. You couldn't be noisy, inside or out, in such a place, with such a view.

It was strange about Lee's letter. Virginia opened it quietly and hopefully, as if there had been no hard speaking between them, opened it as Ralph would have opened a letter from an old friend for whom he held no grudge.

Maybe that was why the letter seemed different. She couldn't muster the old forces of resentment and irritation. She was just glad to hear from him.

"Wonder Woman," Lee started. "Everything's under control and you can relax and get some weight back. Jacobs is definitely on the beam, as you'll note if you keep your eye on World beginning week after next. The first batch is back home, and if they don't beat the tar out of your Italian shots—I'll buy you dinner four nights running at Luigi's."

The ink was blacker in the next paragraph. As though Lee had sat with his pen drying for a long time, then had shaken it determinedly and gone on: "Luigi's seems very far away. The things you see here block out New York and home as completely as if they never were."

Then he signed his name, strong and dark, like himself. She turned the letter over and over in her hand. She felt close to Lee, closer than any other time except that once in his arms.

She answered him at once. She started, "I know exactly how you feel." She told him, in her hasty backhand script, about Italy and France and Holland. Then she told him about Centertown and Deke and Ralph and Susan, and she ended with: "I'll be looking for your pictures. Good luck!" She mailed the letter quickly, before she could regret the open simple friendliness, or wonder at what she had said.

THE day that World was to come out, Virginia went downtown with Susan. It was her first visit to the village, and walking down the shaded streets was, strangely, like learning to walk all over again. Talking to Susan was strange, too. There was no place for the harsh masculinity of her assignment overseas, the sharp repartee of her New York friends and Lee. This girl understood only simple easy words. Virginia looked at her as though for the first time, noticing how carefully she set her feet, conscious of the burden she bore.

"Save Paper!"

In the drugstore, Virginia walked at once to the newsstand. She picked up a copy of the familiar magazine and thumbed her way to the lead pages. The pictures were clean, definite, telling the sorry story of people disrupted by war, struggling to rebuild their lives. It all came back in a flood of sickness, and she sat down quickly on the small triangular chair, and leaned against the table. She couldn't stop looking. Every glance painted its duplicate on her mind. The past was here again.

She didn't notice the two girls in their colorful cotton dresses, who were suddenly with Susan and herself at the table.

"Mary—Ellen." There was a note of pride in Susan's voice. "This is Virginia Ellison."

They both smiled. Virginia nodded. The sickness went up and down with the nod.

The girl named Mary said, "Oh, Miss Ellison, it's such a credit to Centertown to have somebody like you here."

The girl named Ellen said, "Perhaps it's imposing—and likely you'll say no. But I have two adorable children—everybody says so—and I've never had a good picture. I was wondering . . ."

Irritation poured through Virginia, burning out the sickness. "I didn't come to Centertown to take pictures," she said curtly.

Ellen smiled again. "I know—but I thought—my babies—"

"I'm not interested in fat pudgy infants with doting mothers." Now that she was started, Virginia couldn't stop. "I came here, on orders, to get over a year and a half of war. But you wouldn't understand about that. You women, safe in your homes, wouldn't know what a starving baby looks like—or a house blown to bits—or—" She got up abruptly and walked from the store. Her hand was clenched tightly around the rolled-up copy of World, for which she had even forgotten to pay.

She sat a long time in the window seat of the ruffled bedroom, staring at the street, seeing nothing. When at last a gentle tap came on her door, she felt tired and as if she had been ill for weeks.

"Thank you, but I don't care for any lunch," she called.

The door opened. Susan stood there awkwardly. "I brought you a tray," she offered. She put it down on the bed table. "And I had to tell you. You see," she hesitated, "it's that Mary's husband was killed last year—over Holland. And Ellen's husband—he's in a national military hospital—"

The words hit Virginia. Her throat hurt. Finally she managed, "I'm so sorry. So sorry." Quicker than thought, her head went down on her arms. She was sobbing, hard clean sobs, that shook her through and through.

Susan moved toward her, raised Virginia's head, set it gently against her deep young bosom.

"I never cry," Virginia said, her cheek feeling the cotton of Susan's dress grow wet.

After a little, the sobs slowed. The sweet young smell of Susan reached her. There was something warm and eternal about her. Strangely comforted, Virginia pulled herself away, smoothed her hair, looked shamefacedly out the window.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said at last. "I certainly made a fool of myself."

Susan shook her head until her soft hair whirled. "No," she said definitely. "It does you good to cry when you're unhappy. Sometimes I cry just to let off steam."

Virginia looked at the serious young face and tenderness touched her. "Susan," she said, "do you think I could make it up, to your friends, I mean, if I offered to take pictures of their children." Her mind halted. "Later, of course," she qualified.

"I wish you would. For your sake, too." Susan looked embarrassed. "The thing is—what I was thinking is this." She struggled for words. "You talked about starving babies. Well, that's what the fighting is about, isn't it? So that babies can be fat and well—and safe?"

Virginia leaned forward. She had the same feeling she often had when she was with Ralph. As though in a moment something would be solved, be clarified. "I suppose so," she said.

Susan put her hand lightly on her waist. "Well, then, why should you think all the time of the other babies? The babies you saw when you were—there? Why can't you take pictures of tomorrow?" She turned to face Virginia, her dark eyes quiet, the light from the window filtering gold on her hair. "My baby is tomorrow," she said quietly.

Virginia sat very still and watched her walk out of the room.

IN THE weeks that followed, there were no more letters from Lee. Virginia told herself that her letter, filled with sentimentality, like a schoolgirl's, had put the seal of his disapproval on her. Yet, strangely, she couldn't regret her own words. It was the way she felt.

Then, there was the night, when she had been in Centertown for almost two months, that she sat on the porch with Ralph, watching the scattered and slow parade of passersby. There was no light except the dim glow of his pipe. He began to talk, flowingly, as if he were continuing a long conversation.

"You see, two years ago last fall, my wife—my wife and my child, both died. Sometimes it's very hard to think about what's ahead for Susan."

Virginia could find nothing to say.

"We had been married a long time. She was very happy about it. Then—" He stopped.

Virginia swallowed. "It must be—painful for you to talk of—Ralph. You don't have to tell me."

She could feel, rather than see him nod.

"Yes, I do," he said. "I do, because I love you, Virginia. And I have to tell you that, too. Even though I know there's somebody else."

Virginia was unaware of her own silence,

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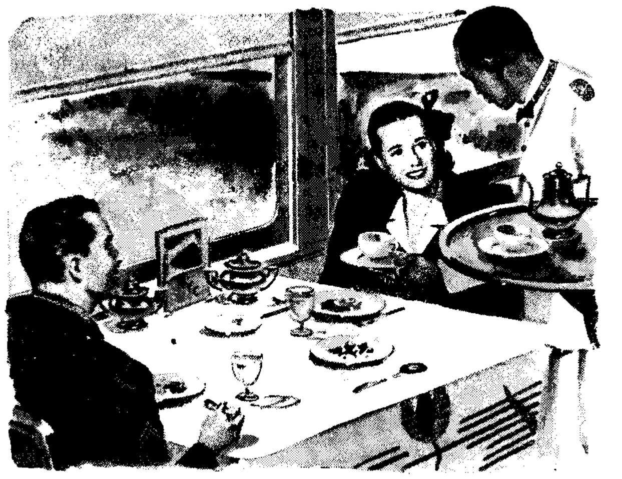

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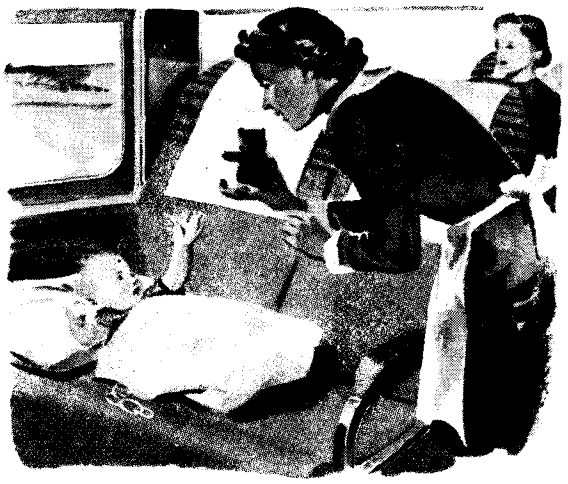

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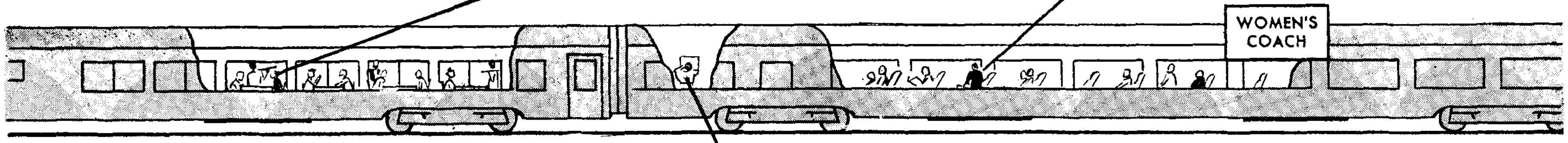
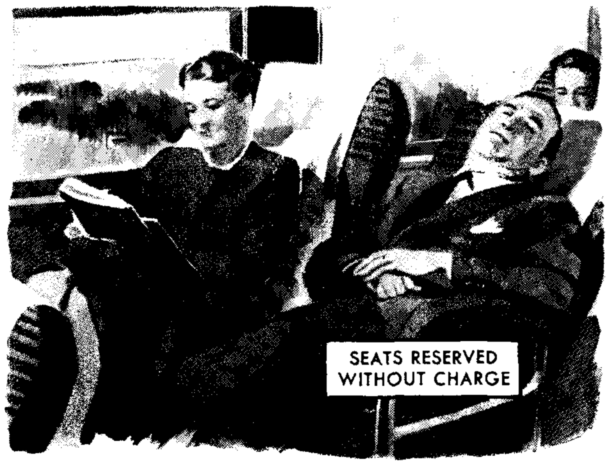
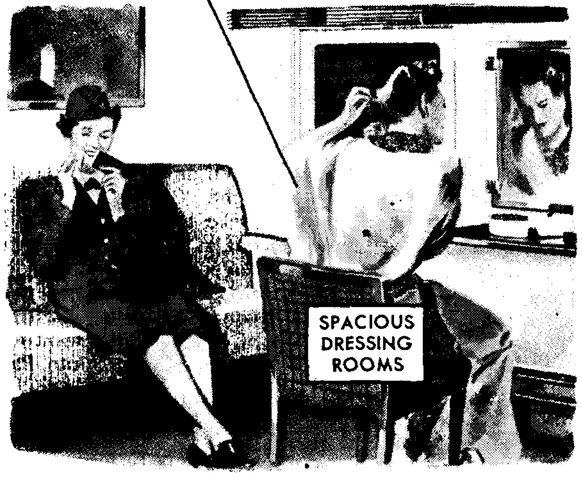
This young lady's meeting her Navy Dad for the first time. So now she's beauty napping in the special Women's Coach, where the Maid watches over her while Mother's in the dining car.

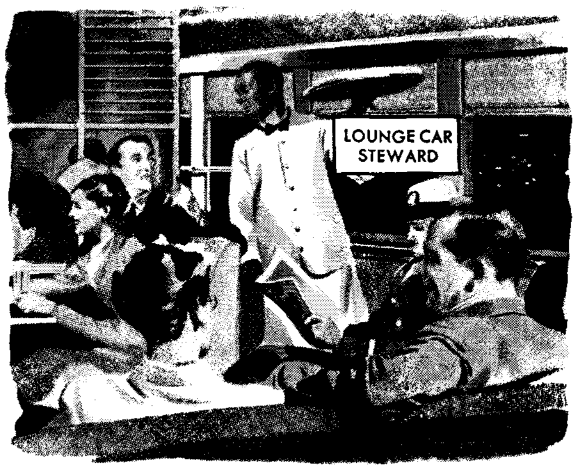




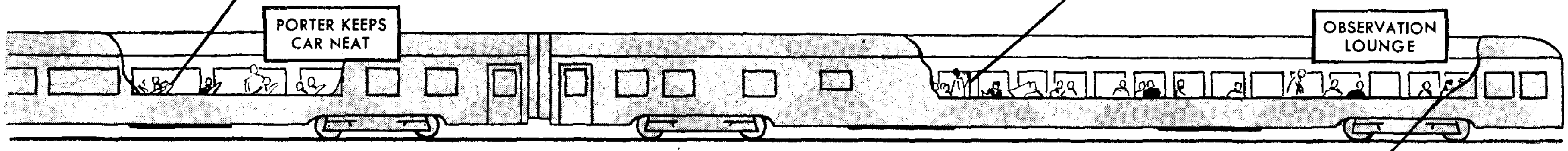
At night, when coach lights dim to a soothing blue, the Pacemaker's pillow-soft seats can be slanted back to a sleep-inviting angle. Passengers who wish extra pillows can rent them for a trifle.



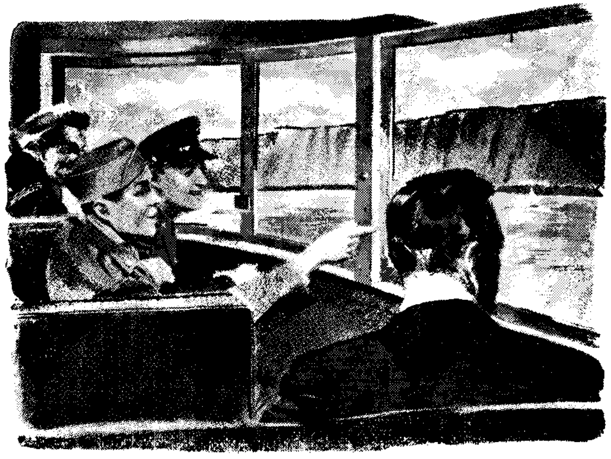
Thanks to Pacemaker's spacious, well-appointed dressing lounges, it's easy for a woman to keep looking her best... even when traveling light in wartime. Men's lounges, too, are roomy.



The Club-Observation Lounge is open to all Pacemaker passengers without charge. Always a favorite spot with travelers who want to chat, read, play cards or enjoy refreshments.



Through wide Pacemaker windows, many a returned fighter has renewed acquaintance with America... the tall cities, busy factories and white-steepled villages along the Water Level Route.



y day, uniforms mingle with civilian clothes in the cheery dining and lounge cars. By night, coach lights dim . . . seats lean restfully back . . . talk sinks to silence . . . and only the hum of the wheels hints that these passengers are gliding over the Water Level Route on a schedule almost as fast as the 20th Century's own.

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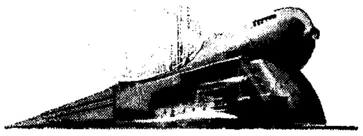

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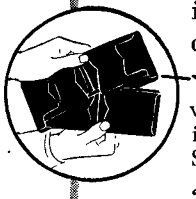

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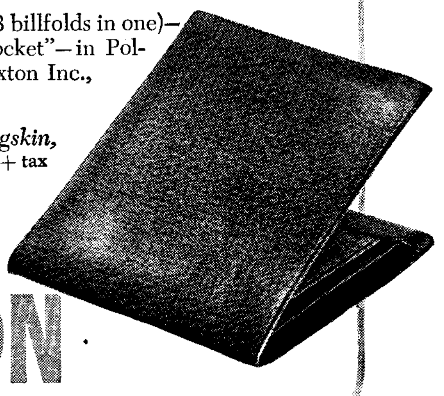


BUXTON

until it spun thin. To be loved by this man would be a good thing, a fine and lasting thing without sharpness and bitterness. She knew now why he had understood about the past, just as, suddenly, she discovered how right Susan was about tomorrow. But this is the present, she told herself. *"You're stuck in the present and you don't know what to do about it."* The doctor's words echoed in her mind.

"I really don't know what to do about it," she said at last, aloud.

Ralph's hand covered hers. "About me?" he asked. "You don't have to do anything about me. I just wanted you to know."

She turned to him quickly. "You're so good, Ralph," she said. "I wish I knew—"

He leaned to kiss her. "You'll know someday," he said. "You can tell me when you do."

Someday came sooner than Ralph thought, or Virginia expected. It came before dawn a pair of days later, when Deke rapped sharply on her door and cried, "It's Susan. Virginia, go to her while I call the doctor."

There was the ride through the dark hot little town, with Susan, suddenly young and clinging, her eyes black, her childish teeth clenched. There was the sudden sickening-sweet odor of the hospital. And there were Deke and Ralph, pacing the littered waiting room. For Ralph, Virginia thought, this was harder than for Deke. The past must surely have broken through his defenses.

But at last, with the full sunshine of noon lighting their waiting faces, they listened to the nurse and knew that Susan was all right, that the baby was a boy.

Before Deke ran toward the room, he pulled an envelope from his pocket. "Gee, Virginia, I'm sorry," he stammered hurriedly. "This special came for you last night. But with everything—"

Virginia remembered saying, "It's all right. Thanks. Go along, Deke." Then Deke and the hospital and Ralph blanked out, as Lee's handwriting reached to her. The sentences looked pale, the words thin.

"Dear Virginia," he wrote, "I want to ask you a favor. You will hear from the editor of World—but I want to ask you first. Will you finish the South Pacific assignment for me?"

Fear touched her. Her heart beat in her head like small rhythmic drums. Her mind screamed: Lee, Lee, Lee. Only something drastic, something horrible, could keep him from finishing his assignment, could make him come to her for help.

At last her eyes focused again. "I folded up, Virginia. Worse than you did. Much worse. Malaria and Heaven knows what else. I'm back in the States. At Camden Hospital, if you're interested."

Again Virginia sensed his pause. "I hope you're interested," he went on. "I sort of feel you may be. Your letter, Virginia, the one I never got a chance to answer, is practically worn out. The nurses could tell you. Even when the fever was the worst, I had to have the letter with me.

"Why was that, I wonder? You sounded different. Soft. Gentle. I don't know. But out there I kept thinking about the time we went up the Highway. Remember? I knew I'd never let go of you like that again. Your letter made me think that perhaps you would want me to hang on, that maybe . . . If you'd just come to Camden before you go, I could tell you what I can't seem to write."

HER heart smoothed its pace, then started beating in a different tempo, a high-lifting excited throbbing that filled her with warmth. She turned her face up to Ralph. "He's back in the States," she said, as though he had read the letter. "People get over malaria, don't they, Ralph?"

Ralph nodded. Virginia sighed and turned back to the letter. There was a P.S.

"Maybe you're different because of that Ralph guy you mentioned. If that's it—skip the whole thing."

Warmth spread to her temples. Then she laughed softly at the last sentence. "Those pictures had better be good," Lee had written at the very bottom. "When I get on my feet, I'll show you a thing or two."

She stood up. "You're going to him?" Ralph asked, as though he knew the answer.

"As soon as I see Susan's baby." Virginia started down the corridor. "I have so much to do." She turned to Ralph. "I'll just take the camera," she planned. "I'll go straight to Camden—" She stopped abruptly, seeing Ralph's face.

She put her hand on his. "I'm sorry, Ralph," she said low. "I'm so grateful to you."

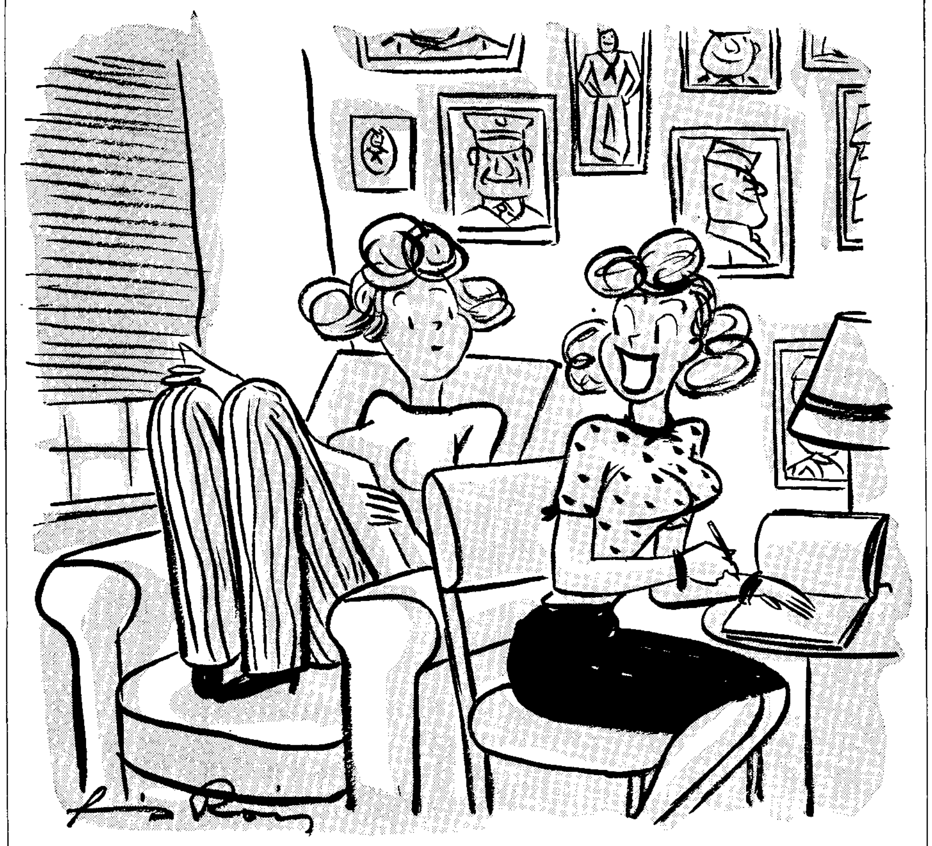
Ralph smiled, slow and easy. "What for?" he asked.

Virginia frowned. "I don't know, exactly I can't find the words for it yet. It's about the past—and the future—and you—and Susan—"

Ralph bent and kissed her gently. "You'll be all right, Ginny," he said.

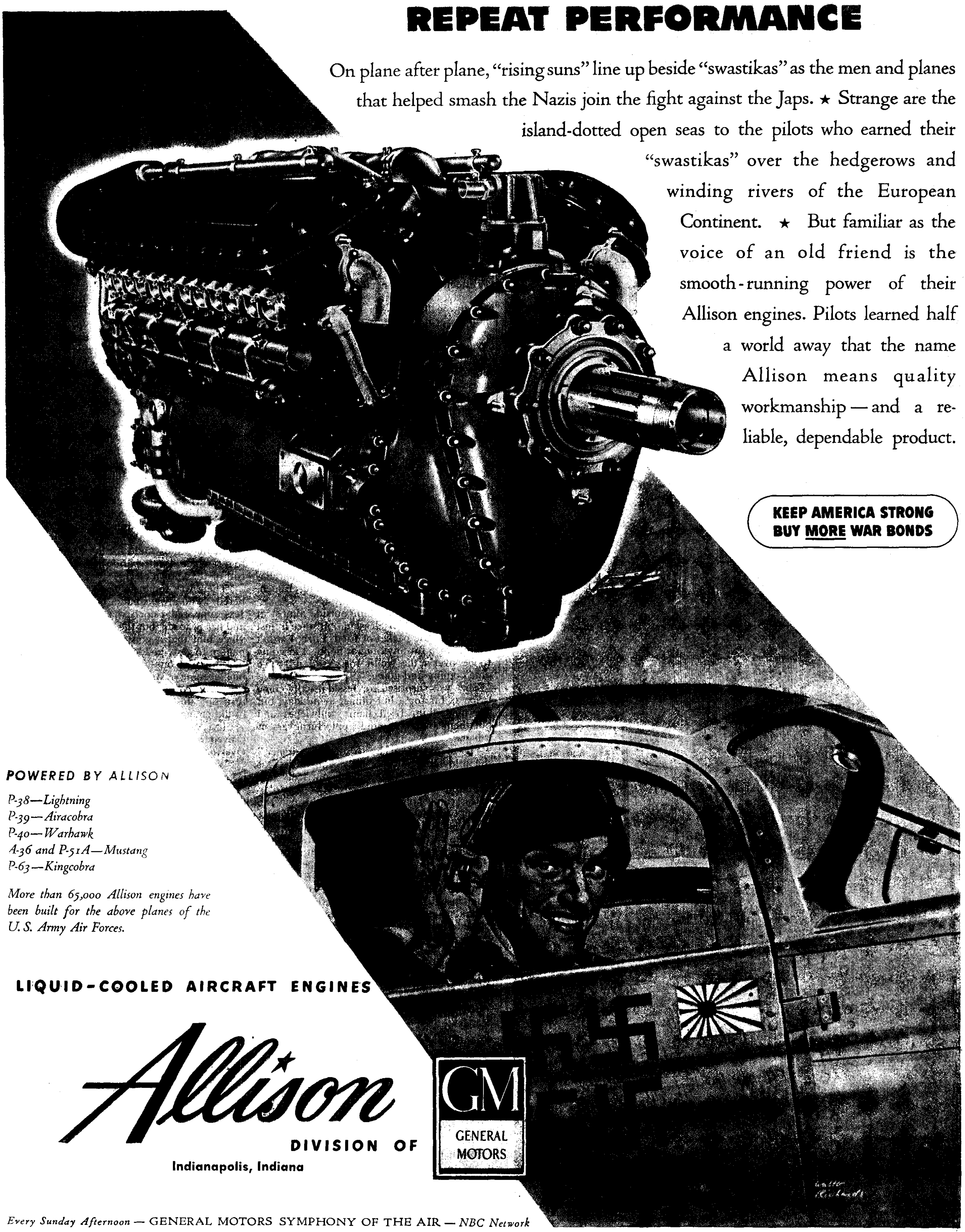
Virginia put her hand on the doorknob. She knew what Ralph said was true. She'd be all right. That ought to hold Doctor Bettors, she thought. I know exactly what to do with the present. And at last—somebody has called me Ginny.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I've used up a five-year diary so far this year" IRVING ROIR

REPEAT PERFORMANCE



On plane after plane, "rising suns" line up beside "swastikas" as the men and planes that helped smash the Nazis join the fight against the Japs. ★ Strange are the island-dotted open seas to the pilots who earned their "swastikas" over the hedgerows and winding rivers of the European Continent. ★ But familiar as the voice of an old friend is the smooth-running power of their Allison engines. Pilots learned half a world away that the name Allison means quality workmanship — and a reliable, dependable product.

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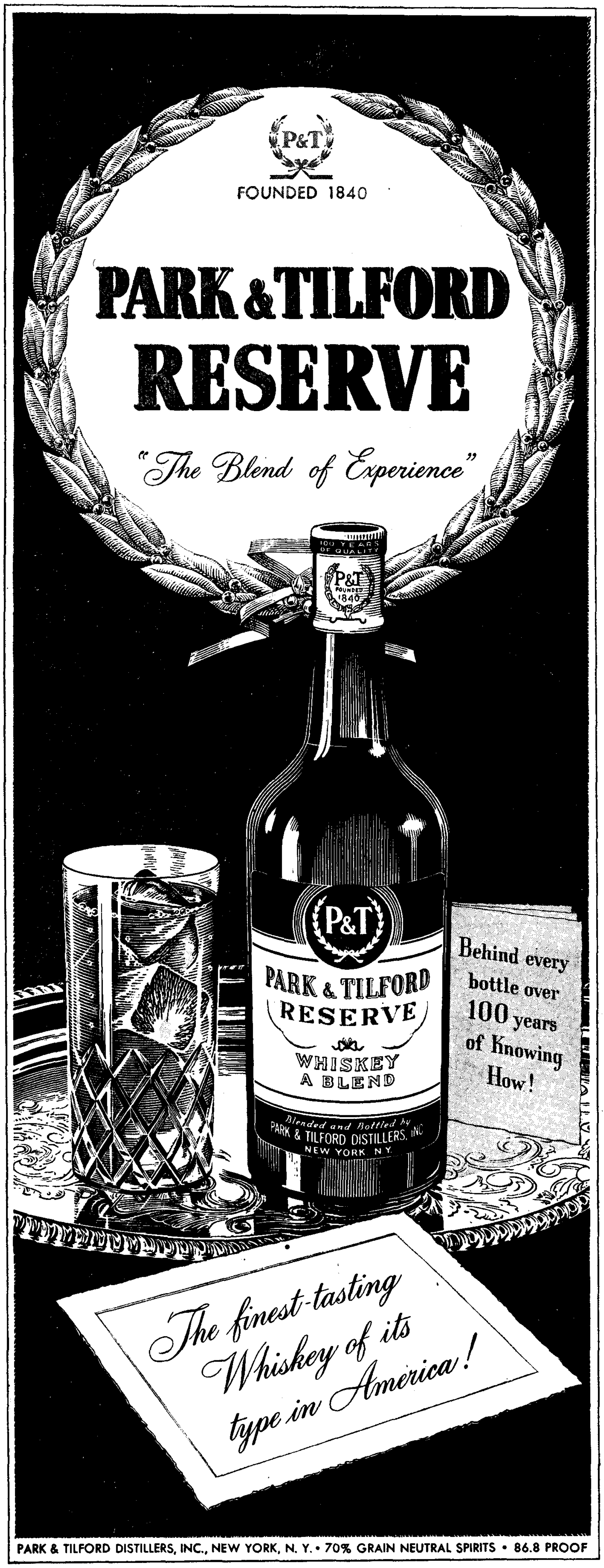
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The Pacing Goose

Continued from page 36

with that setting of eggs I figure on being able to say no." Jess held the needle nearer Enoch who looked at it but still made no motion to take it.

"Likely no need to do a thing," Enoch said. "Overturffs such a fox-eared tribe they more'n likely sold her bad eggs to begin with."

"Thee's knowed about this," Jess asked, "all along?"

"Yes," Enoch said.

"Here's the needle," Jess said.

"You look at this," Enoch inquired, "not so much as a favor asked as a part of the day's work with orders from you?"

"Yes," Jess said, "that's about the way I look at it."

Enoch took the needle, held it somewhat gingerly, and with the sun glinting across its length, walked slowly toward the chicken house.

IT TAKES thirty days for a goose egg to hatch, and the time, with spring work to be done, went fast. At breakfast on the day the geese were due to break their shells Jess said, "If I's thee, Eliza, I wouldn't bank too much on them geese. I heard Enoch say a while back he wouldn't be surprised if not an egg hatched. Thought the eggs were likely no good."

Enoch was busy pouring coffee into a saucer, then busy cooling it, but Eliza waited until he was through. "Did thee say that, Enoch?"

Enoch looked at Jess. "Yes," he said, "I kind of recollect something of the sort."

"What made thee think so, Enoch?"

"Why," said Jess, for Enoch was busy with his coffee again, "it was the Overturffs. Enoch's got a feeling they's kind of unreliable. Fox-eared, I think thee said, Enoch, didn't thee?"

Enoch's work took him outside almost at once, and Jess himself said, "If thee'll just give me a little packet of food, Eliza, I won't trouble thee for anything at noon. I'm going to be over'n the south forty and it'll save time coming and going."

Eliza was surprised for Jess'd usually come twice as far for a hot dinner at midday, but she made him fried ham sandwiches and put them and some cold apple turnovers in a bag.

"It's a pity thee has to miss thy dinner," she told him, but Jess only said, "Press of work, press of work," and hurriedly departed.

Jess came home that evening through the spring twilight—somewhat late—and found a number of things to do at the barn before he went up to the house. When he entered the kitchen nothing seemed amiss—lamps ruddy, table set, stove humming, and beside the stove a small box over which Eliza was bending. Jess stopped to look—and listen: from inside the box was coming a kind of birdlike peeping, soft and not unpleasant. Reluctantly he walked to Eliza's side. There, eating minced boiled egg, and between bites lifting its beak to Eliza, it seemed, was a gray-gold gosling.

Eliza looked up pleasantly. "Enoch was right," she said. "The eggs were bad. Only one hatched. I plan to call it Samantha," she told Jess. "It's a name I've always been partial to."

"Samantha," said Jess without any enthusiasm whatever for either name or gosling. "How's thee know it's a she?"

"I don't," said Eliza, "but if it's a gander it's a name easily changed to Sam."

Enoch came in just then with a load of wood for the kitchen wood box. "Enoch," asked Jess, "has thee seen Samantha—or Sam?"

Enoch mumbled but Jess understood him to say he had.

"It was my understanding, Enoch, that thy opinion was that all those eggs were bad."

"Well, Mr. Birdwell," said Enoch, "a man could make a mistake. He could count wrong."

"A man ought to be able to count to eight without going astray," Jess said.

Eliza was paying no attention to either of them; she was making little tweeting sounds herself, bending over the chirping gosling. "Does thee know," she asked Jess, "that this is the first pet I ever had in my life?"

"Thee's got Ebony," Jess said.

"I don't mean a caged pet," Eliza said, "but one to walk beside thee. I'm reconciled the others didn't hatch. With eight I'd've had to raise geese for the table. With one only I can make Samantha a pure pet."

A PURE pet was what Eliza made of her: Samantha ate what the family ate, with the exception of articles which Eliza thought might be indigestible and would risk on humans but not on her goose. From a big-footed gold-downed gosling she swelled, almost at once, like a slack sail which gets a sudden breeze, into a full, rounded convexity.

"Emphasis on the vexity," Jess said when he thought of this. Samantha was everything he'd disliked in the general run of geese, with added traits peculiar to herself which vexed him. Because she was fed at the doorstep, she was always underfoot. No shout, however loud, would move her before she was ready to move. If she was talked to too strong she'd flail you with her wings and pinch the calf of your leg until for some days it would look to be mortifying. She'd take food out of the children's hands, and the pansies Jess had planted in a circle at the base of the May tree she sheared so close that there was not a naked stem left to show for all his work. And when not being crossed in any way, Jess simply looking at her and meditating, trying to fathom Samantha's fascination for Eliza, the goose would suddenly extend her snakelike neck, and almost touching Jess, hiss with such a hint of icy disapprobation that Jess would involuntarily recoil.

But she was Eliza's pure pet, no two ways about that, and would lift her head for Eliza to scratch, and walk beside her with the lordly roll of the known elect.

"There was some goddess," Enoch remembered, "who always had a big bird with her." Jess supposed Enoch was thinking of Juno and her peacock, but the reference didn't convince him that a goose was a suitable companion for any goddess—let alone Eliza, and he couldn't honestly feel much regret when one evening toward the end of November Eliza told him Samantha was missing. "She'll turn up," Jess said. "That bird's too ornery to die young."

Eliza said nothing, but next evening she proved Jess was right. "Samantha's over at Overturffs'," she said.

"Well, did thee fetch her home?" Jess asked.

"No," said Eliza with righteous indignation, "they wouldn't let me. They said they had forty geese—and forty's what they got now, and they don't think Samantha's there. They provoked me so, Jess, I told them they'd sold me seven bad eggs and now they try to toll the eighth away from me."

Jess felt a little abashed at this, but he asked, "How can thee be so sure Samantha's there? She might've been carried off by a varmint."

Eliza was scornful. "Thee forgets I hand-raised Samantha from a gosling. I'd know her among four hundred—let alone forty."

"Whyn't thee buy her back then," Jesse asked, "if that's the only way?"

"After what I said about their eggs," Eliza answered sadly, "the Overturffs say they don't want any more dealings with me."

ELIZA mourned so for the lost Samantha that first Enoch and then Jess went over to the Overturffs, but no one there would admit the presence of a visiting goose. Short of force there didn't seem any way of getting Samantha home again.

When Eliza heard the Overturffs were going to sell geese for Christmas eating she was frantic. "Jess," she said, "I just can't bear to think of Samantha, plucked naked and resting on a table waiting to be carved. She used to sing as sweet as any bird when she was little, and she'd walk by my side taking the air. She's the only goose I ever heard of," Eliza remembered mournfully, "who'd drink tea."

"Eliza," Jess said, "short of me and Enoch's going over there and using force on old man

Overturff—or sneaking over at night and breaking into their chicken pen, I don't know how in the world we're going to get Samantha back for thee."

"We could sue," said Eliza.

"Thee mean go to law?" Jess asked, astounded. Quakers stayed out of courts, believing in amicable settlements without recourse to law.

"Yes," said Eliza. "I'd do it for Samantha. I'd think it my duty. Going to law'd be a misery for us . . . but not so lasting a misery as being roasted'd be for Samantha."

Jess couldn't deny this, but he said, "I'd have to think it over. I've never been to law yet in my life and suing for a gone goose don't seem to me a very likely place to start."

Next morning Eliza served a good but silent breakfast, not sitting, herself, to eat with the rest of the family.

"Thee feeling dauncy, Eliza?" Jess asked.

"I just can't eat," she said, "for thinking of Samantha." She stood at the end of the stove where the gosling's box had rested for the first few weeks of its life, looking down as if remembering how it had sung and lifted its beak to her.

Jess couldn't stand it. "Eliza," he said, "if thee wants to go through with it I'll go to Vernon and fee a lawyer for thee. Thee'll have to go to court, be on the witness stand —and even then I misdoubt thee'll ever get thy goose back. Does thee still want me to do it?"

Eliza came to the table and stood with her hand on Jess' shoulder. "Yes, Jess," she said, "I want thee to do it."

JESS went to Vernon, fee'd a lawyer, had a restraining order put on the Overturffs so they couldn't sell or kill the goose Eliza said was Samantha, and waited with misgivings the day of the trial. It came in mid-December.

Eliza, Jess and Enoch rode to the trial through a fall of light, fresh snow. Brilliant sunlight, crisp air, glittering snow, and Lady's spirited stepping made the occasion, in spite of its purpose, seem festive. Eliza made it seem festive. Jess, who did not forget its purpose, regarded her with some wonder. He couldn't say what it was about her—dress and bonnet appeared to be simply her First Day best—but she had a holiday air.

He considered it his duty to warn her. "Eliza," he said, "thee understands thee's not going to meeting? They're not going to sit silent while thee tells them how much thee loves Samantha and how she sang when young and drank tea. Old man Overturff'll have his say and he's got a lawyer hired for no other purpose than to trip thee up."

Eliza was unimpressed. "What's our lawyer fee'd for, Jess?" she asked.

Jeff took another tack. "Eliza," he told her, "I don't figger thee's got a chance in a thousand to get Samantha back."

"This is a court of justice, isn't it?" Eliza asked.

"Yes," Jess said.

"Then there's no need for thee to fash thyself, Jess Birdwell. I'll get Samantha back."

IN THE courtroom hard clear light, reflected upward from the snow, fell onto what Jess thought were hard faces: courthouse hangers-on; farmers whose slackening work made the diversion of a trial an inviting possibility; lovers of oddity who figured a tilt between a Quaker female and an old sinner like Milt Overturff over the ownership of a goose ought to produce some enlivening quirks.

The two lawyers Jess considered to be on a par. Nothing fancy, either one . . . old roadsters both, gone gray in service and with a knowledge of their business. The circuit judge was something else, unaccountably young, jug-eared and dressed more sprightly than a groom for his own wedding. A city whipper-snapper, born and trained north of the Missisinewa, was Jess' opinion. Didn't know a goose from a guinea hen, like as not, and would consider tossing a coin a more suitable manner of settling such a matter—just as near right in the end—and his valuable time saved.

Eliza, Jess saw, was of no such opinion. She, too, was scanning the young judge, and Jess, who knew her, saw from the look on her face that she was taken by him. A neat, thin, pious boy—far from home—he looked, no doubt to her; a young man who could do with better cooking and more regular eating.

The young man rapped the court to order. Spitting and shuffling slackened and in a high, precise voice he read, "Birdwell versus Overturff. Charge, petty larceny. Appropriation and willful withholding of goose named Samantha." The name Samantha seemed to somewhat choke him, but he got it out.

Eliza was the first witness on the stand. Jess sometimes forgot what a good-looking woman Eliza was, but the interest shown on lifted faces all about him refreshed his memory.

"Swear the plaintiff in," the judge said.

Eliza, in her sweet voice, spoke directly to the judge. "I don't swear," she said.

The judge explained that profanity was not asked for. "I understood," said Eliza, "that thee wasn't asking for profanity. No one would think that of thee. But we Quakers do not take oaths in court. We affirm."

"Permit Mrs. Birdwell to affirm," said the judge.

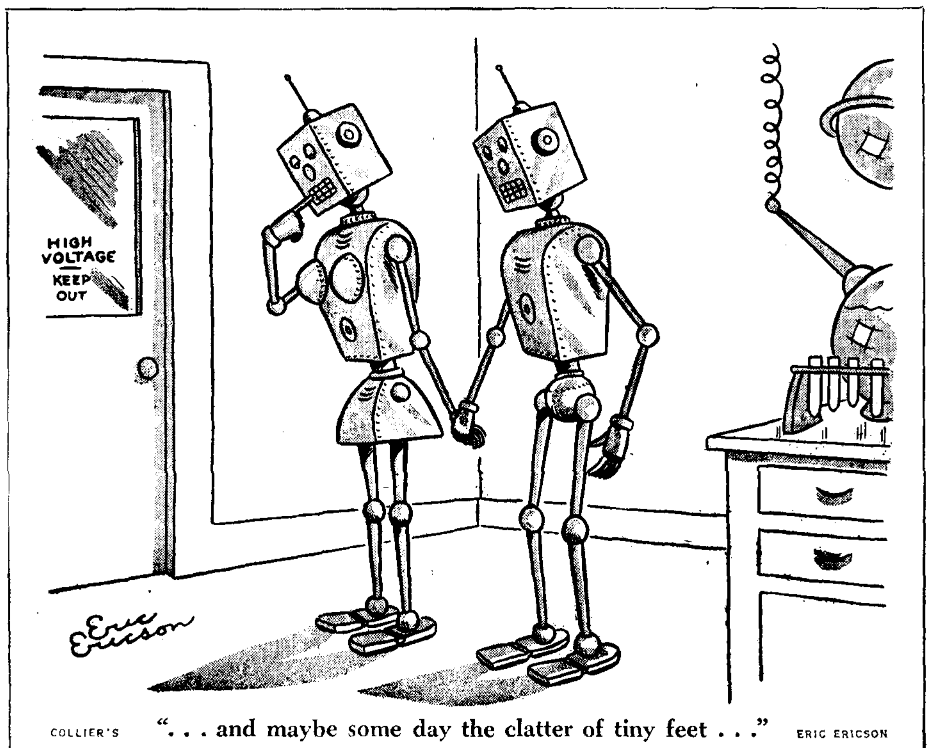
Eliza affirmed.

Mr. Samp then proceeded to question Eliza as to Samantha's birth and habits.

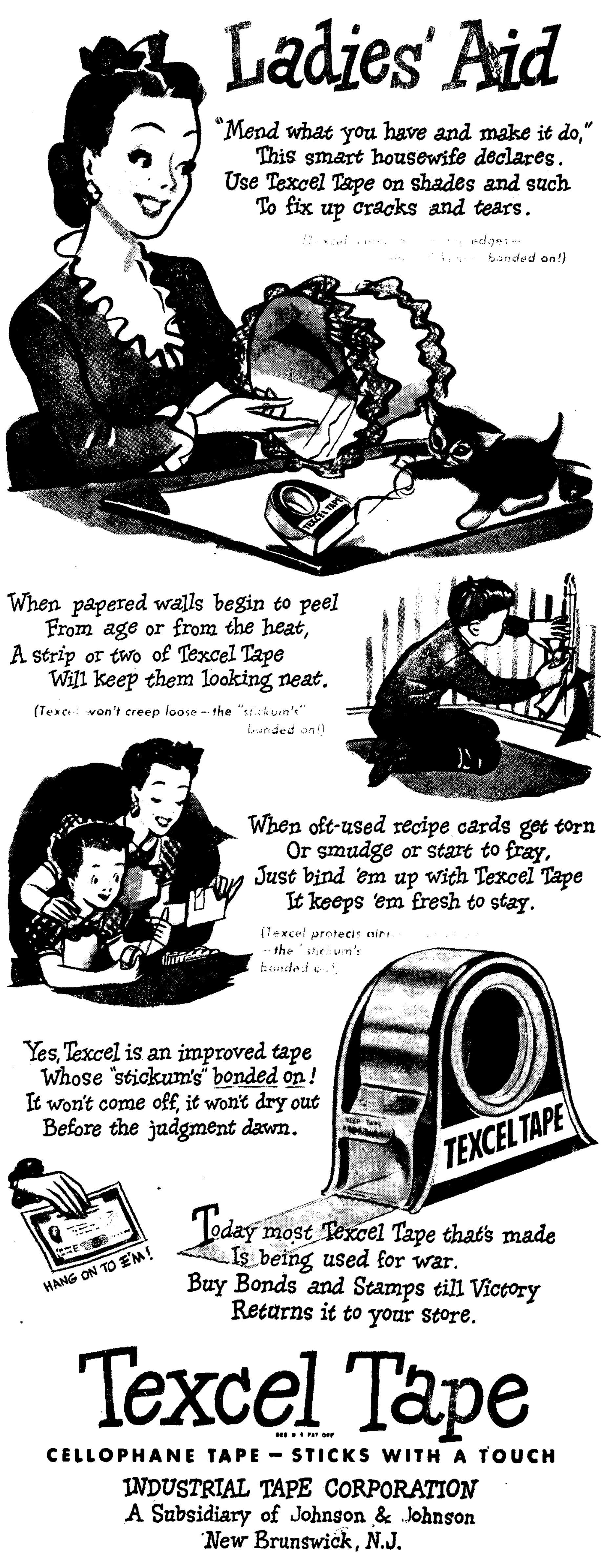
"Judge—" Eliza began.

"Address the judge," Mr. Samp said, "as Your Honor."

"We Quakers," Eliza told the judge gently,



COLLIER'S "... and maybe some day the clatter of tiny feet ..." ERIC ERICSON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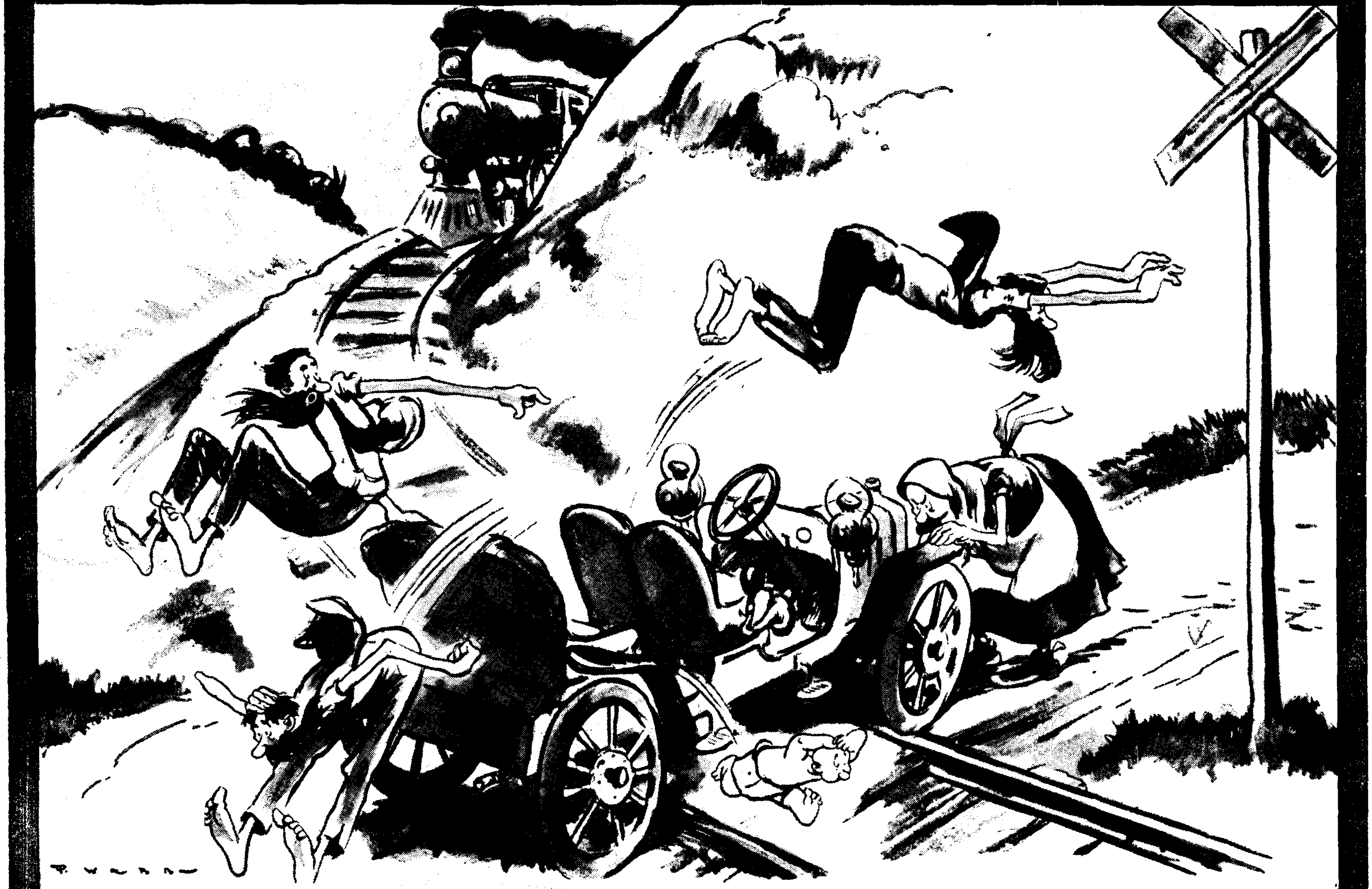

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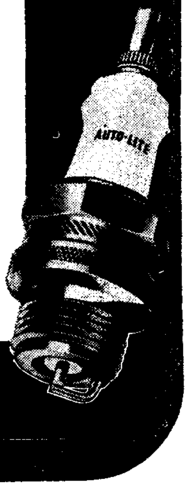

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The judge appeared somewhat distraught, undecided as to whether to make the tone of the court brisk and legal (if possible) or to follow Eliza's lead of urbane sociability.

"Pomeroy," he said and made a slight bow in Eliza's direction.

Eliza returned the bow, deeper and with more grace. "Friend Pomeroy," she said, "it is indeed a pleasure to know thee."

Samantha's story as Eliza told it to Friend Pomeroy was surprisingly terse. Affecting, and losing nothing by Eliza's telling, but to the point.

"Mrs. Birdwell," said Mr. Samp, "how long have you had an acquaintanceship with geese and their habits?"

"Since I was a child," Eliza said. "My father was a great fancier of geese."

"And you think you could identify this goose Samantha, which you admit in looks was similar to the defendant's?"

"I could," Eliza said with much authority.

Mr. Samp, to Jess' surprise, left the matter there. "Take the witness," he said to Overturff's lawyer—but the counsel for the defendant was in no hurry to cross-examine Eliza. Instead he put his client on the stand.

"Farewell, Samantha," Jess said to Enoch.

"You relieved?" Enoch asked.

"Putting Eliza first," Jess said, "as I do, no."

MILT OVERTURFF, whose natural truculence was somewhat stimulated by a nip he'd had to offset the snappy weather, bellowed his way through his testimony. At one juncture he set the judge aright when he asked some elementary questions concerning the habits and configurations of geese. "Where in tarnation you from?" he snorted. "What they mean sending us judges down here who don't know Toulouse from Wyandotte, or goose from gander?"

The young judge used voice and gavel to quiet the guffawing which filled the courtroom and the trial proceeded. A number of witnesses for both sides were brought to the stand and while it was shown that Overturffs had maybe eaten a goose or two and neglected out of pure fondness for the creatures to count them as among the departed, still nobody had been able to positively identify Samantha.

Mr. Overturff's lawyer seemed somewhat loath to cross-examine Eliza, but he put her on the stand. She'd said she knew geese and her testimony had been direct and positive. "Mrs. Birdwell," he said, "how can you be so sure your goose was with my client's?"

Eliza's black eyes rested confidingly upon the judge. "Friend Pomeroy," she said, "I raised Samantha from a gosling."

Jess sighed. "Here it comes," he said, "how that goose could sing and drink tea."

Eliza continued, "And there's one thing about her that always set her apart from every other goose."

"Yes, Mrs. Birdwell," said Judge Pomeroy who was inclined to forget, with Eliza on the stand, that he was in a courtroom.

"Samantha," said Eliza, with much earnestness, "from the day she was born had a gait unlike any other goose I ever saw and one that set her apart from all her Overturff connections. I picked her out at once when I went over there, because of it. Thee couldn't've missed it, Friend Pomeroy."

"Yes, Mrs. Birdwell," said the judge with interest in his voice.

"Samantha," said Eliza, "was a born pacer. Thee knows what a pacer is?"

"Certainly," said Judge Pomeroy. "A pacer," he repeated with no surprise—and with obvious pleasure that Eliza'd hit upon so clear and differentiating an aspect of her goose, one that made identification possible.

A titter was mounting through the courtroom. Judge Pomeroy brought down his gavel. "The court awards decision in favor of the plaintiff. Case dismissed." While the silence that followed on his words still prevailed, Judge Pomeroy stepped briskly out through the rear door.

Jess was also brisk about departure. No use lingering until Friend Pomeroy had been more thoroughly informed as to gaits in general and geese in particular.

Midafternoon's a quiet time in any season. In winter with snow on the ground, no leaves to rustle and bare limbs rigid as rock against a cloudless sky, the hush is deepest of all. Nothing broke that hush in the surrey, except the squeak of leather and snow, the muffled footfalls of Lady. Jess and Eliza, on the front seat, rode without speaking. Enoch, in the back, seemed to meditate. Even Samantha in her crate at Enoch's feet was silent.

Maple Grove Nursery was in sight before Jess spoke. "Eliza," he said, "would thee mind telling me—did thee ever see a trotting goose?"

Enoch ceased to meditate and listened. He had been wondering about this himself.

"Certainly not," said Eliza. "Thee knows as well as I, Jess Birdwell, an animal can't trot without hind feet and fore feet."

"So far, Eliza," Jess said, "we see eye to eye. Now maybe thee'd tell me—did thee ever see a goose that didn't pace?"

Eliza was truly amazed, it seemed. "Why, Jess," she said, "an ordinary goose just walks—but Samantha paces."

Jess was silent for a spell. "What'd thee say the difference is?"

"It's the swing, Jess Birdwell," said Eliza, "same as in a horse that nature's formed for a pacer . . . it's the natural bent, the way the spirit leads the beast to set his feet down. Samantha's a natural pacer."

That seemed as far as they'd likely get on the subject and Jess joined Enoch in meditation. In the barnyard, before she went up to the house Eliza said, like an old hand at the business, "Attending court whettens the appetite. It's a little early but I thought if thee'd relish it"—and she looked at Jess and Enoch, never sparing a glance for Samantha—as if her menfolk's welfare was her sole concern—"I'd stir us up a bite to eat. Hot tea and fresh sweetcakes, say. Might fry a little sausage and open some cherry preserves. If thee'd relish it," she repeated.

Jess wasn't taken in, but he'd relish it, and so would Enoch and they both said so. They hustled with the unhitching so they could uncrate Samantha and note her progress with eyes newly instructed as to what made a pacer. Jess dumped her in the snow, and Enoch tapped her with his hat. Samantha made for the back door.

"By sugar," said Jess, "Eliza's right. She paces." Samantha had the smooth roll of a racker, there was no two ways about it. At heart she was a pacer, and what two legs could do in that line, Samantha accomplished.

"With four legs," Enoch said, "you could enter her in any county fair—rack on," he cried with enthusiasm. As they followed Samantha to the house, Enoch, for whom any event existed chiefly in its after aspects as a cud for rumination, asked, "How you feel in respect of court trials, now, Mr. Birdwell?"

"I'm still against them," Jess said, "though they's three things this trial's taught me I might never otherwise have learned. Two's about women."

Enoch revered all knowledge—and he had a notion that information on this subject might have a more than transcendental value. "What's the two things you learned about women, Mr. Birdwell?"

"Well, Enoch, I learned first, dependability's woman's greatest virtue. Steady as a pump bolt, day in, day out. When thee finds a woman like that, Enoch, don't try to change her. Not even in spring."

"No, sir," said Enoch, "I won't."

"Second, when it's a case of woman and the law—thee don't need to waste any worry on the woman."

"No, sir," said Enoch again.

WHEN they reached the back steps, Enoch asked, "I understood you to say you'd learned three things, Mr. Birdwell. What's the third about?"

"Hired men," said Jess.

Enoch was taken aback, but he'd asked for it. "Yes, Mr. Birdwell," he said.

"Never hire one," Jess told him, "till thee finds out first if he can count to eight. Save thyself a lot of trouble that way, Enoch."

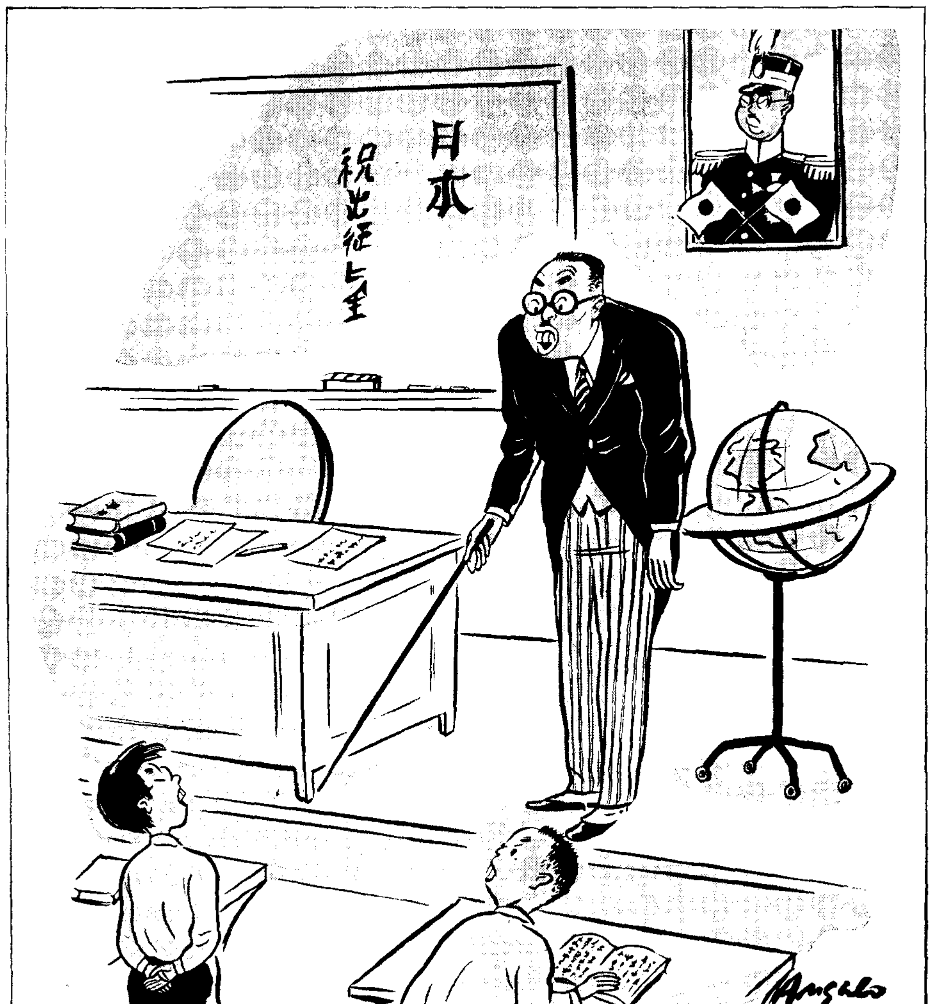
"How's I to know the eighth'd turn out to be Samantha?" Enoch asked.

Samantha herself who was waiting at the doorstep for an expected tidbit reached out and unhampered by either boots or work pants nipped Enoch firmly through his thin Sunday best.

"Thee say something, Enoch?" Jess asked.

Enoch had but he didn't repeat it. Instead he said, "Pacer or no pacer that's Samantha," and the two of them stepped out of the snow into the warm kitchen, scented with baking sweetcakes and frying sausage.

THE END



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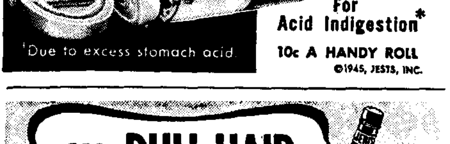
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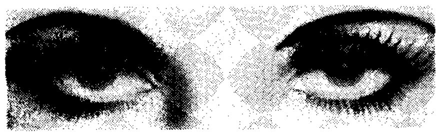

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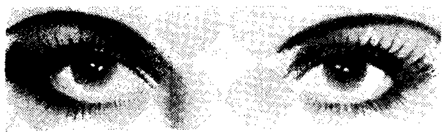

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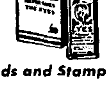


★ Invest in America— Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

The Taming of the Tennessee

Continued from page 23

control in Washington or anywhere else."

Mr. Shelton speaks for the entire community when he talks in this fashion about TVA. John Wood, a ship designer trained by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, thinks that the efficiency and reliability of the northern Alabama farmers who have learned shipbuilding will enable Decatur to compete with the Gulf Coast yards long after the war ends. The Ingalls Shipbuilding Company has yards in both places.

Cheap power, cheap freight rates due to water haulage and the present freedom from malaria brought about by the TVA antimosquito campaigns are the lures that attracted various enterprises to Decatur.

Lloyd L. Lively, vice-president of the Alabama Hosiery Mills, manages a Decatur factory owned by a company that also has factories in North Carolina and New York. When Mr. Lively got to Decatur, he was told that the Alabama workers were slow and unproductive. The output of the Decatur mill was low. So Mr. Lively consulted doctors for an explanation. He was told that the slow workers had malaria. With the aid of the public health authorities, the TVA and the local doctors, malaria was stamped out. Today his operatives can compete successfully with workers anywhere.

Death Sentence for Mosquitoes

The TVA combats the malaria-bearing mosquitoes by alternately raising and lowering the levels of the lakes during the mosquito-breeding season. Variations of twelve inches in the water levels are enough to strand and destroy the larvae. Other areas are sprayed by boat and airplane or by men wading, so that the entire region is being rid of the malaria blight.

Decatur today is a place of opportunity for the ambitious and enterprising. Few boys and girls will have to leave Decatur to find employment for their capacities and skills. Robert T. Harris, a dapper young Alabaman who now builds anything from tugboats to canteens, foresees a permanent development of metal manufacturing because of the abundance of aluminum. Both the Aluminum Company and Reynolds Metals have huge plants for producing aluminum with power from the Tennessee River.

Like other cities in the region, Decatur now has a municipal electric power board that buys power from the TVA and sells it both to residents and to industry. T. J. Cottingham, president of the State National Bank, is the head of Decatur's power board. Mr. Cottingham's attitudes can be guessed from the way he advertises his bank: "One of Many Good Banks Serving Northern Alabama." Still he is a hard trader and the city got none the worst of the deal when the private utility company was taken over.

Decatur and Guntersville, a mountain town of 3,000 inhabitants that has suddenly become a lake port, are now the distribution centers for commodities produced in distant industrial regions. Motor vehicles, for war use now, of course, are shipped from automobile factories by trailers to Evansville, Indiana. There, loaded on Ohio River barges, they are shipped up the Tennessee to Guntersville and again loaded on trailers to be hauled to Atlanta, Birmingham and other depots for war vehicles. Other barge lines distribute gasoline and oil over these new routes.

If you go to Decatur, the citizens are apt to tell you about Peter Garrett, who owns a large farm and a spacious mansion of the old elegant days of cotton agriculture. Cotton farming was not so profitable a dozen years ago. Mr. Garrett had large troubles because he had a large farm. He heard of the TVA and its fertilizer program. Today when you drive out to the Garrett place you see green pastures, green as the bluegrass of Kentucky, and prize herds of white-faced cattle. You see lush fields of alfalfa and vetch and oats. You see a rich agricultural economy and the pride and strength that men possess when they have achieved success at occupations they love.

The TVA had a hand in that as it has a hand in the success of thousands of other farmers in the states touched by the Tennessee River system.

Here is where Harcourt A. Morgan, a director of the Authority from the start and a former president of the University of Tennessee, comes in. Doctor Morgan has been trying to lift the farming practices of his part of the South during more than half a century. He saw men destroy good land and he saw poor lands destroy good men and their women and children. The TVA gave him his opportunity. Muscle Shoals, the dam and power plant on the Tennessee River, was built to make nitrate during World War I. It is also making nitrate for this World War. The same chemicals that make explosives can be used for fertilizing the land.

Doctor Morgan worked out a plan for demonstration farms. The farmer who was willing to co-operate by using his farm as a demonstration for his neighbors got TVA fertilizers and skilled assistance from co-operating land-grant colleges free. Actually he got phosphates and was taught to catch his own nitrogen from the air by planting clovers and similar crops. The plan was devised with great cunning. The farmers of a neighborhood were first persuaded to form a co-operative. Then together they chose the man best fitted to be a unit demonstration farmer. He was helped in various ways. About 30,000 such farms are in operation today. Peter Garrett is a demonstration farmer. So is J. F. Bacon, called by his friends the Mayor of Grasshopper Creek, whose acres lie between Chattanooga and the mountains to the north.

Mr. Bacon is a dairy farmer. He says that before he began to co-operate with the TVA he raised about 15 bushels of corn to the acre. That's not the way to get ahead. A man whose land produces no more than 15 bushels of corn is working for low wages. Last year Mr. Bacon raised 50 bushels of corn to the acre. He has a fine herd of Jersey cows, and his pastures are verdant with alfalfa, clover and rye grass. Mr. Bacon said his gross farm income last year was better than $15,000. He said he had already told Uncle Sam's income-tax collector and so he did not mind mentioning the fact to me and the county agent.

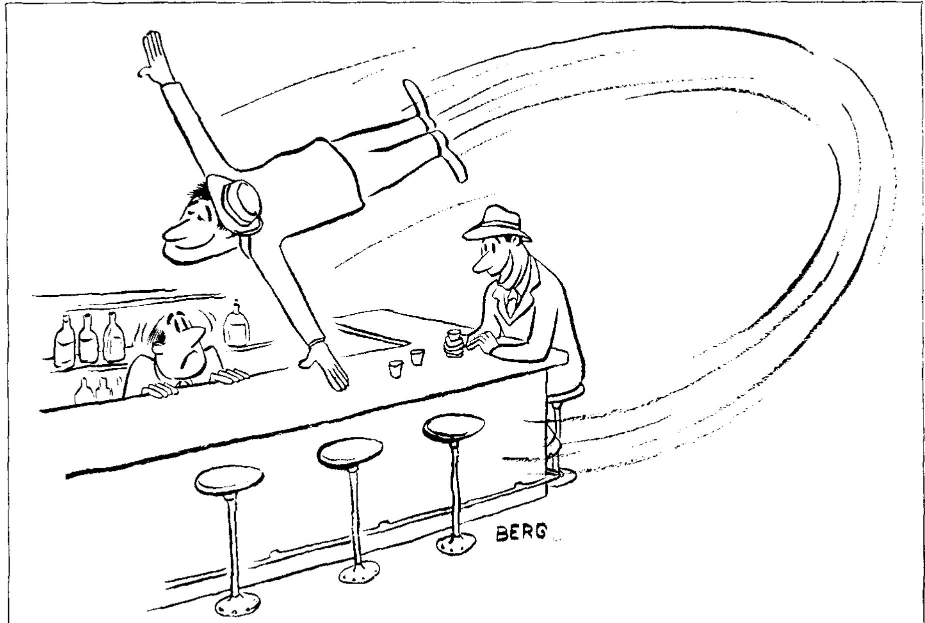
Aubrey Williams, of Youth Administration and more recent memory, traveled through the same country looking for the poorest farmers, the Tobacco Road sort, who once were numerous enough. It is harder to find them now. The county agent who took me about thought that he had located a poor farmer for Aubrey Williams. The man used to be poor enough. A while back, many farmers in that section earned no more than $300 a year, and the man they picked out had belonged to that impoverished group. When the call was made he was taking over the neighborhood general store which he had bought with the profits of his farm.

A Farm and House Ready

Visits to farms that have been restored to fertility give striking emphasis to Doctor Morgan's principles. With the first money that they get, many farmers buy washing machines for their wives. Then comes equipment for their barns. Electric lights, electric refrigerators, electric stoves and all the tools and gadgets available are eagerly sought and used. I saw a farmer who ten years ago was keeping up a hopeless struggle with eroded and impoverished land. He now has a good house, a model kitchen and a good dairy business. He pointed with enthusiasm to a farm across the road belonging to his 21-year-old son. The boy is in the Army now but he has a farm and a house and an opportunity to earn a comfortable living to which to return when the war is won.

Not all farms have been reclaimed. About one in four has electricity. The TVA supplies fertilizer only to the demonstration farmers. But they and others buy privately produced fertilizer in increasing quantities, and farmers throughout the region have hope and courage.

A richer life is being developed in the entire area. The conception of controlling an entire river system is a magnificent one.



COLLIER'S "This is nothing—last week he did outside loops" BILL BERG

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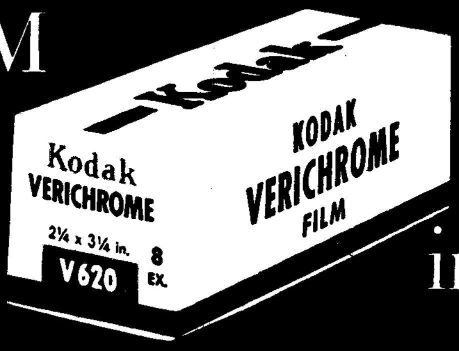
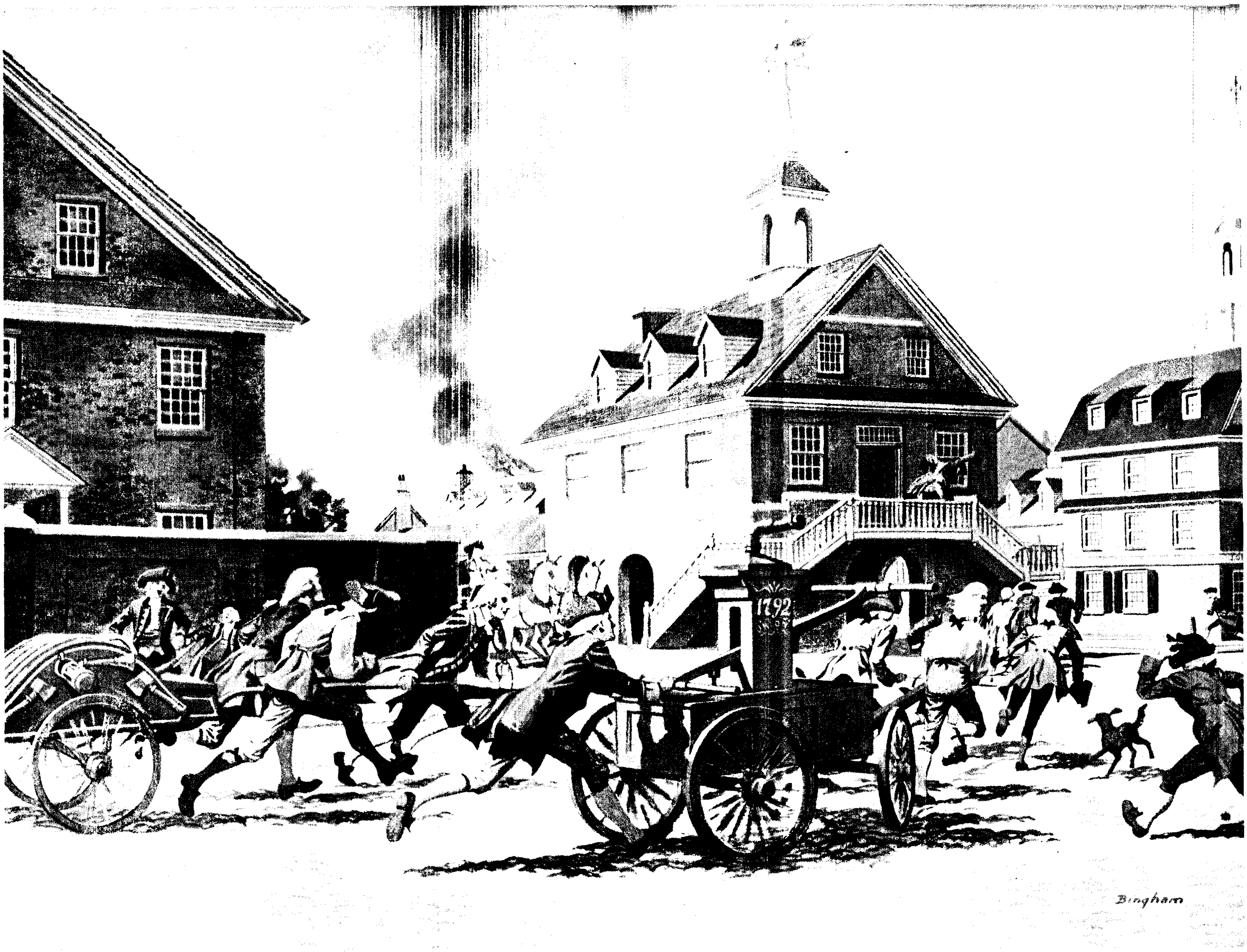


in the yellow box



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—from Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography

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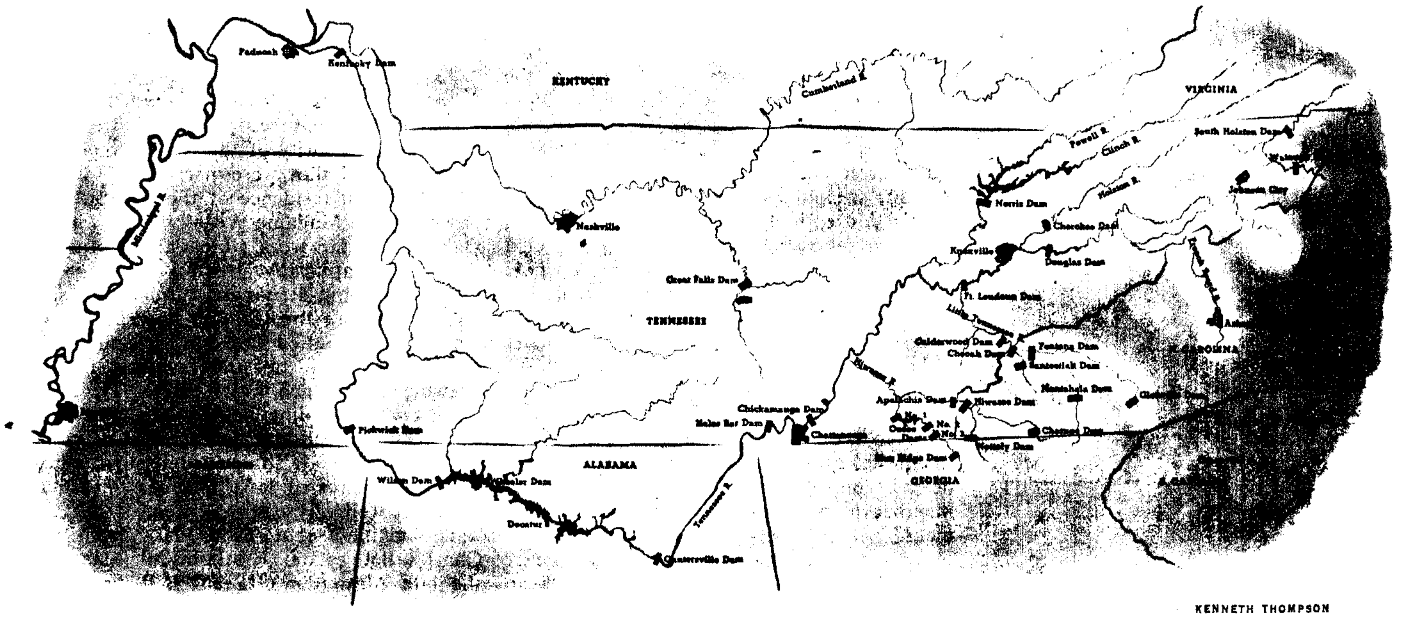
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Tennessee River rises in the mountains and flows a long way through the hills and the lowlands until it joins the Ohio, which links it with the Mississippi. Today a series of twenty-six dams including the dams owned by the Aluminum Company and operated through the TVA impound the waters.

The flow of water is regulated by a dispatcher whose duties are similar to the dispatcher of trains on a railroad. The river dispatcher controls the flow of water so that electricity may be produced and the water kept at levels that provide safe navigation and no floods. When the Ohio is raging, the waters of the Tennessee are held back so that the people along the Mississippi may not be inundated. David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the Authority, is the mind behind this accomplishment and his colleagues are responsible for carrying out this new conception. He has been fortunate in his lieutenants.

Fred Schlemmer, who is finishing up the Fontana Dam that rises 480 feet in the North Carolina mountains, is a construction man. Fred Schlemmer hails from New York's Bronx but he has lived in the Tennessee mountains these last ten years. He says he builds his dams by making his men contented. He has many records, but one alone tells much. Every man and woman employed at Fontana is buying War Bonds by the salary-deduction plan. Twenty-two per cent of the entire pay roll is deducted to buy War Bonds. There may be a better record somewhere. If there is, there will be another good man at work.



KENNETH THOMPSON

The land of TVA. The project covers seven states. Its benefits cover millions

The day I visited Fontana, an engineer from the Aluminum Company was also looking it over. He had originally located the dam site when it appeared that the Aluminum Company and not the government would build the dam. He had just returned from Europe having served as a colonel in the Army Engineers. He looked over Fontana rising high in the mountains and, as one construction man to another, said, "I am sure mistakes have been made but I haven't seen any."

Fred Schlemmer smiled with pleasure, for any man would have been proud to build that dam.

The speed with which Fred Schlemmer's mountaineers, who have been trained through the years in their various skills, have hurried along work so that electricity might be available for war is amazing. Congressional authorization for the building of Fontana was not received until the middle of December, 1941, and the War Department wanted work to start without delay. To transport the heavy equipment through the steep mountain roads presented almost insuperable difficulties. But Fred Schlemmer, who took on the job after preliminary work had been accomplished, talked to his men: "The War Department wants us to get going. They need that power bad to make aluminum for fighting planes. I know you would like to do what the War Department wants. I know you are good men, too. But I don't believe you can make it."

At this point he was interrupted by his gang: "Who the hell says we can't make it? Let's get going!"

They got going and not only made it but bettered the best schedule that anyone had dared arrange.

More significant than the bare records is the spirit that has been evoked in the gangs. That is where people such as Miss Mary Utopia Rothrock come in. Miss Rothrock was Knoxville's city librarian when the TVA was set up. Miss Rothrock wasn't convinced, but a girl whose parents had named her Utopia could not resist a promising adventure and so she threw in her lot with the new enterprise.

During these last twelve years, among other services and conveniences, she has provided reading matter in the most unexpected places. Every construction camp has its library. Instead of getting drunk on pay day a great many very vigorous fellows, it appears, prefer to read a book. Miss Rothrock thinks, as a librarian would, that reading is a pleasant way of passing the time. So she persuaded a gifted young architect, Mario Bionculli, to prepare plans for library buildings for cities and towns of various size in the Valley. She foresees many memorials when the men come home from the wars. She thinks that as long as money will be spent, it would be good to get something in return. The cities and not the TVA will build the libraries if any are built. The TVA is merely giving expert guidance as in so many other affairs—and only to those who ask it.

It is not so easy now to get to the huge dams over the Tennessee and its tributaries, but when gasoline and rubber are once more available, hundreds of thousands of visitors will find the way. Before Pearl Harbor reduced our travel rations, the throngs had already begun.

New Resources of National Value

What we shall see will be new and magnificent. Twenty-six lakes scattered for 650 miles through the mountains and hills of seven states are spectacles in themselves. Add these new resources to the Smoky Mountains, highest and most rugged east of the Rockies, and you have recreational assets of value to the nation. Already cottages are beginning to punctuate the shore lines of some of the lakes, and the mountain people are learning the pleasures of boat racing.

The dams and powerhouses at the head of these new lakes are structures of great beauty. Engineers and architects have so drawn their lines and arranged the great masses of concrete that a feeling of space and dignity is expressed. Men who work about the powerhouses point with pride and enjoyment to these buildings, as other men will show you a cathedral and hope that you also appreciate it.

Few of these things were planned in the law passed by Congress. They are the unexpected benefits that have been derived from wise management. For the management of the TVA, by the testimony of enemies as well as advocates, has been wise and far-sighted and generous.

The TVA has done as little as possible directly and as much as possible indirectly through other existing agencies of government. It has stimulated other agencies but it has refrained from supplanting them. Also it has consulted local opinion and has deferred to it. In this fashion it has won the favor of the people in the region it serves.

Of course there are objectors who complain about various aspects of the vast operation. One of the charges directed at the TVA is that it pays no taxes and so can sell electric power more cheaply than a private company that has to add taxes to its other costs.

The TVA is not taxed. It is an agency of the United States government which may not be taxed. But the TVA, by a specific provision of the TVA Act, makes contributions in lieu of state and local taxes. It reported to Congress on this matter last December.

Last year, 1944, the TVA paid to state and local governments $2,168,824. These contributions in 1944 exceeded by 80 per cent taxes formerly levied on purchased power property including the portions of reservoir lands allocated to power. All the TVA net income after expenses and contributions goes to the federal government.

In addition, the total tax equivalents and taxes paid by the 83 municipal and 45 co-operative electric systems amounted to $1,968,929, or about 5.4 per cent of their gross revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1944.

In summary it might be fairly said that the TVA and its distributing agents pay more as taxes and tax equivalents than the private companies previously paid but probably not more than the private companies would now be paying under war conditions, were they still in existence.

If the testimony of business and labor and all other groups of opinion is to be believed, the power fight is over. The TVA produces electricity through water-driven generators and several steam plants. The electric power is distributed by city boards and farm co-operatives to residential, commercial and industrial consumers. The TVA itself sells power to corporations that have huge war contracts, such, for example, as the Aluminum Company or Reynolds Metals. Large industries are established in the region because the government is providing cheap power and transportation. The fight against government ownership as practiced by TVA is almost as dead as opposition to the Panama Canal or the United States Post Office.

The present conflict is political. It comes from two sources. The city bosses would like to get their hands on the power revenues. Secretary Harold Ickes would like to incorporate the TVA into the Department of the Interior.

Although no overt action has been taken, Boss Ed Crump's Memphis municipal authorities and some others, too, want to merge the revenues from the sale of electric power with the other city funds.

The TVA opposes this. The TVA contracts require the cities to keep the electrical business separate. Some of the politicians want to have complete control of all the power revenues without any restraint from the TVA. If the politicians once got their hands on the agencies distributing power, those agencies could, of course, become as insolvent as New York's subways have been during the last thirty years. So the actual results of TVA operations would be obscured.

More dangerous possibly than the itch of the politicians to get at the revenues produced by the sale of power is the desire of Secretary Ickes and the Department of the Interior to absorb the Tennessee Valley Authority. A case can be made for combining regional authorities under a Cabinet member. It would not be persuasive to the residents of the Tennessee Valley. David E. Lilienthal, Harcourt A. Morgan and James P. Pope, the directors of the Authority, have evoked the co-operation of the people affected to a degree improbable if every important decision were referred to any department however benevolent in Washington. Nevertheless, any central government is greedy for power, and this is the struggle ahead.

David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the board, points out with great feeling that the success of the TVA has depended upon the understanding, the good will and the co-operation of the people of the region. Mr. Lilienthal says: "We are working toward a decentralized administration of the function of the central government. Centralization promotes remote and absentee control. I find it impossible to comprehend how democracy can be a living reality if people are remote from their government."

Questions Answered with Facts

How much of the public's money has the TVA spent? Have the financial returns justified the expenditure? Here are the facts as summarized by David E. Lilienthal:

"The funds used by the TVA have all been advanced from money appropriated by Congress with two exceptions: 65 millions of TVA bonds and about 50 millions supplied by electric rate payers. By the end of 1944 the total investment was about 775 millions, of which about 100 millions was represented by construction in progress. Of the balance, nearly 450 millions was charged to power, and the rest was spent for flood control, navigation and other purposes.

"During the last fiscal year the power investment produced gross revenues of $35,429,000 and a net income of $14,116,000. With such an income, the total sum invested in power could be paid off completely with interest at 2 per cent and paid off completely in less than 60 years. At 2½ per cent, the debt could be wiped out in less than 80 years."

The fears expressed when the Tennessee Valley Authority was created have for the greater part not materialized. The sums expended are large—about three quarters of a billion dollars. The allocation of the money among power production, navigation and flood control seemed to be considered reasonable in the Valley. As at present allocated, the Authority earns a fair return on the sums invested in power production, a return sufficient to pay off the debt if that were desired in about 30 years without interest.

At the same time, both public power and private power are sold at very low rates, as low as one cent a kilowatt hour for domestic users. This is the reason you see washing machines on the front porches of the hillside cabins. This is also the reason that it is economical around Knoxville and Chattanooga to heat homes with electricity. The energy of falling water is lightening the burdens of daily labor for hundreds of thousands of men and women in the Valley.

If you look at the river and its tributaries dashing down hundreds of feet from their mountain sources, to bring the river under control and to put men in charge of dispatching the waters in accordance with human desires and purposes is a great achievement. It has not happened thus on any other river in this world.

THE END

THE PERFECT TEAM

BY GEORGE CREEL

That's what Washington calls the Chinese ambassador and his wife, who work together for China. The second of a group of studies of the great embassies in the Capital

It's teatime at Twin Oaks. Dr. Wei Tao-Ming and his wife do not often have a quiet period alone. This is the only room at the embassy definitely Chinese in spirit

IN WASHINGTON an embassy is not a private home, a hide-out where the ambassador can rest his feet at the end of the day, but a workshop as much as his office. More than any other people, Americans do business on a personal basis. Well aware of this national trait, foreign diplomats go in for social affairs as part of the job, regarding the intimacy of the dinner table as a sure approach to close and helpful relations with high officials of government.

Some do it as a chore, stodgily and laboriously, and others joyously and genuinely—the Chinese in particular. The doors of the embassy swing wide and, in the course of the season, everybody who is anybody walks through. It is a simple, warm hospitality, for China has no money to throw away on pretentious entertainment.

The present ambassador, Doctor Wei Tao-Ming, scholar, lawyer, economist and administrator, has served his country as Minister of Justice, mayor of Nanking when it was the capital, member of the powerful Reconstruction Council, and Secretary General of the War Cabinet. Tao-Ming means Clear Way and the name fits well.

As for Madame Wei, the other half of "the perfect team," she is one of those incredible women who have upset every Occidental conception of the Orient. Watching her as she moves from group to group at a reception, or listening as she covers the whole field of world politics while pouring tea, only her bright silks give a hint of far Cathay.

Born of an old Mandarin family, Soumay Tcheng has been a rebel from birth, never happier than when kicking moldy traditions into a cocked hat. As a small child she refused to have her feet bound, screaming until the old-fashioned grandmother quit in despair, and at fifteen she was a full-fledged member of Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary movement.

An accredited representative to the Peace Conference in 1919, she stayed on in Paris to get her degree at the Sorbonne, and was China's first woman lawyer, first woman magistrate and the first woman to head a great law school. Her book on the Chinese struggle for a republic is an authority and, as one of a committee of five, she helped to frame a constitution and codify the country's civil laws.

The story of Doctor and Madame Wei Tao-Ming, in fact, is pretty much the story of New China, for both were at the heart of things almost from the very first. When Doctor Sun Yat-sen set up his provisional government in Nanking in 1912, declaring for a republic, Wei Tao-Ming's father, being one of the revolutionaries, took an active part in the new government. At one time or another, all of the leaders went in and out of the Wei home, casting the youngster's character in an iron mold.

Despite their service in the revolutionary movement, Miss Tcheng and Wei Tao-Ming did not meet until they found themselves enrolled in the law school of the Sorbonne. They won their degrees in 1924, and on their return to China, formed a partnership and hung out a shingle in Shanghai. The matter of a license for the junior member presented considerable difficulty, for no such thing as a woman lawyer had ever been heard of, and when that was arranged, a dispute over divorces nearly broke up the firm.

Soumay Tcheng, a violent feminist, had strong views on the rights of her sex, and wanted to dash into court with every case. Doctor Wei, while admitting that there were many instances where divorce could not be avoided, emphasized the importance of the home.

"Without the family, the individual is nothing," he argued, quoting an old Chinese adage.

Lawyers for Reconciliation

As a compromise, they set up an informal Court of Domestic Relations, and they like to remember that reconciliations were effected in a majority of the cases brought to them. In 1927 they were married.

The present residence of the Chinese ambassador and Madame Wei—known as Twin Oaks—is as far from China architecturally as it is geographically. It is so unmistakably mid-Victorian in design and furnishings as to all but obscure the Chinese porcelains and embroideries spotted here and there throughout the house, if not the furniture in the drawing room which is all Chinese. The rambling frame building has resisted time and the elements well, and has retained its comfortable charm. It sits on a hill surrounded by several acres of lawn and old trees that shelter it well.

The Chinese rent Twin Oaks from the Charles Bell estate. It adjoins the estate of the late Alexander Graham Bell, and near by are the mansion and grounds of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

From the embassy around nine every morning except Sunday, Doctor Wei starts for his office. The entire Wei household has been busy for several hours. The staff is small, and there is much for its members to do. Madame Wei helps out. At 6:30 or 7 o'clock on a summer morning she is likely

Under the inspiring portrait of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the republic, three assistant attachés (sitting) and Mr. Tswen-ling Tsui, first secretary, confer

Neither Dr. Wei nor Mme. Wei ever seems tired. After a full day, they warmly greet American officers at a reception for delegates to the Institute of Pacific Relations

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

to be found working in the Victory garden. This is no small back-yard patch but a man-sized cultivation which produces all the Chinese vegetables used at the embassy: the Chinese peas that are picked while very young and cooked in the pod, the bean sprouts and the like. Madame Wei likes to serve native dishes.

Probably it is Shuh, the cook, who is responsible for the fact that the embassy's domestic staff works seven days a week—each day a long one. Years ago he said, "While our people are fighting so hard, there is no time for vacations." He set the pace. The others could not do less than follow his example without losing face. Shuh, an early riser, never retires until the ambassador, who often works late into the night, is ready for bed.

Once Madame Wei and her secretary got mixed up in her appointments and discovered, when it was too late to make other arrangements, that two large groups of American women had been invited to lunch at the embassy on the same day. Madame Wei told Shuh of her predicament. He assured her that enough food for all could be prepared. Extra tables were set up on the porch, and one group ate there. Madame Wei divided her time between the two parties, taking one course on the porch, the next in the dining room. After luncheon, the two groups met, and everyone had a fine time.

No one relaxes very much at Twin Oaks. What free time the servants have they usually spend in their own living room, reading, listening to the radio, talking, or playing Chinese checkers. Shuh paints and writes poetry in Chinese. He composes his poems on Chinese newspapers, superimposing his characters on the printed page and using their record of daily events as a backdrop for his muse.

Doctor Wei's first stop in the morning is at his chancery many blocks away from Twin Oaks. This building used to be the embassy. The fine house with its high, beamed ceilings is now a place of business, where the only luxury is the kindliness of the people who work there. Secretary Peng Wang-yih interrupts his work to show you how the beautiful Chinese characters are made with the brush pen. Everything here is written by hand. Most of Doctor Wei's reports to Chungking are prepared in Chinese and then transcribed into code for transmission. The code is Chinese, but an English code also is used because anglicized names have to be transmitted in English.

Keeping Young on Hard Work

The ambassador's office is on the second floor of the chancery. It is an immaculate room with a few pictures in it, some comfortable chairs and a big desk. You are impressed by its simplicity. The man who sits at the big desk works so very hard that you wonder at the astonishing youthfulness of his face. Here he sees members of his staff and those who are his good American friends in and out of government.

Doctor Wei has two jobs. In the morning he is the Chinese ambassador. After lunching at Twin Oaks, he rides out to offices on Massachusetts Avenue where he functions for the balance of the day as chairman of the Chinese Supply Commission. Here he presides over the staff whose job has been to get China something with which to fight the Japs.

Madame Wei is warmhearted beyond description. For example, if she should wish to give a friend a gift of candy, she would remove the candy from the box and present it in a fine Chinese dish, or, conversely, should she wish to make a present of a dish, she would first fill it with candy.

Doctor and Mrs. Wei are a well-trained, smooth-running team, never missing a signal, and up to date there is no instance where it has lost the ball on downs. And while Madame Wei may deny, in all of her languages, that she has anything to do with the coaching, Washington is in no doubt as to the cheer leader. ★★★

At another embassy reception, Senator and Mrs. Claude Pepper of Florida are welcomed by their vivacious hostess Mme. Wei. At extreme right is Attaché Charles Lo

Minister Liu Chieh, at the right, and Mr. Chon Yih, director of Washington branch of the Chinese News Service, help to promote friendly relations with the U.S.

Counselor Siu Kong-su (left) and Victory Kwong, attaché, continue their discussion, in spite of the cameraman's intrusion into the busy life of the embassy

At luncheon with Ambassador Wei Tao-Ming is Lauchlin Currie, administrative assistant to the president, who knows China's problems. He was sent there in 1942

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AFTER VICTORY—

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SOCONY VACUUM

for Flying Horsepower

"Mister Bee" Goes to Town

Continued from page 21

bomb-pocked Japanese buildings were repaired to serve as shops and offices. A few Quonset huts and other buildings were thrown up hurriedly, but most of the early plane operations were directed from tents or from the open air.

One day late in October, eighteen B-29s took off from a Saipan base renamed Iseley Field for a shakedown flight over Truk. The need for a trial run was painfully apparent. Superfort crews soon would be flying bombing missions over many unfamiliar and unfriendly miles of the Pacific, and they had plenty to learn about the vagaries of wind and weather in that vast area. They knew the performance possibilities of the new plane under conditions in the States, but how would it behave out here on that long haul to Japan with no handy emergency fields to sit down on should a couple of engines conk out or the gas supply run low?

The pioneer B-29 crews found part of the answer to that question in the Truk flight, a round trip of fourteen hundred miles over water with a load of bombs which they dropped as calling cards on submarine pens at that isolated Jap base. There were other shakedown flights over Truk and over Iwo, but Generals Hansell and O'Donnell were anxious to get on with something else: The first Superfort flight over Tokyo. They wanted to get information on the weather in that neighborhood and something else they hadn't seen in ten years: aerial photos of the B-29's future targets.

On the first of November, their curiosity on both counts was satisfied. At dawn that day a Superfort named Tokyo Rose took off from Iseley Field and pointed its nose northwest. Some eight hours later, Rose was describing large circles in the substratosphere above her namesake city. At the camera hatches, photographers were snapping pictures of the scene below as diligently as sightseeing tourists. Angry puffs of black smoke dotting the sky showed that antiaircraft batteries were active, and scores of fighter planes climbed toward the lone bomber. But Tokyo Rose ignored both. For more than half an hour she cruised over the Jap capital.

Most of the Seventy-third Wing's complement were on hand that night to see Tokyo Rose land, and when her pilot, Captain Ralph D. Steakley, climbed down from the plane, his boss, General Hansell, presented a welcome-home gift. It was a quart of whisky, a precious commodity at Saipan in those days.

That reconnaissance mission proved invaluable. A study of the aerial photos located primary targets, aircraft factories, and defense plants and provided tangible guides for pilots, navigators and bombardiers of future bombing missions. Equally important were data gathered on weather conditions en route to the targets. None of this information had been available to the bomber command before.

With Tokyo Rose as bellwether, further weather sorties and photo recon flights were made over Honshu during the next few weeks, and the results were carefully pieced into a mosaic worth a few million dollars. Then Generals Hansell and O'Donnell informed the High Command in Washington that they were ready to strike. The date originally chosen for this event was November 14th. Then it was changed to the 21st, but again postponed when a typhoon spiraled across the projected route for three days.

Rosy O'Donnell was in the lead ship, Dauntless Dotty,* when 111 Superforts finally took the air early last Thanksgiving morning.

It was the largest mass take-off of B-29s to date. Nearly two hours and much gasoline were consumed before the planes were in formation and ready to go. One reason for the delay was mechanical troubles developed by some of the planes at the start. Seventeen of them "aborted" and had to be left behind.

Within Sight of Their Objective

During the 1,500-mile run to Japan, more planes dropped out of formation one by one and returned to base, mechanical cripples. After about eight hours, however, 88 shiny Superforts were approaching their goal. To the north, Mount Fujiyama loomed up like a marshmallow-covered chocolate sundae. To the B-29 navigators bent over their chart, it was a signpost indicating a right turn toward the objective.

Dauntless Dotty and a few of the lead ships in formation were lucky. As they started bombing runs, the weather was clear enough for the bombardiers to sight their target visually. Going into this final critical phase, the ships were on automatic control to insure a steady course. At last came the words B-29 crews had been waiting many months to hear: "Bombs away."

This raid also was a shocking surprise to the Japs. Rosy O'Donnell's boys were well posted to deliver their Thanksgiving Day punch when the first enemy ack-ack and fighter-plane opposition appeared. Sweeping majestically over the city at just under thirty thousand feet, Superforts in the van opened their bomb-bay doors and dropped dozens

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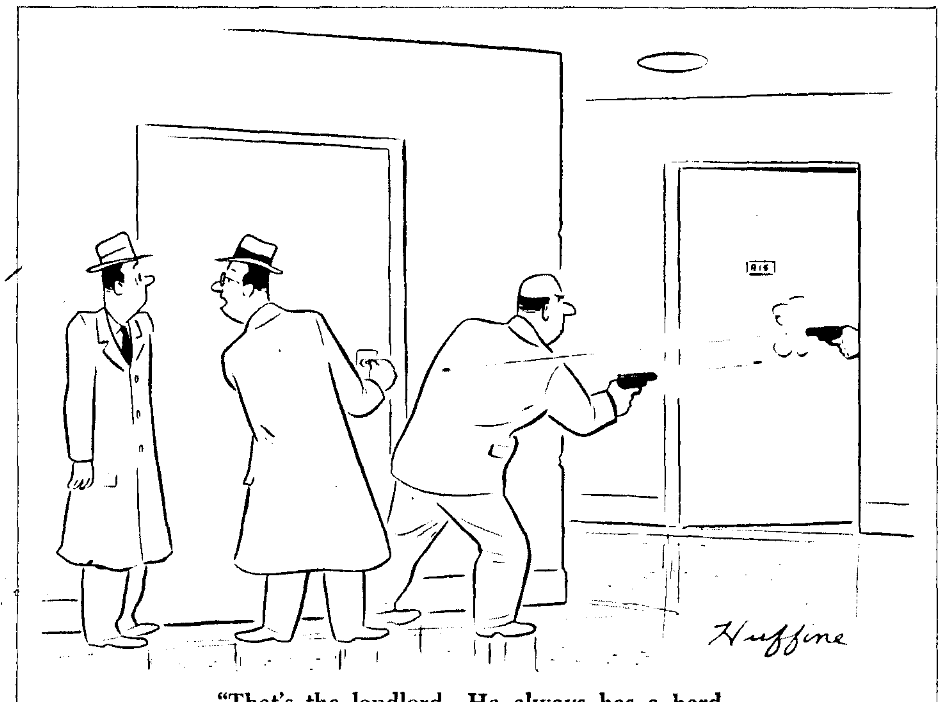
**The Dauntless Dotty crashed into the sea off Kwajalein Island in the Marshalls on June 7, 1945, shortly after a pre-dawn take-off for Hawaii. Eight of the eleven members of the crew and two passengers were killed.*



"That's the landlord. He always has a hard time collecting the rent from those people"

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of five-hundred-pounders on their primary target, the huge Musashing aircraft plant.

When the second wave of B-29s came in for their bomb run, however, the adjacent air was full of antiaircraft bursts, and Jap fighters skittered around them like angry hornets. Neither of these deterrents bothered the bombers greatly, for their crews were too intent on the job at hand, laying their eggs. The one thing that did worry them then was a sudden gathering of heavy clouds below, obscuring the target. They were "socked in" by the weather.

This was tragic, but the bombardiers made the best of it. Instead of releasing their bombs blindly over the assigned area, they chose the next best targets they could see, docks and shipping. Their disappointment at missing hits on the primary targets was assuaged somewhat as they turned homeward by reports from tail gunners of brisk fires burning along the entire water-front section.

There also were more immediate things to worry about. Enemy ack-ack was growing more intense, and those buzzing fighters, about 125 Tojos, Tonys and Nicks, were increasingly annoying, forcing Superfort pilots to weave their planes about in evasive action. This situation gave the B-29 gunners an excellent chance to try out their weapons, and they made the most of it, knocking down seven enemy planes and damaging twenty-seven others. One of these fighters, apparently out of control, crashed into a B-29, and both planes plunged to the ground in flames.

All but one of the remaining Superforts reached the Saipan base safely, and the crew of the plane which was "ditched" in the ocean when its gas supply petered out were picked up from rafts by a destroyer the following day. That same morning General O'Donnell held a critique with the pilots and crews of the planes in Bombing Mission One.

At that gathering (popularly known as a "crapehanging session"), the boys literally let down their crew-cut hair and admitted that the initial raid had been nothing to crow about. Only a small percentage of the bombs had found their targets, and although damage to Japanese morale had been high, material destruction in Tokyo was almost negligible.

Trouble at the Take-Off

There were plenty of beefs about the plane itself, and these were loud and vehement. The Superforts, their crewmen said, had been overloaded, poorly balanced and hard to fly. This accumulation of trouble, they claimed, had been the cause of most of the seventeen aborts at the take-off.

In flight, the pilots and engineers had to strain their engines to the utmost to reach high bombing altitude. That abuse of power plants had resulted in overheated engines and valve trouble. It also burned up gas at an alarming rate. Once at the prescribed altitude, they encountered another difficulty—cold layers of air over 25,000 feet. The transparent nose and blisters frosted heavily inside, reducing visibility to zero until the frost was scraped off.

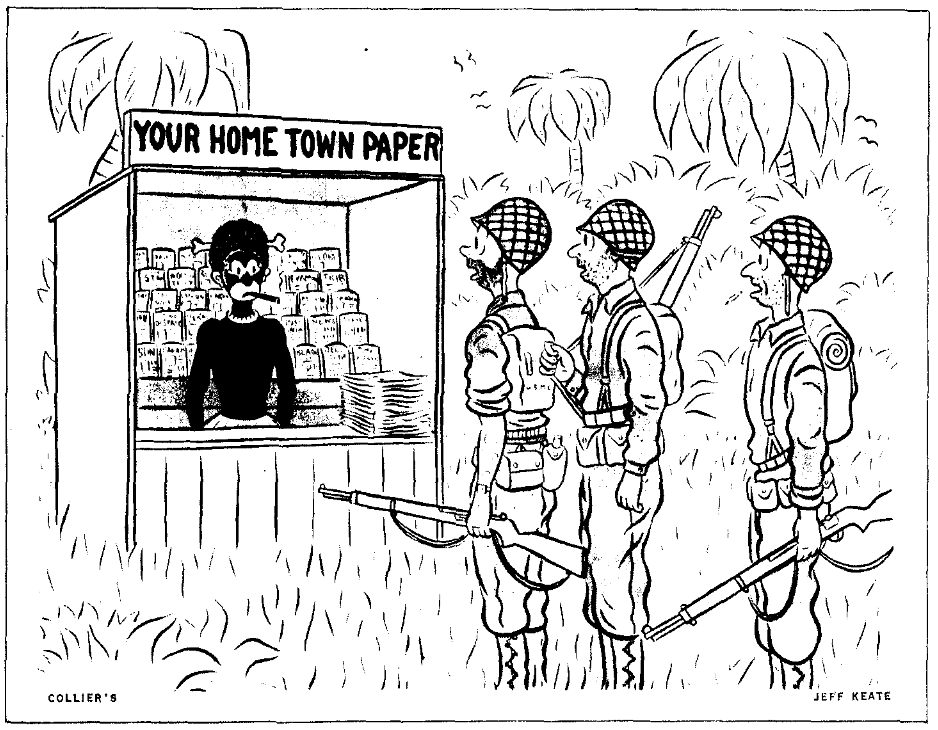
One reaction to that first bombing session was flight fatigue. Even after a full night's sleep, the faces of the B-29 crewmen showed the strain of manning stations for fifteen to sixteen hours, being punished physically by bouncing around in turbulent air, and the ever-present fear that their plane might not have enough gas to get home. Obviously something would have to be done to make these trips less wearing, or the crews eventually faced physical and mental crack-ups.

General Hansell, who had spent anxious moments in the control tower the night before, watching for the homing planes, listened gravely and sympathetically to these complaints. Rosy O'Donnell was understanding, too; he had sweated out the flight with the beefers. Both officers realized that Jap fighter planes and ack-ack were only two of the hostile elements they had to contend with. There were other enemies to be defeated: water, fuel shortage, overworked engines, and "bugs" in the plane itself.

Still another problem arose two days later when Japs staged their first big retaliatory air raid on Saipan and Tinian. The second B-29 strike on Tokyo was under way, and our planes were barely an hour from their targets when a flight of Jap bombers swept in over Iseley Field. At the sound of sirens, mechanics and aviation engineers abandoned their tools and raced for foxholes. Our fighters were already in the air giving the Japs a stiff argument. Thirteen enemy bombers were shot down and the rest high-tailed it for the base from which they had staged the raid—Iwo Jima.

The enemy pulled several more raids before the end of the year, destroying eleven B-29s on the ground and damaging a few others. In addition to the actual damage, these raids also had a nuisance value, for all work on Iseley Field and a new Superfort base being completed on Tinian stopped while they were in progress. They reached their climax in a night raid on Christmas Eve, when a couple of dozen bombers from Iwo blew up several parked Superforts and raised hell in general. At the end of the year, raiding slowed down, then stopped as the Japs apparently gave them up as a hopeless job.

Meanwhile, General O'Donnell's Seventy-third Wing was approaching its peak strength of more than 150 planes; and another Wing Command, the 313th, was building up on the first field constructed on Tinian. Periodic raids of well over 100 Superforts each were convincing the Japs that the first Thanksgiving Day strike had been no freak of luck for American bombers. Tokyo got its share of bombs in these raids, but other industrial cities in Japan—Nagoya, Osaka, Kobe and Akashi—weren't ignored by the B-29s.



The entire Jap homeland was getting its first taste of defensive warfare. Hirohito's loyal subjects were beginning to experience the same sort of hardship countless Europeans had lived through for five years—blackouts, air-raid alerts, hours in crowded bomb shelters. The Japanese war machine also was beginning to feel the hammer blows of the B-29s, but Generals Hansell and O'Donnell both felt that these blows should be much heavier. They knew the potential striking power of Superforts and saw that it was not being fully utilized. Raids involving close to 200 B-29s inflicted only partial damage on aircraft-plant targets instead of obliterating them.

Another headache for the Bomber Command was its own heavy losses in planes. During the first two months of bombing Japan, 27 Superforts were forced down, and although the exact circumstances of each was not known, it was suspected that a goodly number were not due to enemy action. Only five crews from the stricken ships were rescued.

A major reason for defective bombing was wind velocity over targets in Japan at high altitudes. Back in their training days in the States, B-29 crews seldom encountered winds exceeding fifty or sixty knots, but on practice bombing flights, they ran into high air currents topping 200 knots. If a pilot headed into this wind, his plane was slowed down almost to a crawl and might take the better part of an hour to pass over a target where antiaircraft fire usually was heaviest. If he flew downwind on his bombing run, the plane's speed jumped to more than four hundred miles an hour and shot over the target so rapidly that the bombardier had only a split second to take his sight.

Angling into the wind didn't solve the problem, either, for then the plane's drift was so excessive it completely threw out delicate instruments used during the bombing run. Unfortunately the wind couldn't be controlled, so something else would have to be adjusted, possibly the bombing altitude which was then maintained at around 30,000 feet to avoid ack-ack. The famed B-29, a prodigious descendant of the B-17 Flying Fortress, had been designed to destroy precisely at extreme altitudes, but maybe it had better come down from its high horse.

While this problem was being worked out, Generals Hansell and O'Donnell also scratched around for a solution to the disturbing noncombat loss of planes and plane crews. One of the bugaboos facing every Superfort pilot and crew as they took off on a bombing mission was adverse weather, going, coming back, or both. Bucking storms and high winds played hob with their carefully rationed gas supply and had caused many of the ditchings.

Starting from scratch, the investigation of weather conditions to be expected daily along the B-29 route from the Marianas to Japan was developed into a science. Several Superforts and crews were detached from regular bombing trips to fly in advance over the routes to the next assigned targets. These weather-strike planes, now operating in rotation around the clock, ranged farther afield checking weather upstairs than combat bombers ever did. They cruised off the coast of Siberia where icy winds from the arctic hit the warm Japanese Current to whip up storms heading south. Correlated findings of these weather scouts were accepted gratefully by Superfort pilots and navigators of bombing missions coming up next day.

In those early days, B-29 men respected every gallon of high octane in their tanks as much as a housewife respects her red points. They started each combat mission with eight thousand gallons, some of these carried in two auxiliary tanks in the rear bomb bay. These extra tanks were considered vital because of the enormous drain on fuel supply incidental to getting the plane airborne and climbing to an altitude of nearly six miles. Incidentally, that burden of fuel in the rear bomb bay also made the plane tail-heavy in the first part of flight and caused it to "mush" during the long climb. The strain on a Superfort's four engines throughout this phase was a constant threat to the sanity of the mechs who took care of it.

That engine strain worried pilots and flight engineers, too, including Major C. C. Gibson. Major Gibson was an engineer who had proved on paper that the current method of plane loading was all wrong, and although the correction he suggested seemed radical it was given a trial. Lieutenant Colonel Robert Haines volunteered for the experiment. "Pappy" Haines was a pilot's pilot who had been pushing planes around the sky for years, first as a test pilot and later for a commercial airline and for the Army Air Corps.

Before one of Pappy's scheduled bombing flights, some changes were made in his B-29, The Thumper. One of the bomb-bay gas tanks was left out and to further lighten the rear of the plane a 20-millimeter gun plus some armor in that section was removed.

The other pilots watched this operation with interest and some trepidation. Eliminating that reserve tank cut down considerably the over-all weight of the plane, but it also reduced the gas supply sharply. Maybe Pappy and the major knew what they were doing, but as for themselves, they'd rather have the extra gas along.

Let Captain Wagner W. Dick, who piloted another B-29 on that mission, render the report on the Gibson-Haines experiment. "We weren't even sure Pappy's plane would reach the target," the captain said, "But it did and, what's more, it got back, surprising hell out of everybody. The pay-off came when each of us checked the amount of gas we had left. Pappy, who started out with less, landed with more gas than any of the others."

Further experimentation resulted in a revolutionary change of plane loading and balancing. It was also found that with a lighter ship, there was no overtaxing of engines at the take-off or in climbing. Previously it had been necessary to replace engines after fifty or sixty flying hours; now they were averaging better than three hundred hours before being changed.

Eradicating the Bugs

Gradually many of the other bugs were eradicated, including the inside window frosting; piping heated air to these surfaces took care of that. The fifteen-hour-plus trip to Japan and back was still no lark, however. With each successive visit, enemy ack-ack seemed more intense, and Jap fighter planes increased in numbers and boldness. During one raid last January, Jap fighters made more than a thousand separate attacks on Superforts at 30,000 feet. Major Bob Morgan, former skipper of the famous B-17, Memphis Belle, said this fighter opposition was greater than the Luftwaffe had ever thrown into the air during the bombing of Germany.

At the turn of the year, B-29 raids over Japan were accelerating in size and frequency. Theoretically that should have meant that the Jap war industry was being systematically destroyed. Actually this was far from the truth, as Generals Hansell and O'Donnell realized and frankly admitted. They knew high-altitude bombing results had been poor, that primary targets weren't getting as many direct hits as planned. They still had the utmost confidence in the B-29, but so far, they hadn't been able to exploit its full possibilities.

Headquarters of the Twenty-first Bomber Command had been moved to Guam in late December, and it was here that word was received a few weeks later that a new general was about to take over—Major General Curtis E. Le May, known more familiarly as "Old Iron Pants." Thirty-eight-year-old General Le May was then commanding officer of the Twentieth Bomber Command, the original B-29 outfit based in India, which had been making sporadic raids on Jap territory since June of last year.

To Iron Pants Le May accurate bombing was a fetish. He had trained and taken to England one of the first American heavy bombardment groups, and he showed the whole world how Germany could be bombed effectively. He originated formation pattern bombing and is credited with improving the bombing technique and accuracy of every outfit under his command. General Le May is a stickler for perfection and has a reputation as a driver, but his men would proudly announce, "Look at the results."

(To be concluded next week)

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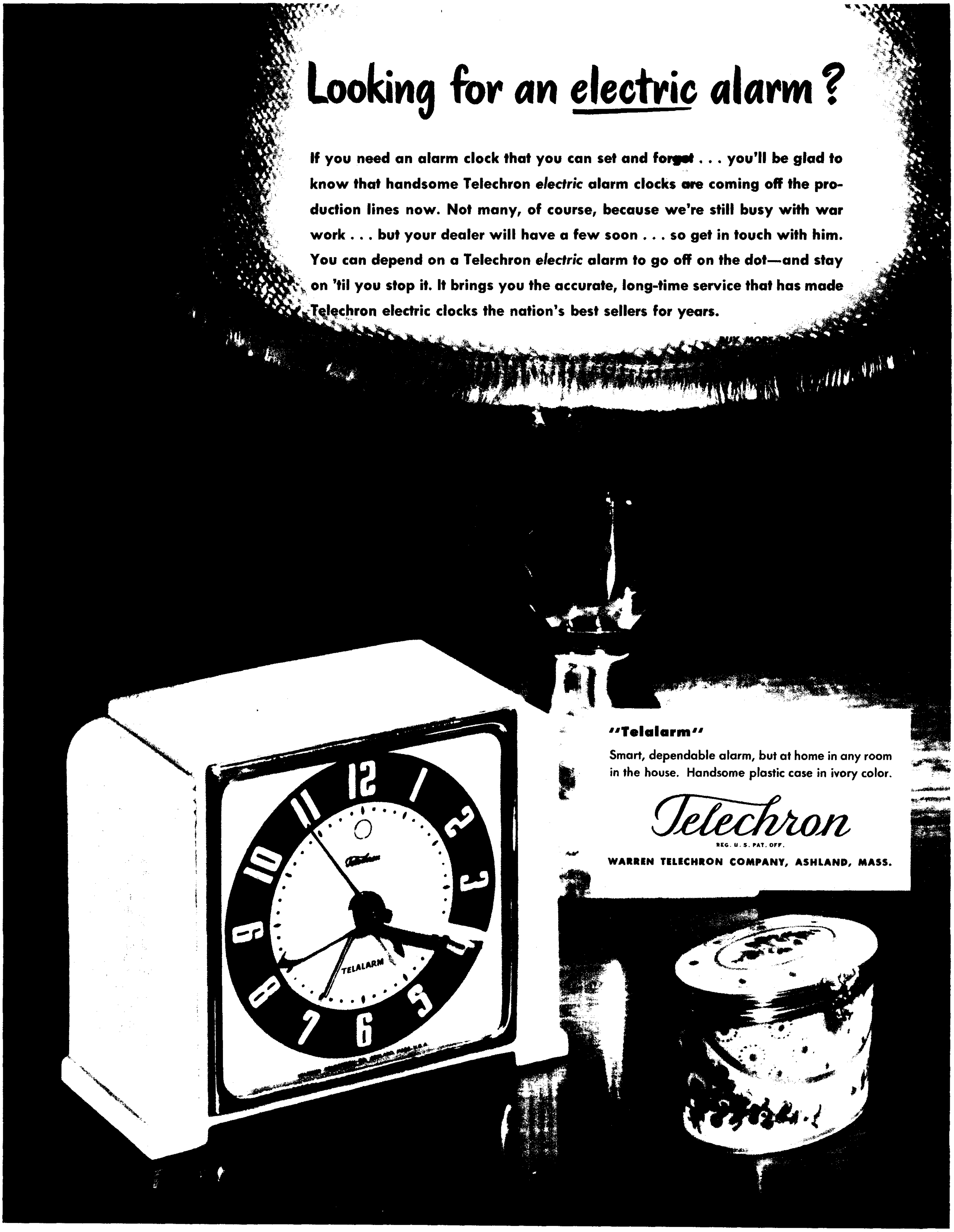

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Bertram the Beachcomber

Continued from page 18

cheeks and is breathing hard. "It's always this way," she says. "Why, oh, why did I have to live on the same block with you."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" I say.

She shakes her head, sounding kind of hopeless. "Oh, Bert," she says, "most fellas only see their girls when they're all dolled up. It isn't fair. You live next door and every time you see me I'm hanging up the wash or got my hair in curlers. It's a tough break for a girl."

"Why, Frances," I say, "that don't mean nothing to me. As a matter of fact, I come over here with something important on my mind. I been thinking about marrying you."

"Why, Bert!" she says, and throws her arms around my neck and kisses me, and then just as I am reaching for her, she jumps back and slaps down my hand and she looks mad again. What a girl to figure out!

"Oh," she says, "you been thinking about it, have you? Just turning it over in what passes for your mind?"

"Well, yeah," I say, "it's a big thing. I don't wish to rush into it."

"And," she says, "what does that colossal intellect advise?"

"Well," I say, "I come to the conclusion it might be a good idea."

"Oh, you did," says Frances, tapping one foot on the ground. "And," she says, "it never occurred to you my opinion might be worth something?"

"Frances," I say. "You're always getting mad when I go out with blondes; you shouldn't get sore when I stop going out with them to think about marrying you. What do you think about it?"

"Can you support me in the style to which I am accustomed?" she says.

"Well, baby," I say, "I guess I can do as good as your old man. I never notice him spraying you with no silver foxes."

"Maybe I wouldn't marry anyone," she says, "unless they could promise me the finer things in life. Did you ever think my demands might be too much for you? I think you're pretty smug, Bert Clancy!"

That Frances!

"You got a nerve," I shout. "I come over here asking you to marry me, and you just get lippy!"

BY THIS time, the neighbors are hanging out of their windows, with their mouths open like a subway entrance, but neither me nor Frances cares.

"Thinking about marrying me!" Frances screams. "Like you're standing on the edge of a precipice and waiting to get pushed over and scared to jump. I should marry *you!*"

"Maybe you're pretty fussy!" I yell. "And maybe there ain't so many men around as you think. Maybe you ain't heard there's a shortage. I come over here making a dignified bona fide proposition and what do I get? The run-around. Maybe I will reconsider my offer, Miss Big Shot."

That's the tone for Bertram. Cold and dignified and not no party to a brawl. I give her a little bow and turn and walk away, very calm, very dignified. I take three steps, and Frances hits me in the back of the head with a clothespin. I ignore it.

I go back home. But do I feel good? No. I hang around the house peeking out the windows looking for Frances. I see her in her house next door and she looks very good to me. But independent! I know she's waiting for me to rush over and say I'm sorry. But I'm stubborn. Just like Frances.

So what to do? I sit around. I got no ambition. My mother begins to worry, my old man shakes his head, my grandma mumbles through her false teeth.

Two, three days go by. My old man says, "You going back to the old job or looking for a new one?"

"I ain't decided," I say. "First I got to adjust myself to civilian life. It takes time for a delicate nature like I got."

My old man says, "Son, you ought to get married."

Ha! He don't know Frances like I know Frances!

The next day I haul the hammock up from the cellar. I take it out to the front yard. I tie one end to the porch, I tie the other to a tree. I lay in the hammock and read the want-ad section of the paper.

There's plenty of jobs. There's one job there in the paper for $10,000 per. The advertisement says they wish to find a magnetic young man, fired with ambition and the ability to make snap decisions, a man with a forceful personality, the kind of man who can slash through red tape.

"Bertram," I say, "that's you all over."

I think I will show up Frances. I'll come home with ten grand in my kick and then will she feel like a chump. I'm laying there thinking should I ask for fifteen grand instead of ten when over comes Frances. "Your mother home?" she asks. "I wish to borrow an egg." Very formal is Frances.

"Help yourself," I say. "I'm laying here thinking of being an executive. I'm considering a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year position. Would that suit you, Miss Fancy Pants?"

"An executive," she says. "A beachcomber, that's what you'll be."

She makes me sore. "Maybe," I say, when she comes out of the house, "you think I couldn't be an executive, making ten thousand bucks a year. Maybe you think Bertram ain't got what it takes."

NO DOGS ALLOWED by the management
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For a minute I'm afraid she's going to throw the egg at me. But she looks at the egg and at me and she says, "Eggs are valuable," and home she goes.

I decide to show her. Next morning seven o'clock I'm out of bed. I put on my Sunday suit, it's a little loose because I lose weight in the Army but I'm still plenty sharp. The world is Bertram's oyster.

I go downtown, I take an elevator upstairs in a building and I ask to see Mr. Cowper. The girl asks me why. I say it's important, it's personal, the name is Mr. Clancy.

She's a blonde, she don't look at me like I'm a beachcomber. "Yes, Mr. Clancy," she says. "Certainly, Mr. Clancy." Frances should see this!

I SIT down for ten minutes and then get the green light. Mr. Cowper is an old white-haired gaffer with an office big enough for a roller-skating rink but it don't faze Bertram.

I'm all business, the go-getter. I stride across the room and pump his hand. "Mr. Cowper," I say, "I'm your man."

He looks baffled. "What man?" he says.

"The ten-thousand-dollar-a-year executive," I say. "Your problem is solved, Mr. Cowper."

He looks at me a minute and gnaws on his lower lip. "Have a chair, Mr.—er—"

"Clancy," I say. "At your service. Your troubles are over."

"Mr. Clancy," he says, "forgive me but you seem a trifle young."

"Well, yes," I say, "but I have plenty of experience."

"Tell me about it," says he.

So I do. I tell him how I sell papers when I'm fourteen to show him my initiative and not only do I sell papers, but on Saturdays I work on Scalessa's vegetable truck.

"Very interesting," says Mr. Cowper.

THE phone rings. Mr. Cowper says, "No, I can't see J.B. now. Tell him to wait. I'm in conference." You see? I'm going over big.

"Well," I say, "after high school I look around. I ain't the kind of man jumps at the first offer he gets. I pick and choose. I ain't throwing myself away."

"Very wise," says Mr. Cowper. He gnaws his lip again. "And what did you settle for?"

"Well," I say, "after thinking things over I become a stock-room boy. I decide to learn the business from the bottom up. After one year I'm put in the shipping department. I'm there one year as a clerk, then they make me a foreman."

Mr. Cowper coughs into his handkerchief. "Horatio Alger in person," he says. "And then?"

"Well," I say, "unfortunately at this time my career is interrupted by the war. The Army requests my services."

"Tell me about it, Mr. Clancy," he says.

So I do, and he listens, very interested.

Finally when I get done, he says, "Well, Mr. Clancy, your record is highly entertaining. Unfortunately, however, I'm afraid you're a trifle young for that position about which we advertised."

Down goes Bertram!

"However," says Mr. Cowper, "I would like to see an energetic young man like yourself in this concern. You're the kind of man we want."

Up comes Bertram!

Mr. Cowper scribbles on a memo sheet. "Mr. Clancy," he says, putting the note in an envelope, "I want you to take this to Mr. Jennings who is our employment manager. I am suggesting to him that he hire you and place you in our factory. We sell materials to the building trades, and it is my opinion that after some training in the plant, you could be promoted to the sales force. I'm sorry we can't offer you the job you applied for, Mr. Clancy, but I hope you'll consider working with us."

We shake hands and out I go. I stick the envelope in my pocket and take the elevator downstairs. I don't go near Mr. Jennings.

Bertram's little dream is busted. I had big ideas. I figured on asking for an advance on my ten grand. I figured buying a silver-fox cape and taking *it* home. Ringing Frances' bell and throwing it at her feet. Casual-like. Make her feel like two cents.

But maybe she's right. Maybe I ain't good enough for Frances. Bertram is a beachcomber, she says. Okay, so I will be a beachcomber. I will be the best beachcomber in the business and maybe fifty years from now Frances will say to herself, "I am guilty, I drove him to it."

I go home and go in the house. There's a quart of beer on ice. I go upstairs and get a hot-water bottle. Back downstairs I get a hatrack, and a rubber hose fits on the faucet in the kitchen sink. I pick up the beer and a book and go outside.

I put the hatrack beside the hammock. I pour the quart of beer in the hot-water bottle. The hose nozzles just fits the opening. I screw it in and hang the hot-water bottle upside down on the hatrack. I lay in the hammock. The rubber hose has a lever at the end to regulate the flow. I put the hose in my mouth and open the lever, out comes beer. I close the lever, the flow stops. I lay back and pick up the book. It's one of my old high-school books. It's Shakespeare!

I open the book. It comes up Hamlet. A guy with troubles. Me and Hamlet are just like that. I lay back and release the lever and drink some beer.

People going by, they stop and stare. I ignore them. I've got the hose in my mouth, I'm laying back, all the neighbors are watching me. I act like it's fun but the truth is it ain't.

The truth is beer don't taste no good out of a hot-water bottle. Also, I ain't exactly in the mood for Shakespeare. The beer gets warm and Hamlet's tomato drowns herself and I am about to bawl when I see Frances across the hedge, her hands on her hips.

"What do you think you're doing?" she says.

I remove the hose from my lips. "Beachcombing," says I. "Acquiring culture." Daintily I take a sip of beer.

FRANCES looks like she's trying hard not to bust out laughing. She takes two steps backward, then runs and jumps the hedge. Nice legs has Frances.

"Oh, dear," she says, "I guess I'll never learn to be a lady. Why did I do that?"

Politelike, I offer her the beer hose.

She shakes her head. "Oh, Bert," she says, "you big lug, do I have to drag you to the altar?"

This requires concentration. I lay the book aside and let the beer hose dangle in the air whilst I consider this statement.

"Bert," she goes on, "all my life I watch you going out with blondes, talking about blondes."

"Just idle talk," I say. "I propose to you, not no blonde. Remember that. And what do I get for it? Hit in the head with a clothespin."

"Is it me you really love?" she says.

That Frances!

"Why do you think I propose?" I say. "Just to get in good with your old lady?" I'm feeling good inside and then suddenly I'm feeling terrible. "It's no dice, Frances," I say. "I was coming back here today with a silver fox after I got that executive job. I didn't get the job, there ain't going to be any silver foxes."

"Oh, Bert," she says, "use your head. I never wanted a silver fox. Don't you understand? I never wanted anything but you. I just wanted to hear you say you loved me. Do I have to explain everything?"

And she looks mad again. She stares at the hot-water bottle full of beer and me laying in the hammock, and she yanks at it, and the hammock overturns and down comes Bertram on his mush. I get up and Frances is jumping the hedge again.

All the neighbors are about to fall out of their windows. I think to myself it's going to be mighty dull around these parts when Frances and Bertram move away to set up housekeeping.

I catch up with Frances three steps away from her front door. "Frances," I say, and you can hear me down to the delicatessen on the corner, "I love you."

"Well," she says, "I've known it for ten years but for a while I thought you'd never figure it out for yourself."

And she kisses me again.

That Frances!

THE END

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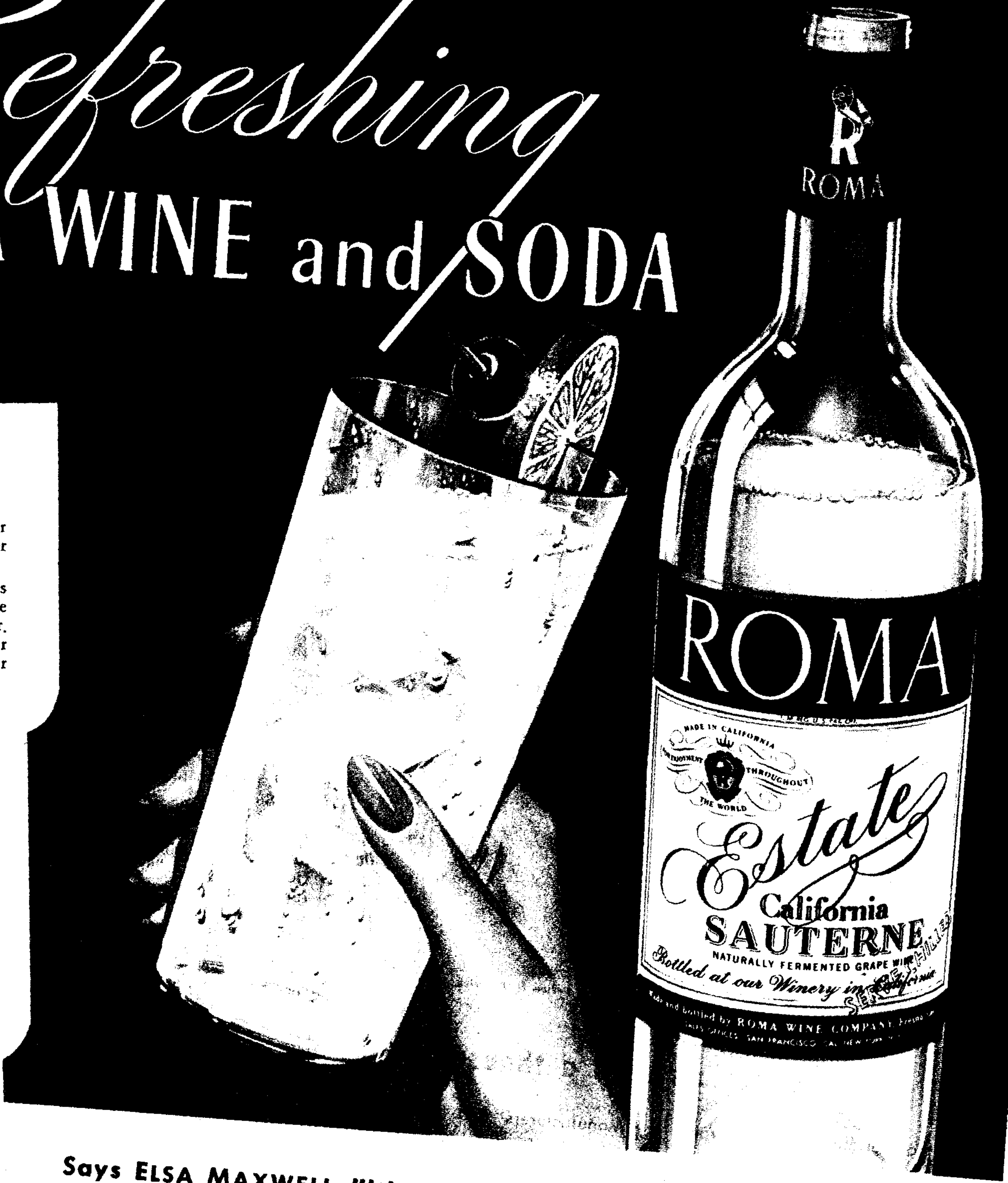
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SAUTERNE

ROMA California
Sauterne and Soda

NEEDED: ROMA Sauterne (or Burgundy), sparkling water and sugar (if desired).

METHOD: Half fill tall glass with ROMA wine. Add ice cubes and sparkling water. Stir slightly. For sweeter drink, add sugar and stir well before adding water.

ROMA
Estate
BURGUNDY

ROMA California
Burgundy Lemonade

NEEDED: ROMA Burgundy (or Sauterne), lemons, sugar, sparkling water.

METHOD: Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in juice of ½ lemon. Pour ROMA Burgundy over ice cubes in tall glass till ¾ full. Add sparkling water. Stir slightly.

ROMA
Estate
SHERRY

ROMA California
Cobbler (Sherry or Tokay)

NEEDED: ROMA Sherry or Tokay, sugar, lemons.

METHOD: Dissolve in tall glass ½ tsp. sugar. Add 4 oz. ROMA Sherry or Tokay. Then, 2 tbsp. lemon juice. Fill glass with cracked ice. Stir well.

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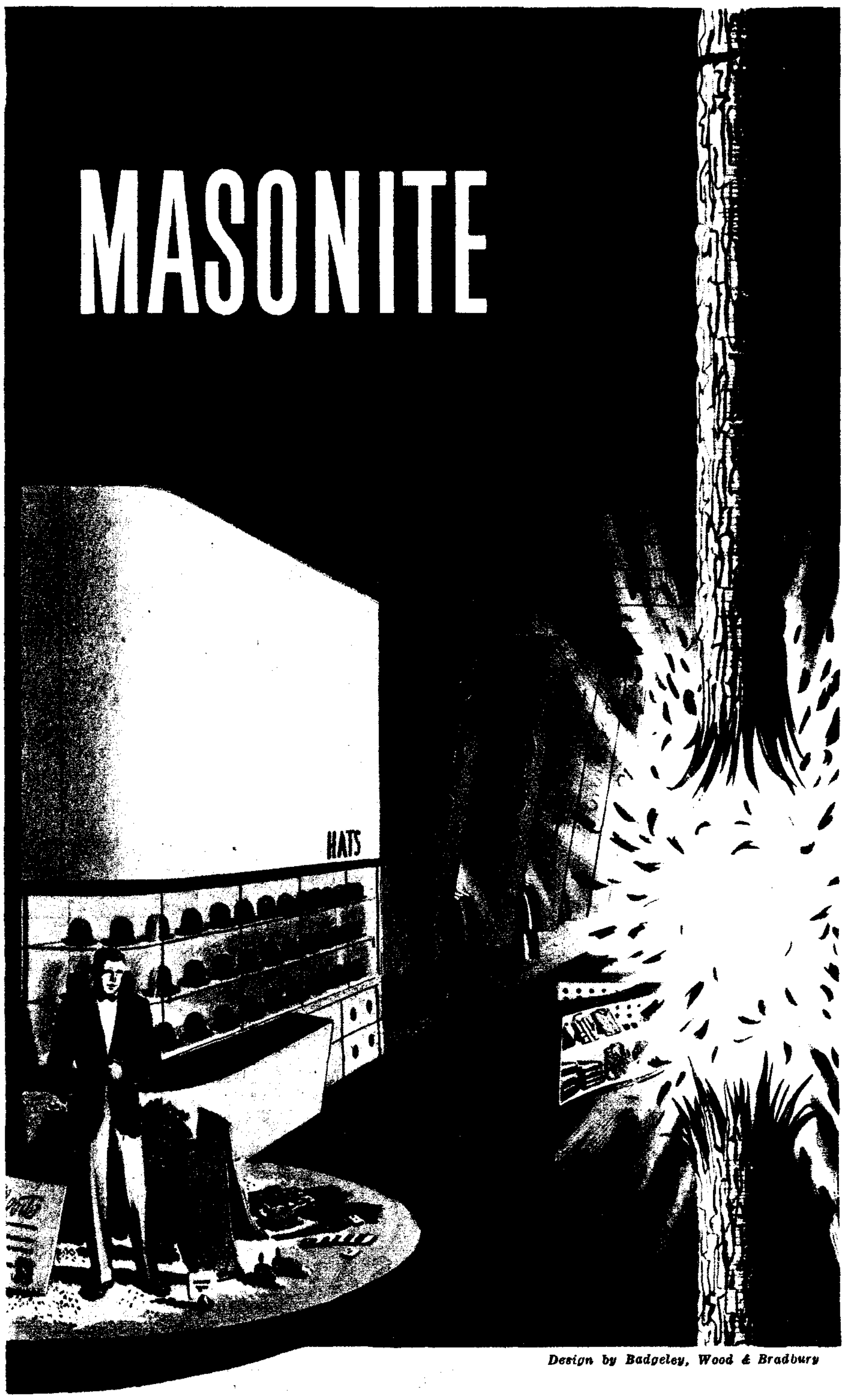

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Terror in Palestine

Continued from page 24

work they've contributed and feel that they have an unquestionable claim to nationhood. They seem, from all reports and indications, to be ready to fight for what they believe. This is true of even the most moderate Jews. The Terrorists have preached "direct action" for years.

Both the Stern Gang and its bigger brother, the Irgun Zevai Leumi, or National Military Organization, seek to foment civil war and eventually revolt against Britain. That's the terrorist "solution" for the Palestine problem. Ultimately the objective of the Zionists and of the terrorists is the same: Jewish nationhood. But whereas the Zionists hope to accomplish it through legal, democratic, political and diplomatic means, the terrorists demand a short cut. They want to throw the British out by force and to establish a Jewish Free State. They're the Sinn Feiners of Judaism in revolt. Friedman-Yellin, the present leader of the Stern Gang, is a square-faced, blue-eyed fanatic who has transplanted to Palestine the gangster technique of the Capones and the O'Bannions of our terrible twenties.

Yet neither Friedman-Yellin nor Menachim Begin, the skinny, pasty-faced former law student who heads the other terrorist organization, the NMO, can be written off as a pair of bloodthirsty thugs. Maybe they are personally, and so are a good many of their followers. For the most part, however, the terrorists are misguided, fanatic patriots, and their methods must be seen against the background of Palestine, where some half million Jews were forced to sit on their hands while their relatives in Europe were slaughtered or left to wander among the ruins in search of shelter and food, with people less willing to help them now than ever. Much of Hitler's mud has stuck to the Jews, and anti-Semitism, they know in Palestine, didn't die with the defeat of the Nazis.

The Stern Gang was organized some years ago—nobody seems to know just when—by a Polish Jew named Abraham Ben Mordechai Stern. The gang grew out of a secret society which called itself the Fighters for Freedom of Israel, a small group of desperadoes and jailbirds specializing in individual terrorism. This gang was responsible for the attempt on former High Commissioner MacMichael last summer, and for killing Assistant Superintendent of Police Wilkin. The gang's business is murder. Its leader learned the trade in tough schools—prewar Poland and Fascist Italy.

An Admirer of Il Duce

A Zionist who knew Stern described him to me as an able, single-minded and singularly stubborn man. He arrived in Palestine from Russia as a boy of fifteen, attended secondary schools and the university in Jerusalem and then went to Poland and later to Italy where he became an admirer of Benito Mussolini.

"The British are our enemy as much as the Germans," he often said. "The Germans kill Jews, and the British don't do anything to save them." He lived by this credo, made it the battle cry of his small, mobile band.

On the softer side, Stern wrote creditable poetry and was married to a professional pianist, who bore him one child, didn't agree with him politically but loved him devotedly. He allowed himself a salary of only six pounds sterling (about $24) a month.

The Stern Gang is organized with the emphasis on secrecy. No member is supposed to know more than a handful of the others. Less than 10 per cent of the members are Palestinian born, many of them being Polish Jews. The links between Palestine terrorist activity and prewar anti-Semitism in Poland are many and curious. Stern had organized a revolutionary secret society in Poland. When war came, these men entered the Polish army. Captured by the Russians on the Eastern front, they were released and made their way to Palestine. There the former Stern Gang members deserted the Polish army and rejoined the terrorists.

Stern was killed in 1942, when he was about 35 years old, while he was hiding in a house in Tel Aviv. To the terrorists he is a martyr who must be avenged. Stern left to Friedman-Yellin a gang numbering some 40 to 50 so-called "front men" or trigger men, and 150 "helpers"—informers, stooges and assistants of one kind and another, including expert pamphleteers.

The more serious and the stronger of the two terrorist groups is the National Military Organization. The NMO recently split with the Revisionist Party, to train youths in the art of guerrilla warfare, sabotage and terrorism. How many have been graduated from the NMO's school few know, but persons able to estimate the organization's strength with some accuracy told me in Cairo that it can count at the moment on some 300 to 400 trigger men and at least 2,000 "helpers."

While the Sternists single out key men for their victims, the NMO's technique is to strike directly at the British administration machinery in Palestine. One organization supplements the work of the other, but whereas the Stern hoodlums seem to be satisfied with martyrdom, the NMO boys are far more ambitious. They don't want to die fighting. They want to live victoriously. They want to *rule Palestine.*

Terrorism with Limitations

Less extreme than the Sternists, the members of NMO try to avoid committing any act of terrorism which would impede the war effort. In their pamphlets and propaganda, for instance, they urged Jews to join the British army. Here, actually, there's an ulterior motive. A returned soldier able to handle weapons is a useful revolutionary.

The pattern of NMO terrorism is to blow up the offices of the Palestine government's Immigration Department as a protest against the restriction of Jewish immigration under the White Paper; to plant bombs in the headquarters of the Palestine police, enforcers of the White Paper policy, but not to touch the British military police. Whenever actual British troops or British police might become involved in a terrorist project, the NMO "helpers" tip them off by telephone.

A source of power for the NMO is the Poles—not the Polish government-in-exile, but that section of the Polish army known as the Dwoika, or secret service. The links between the NMO and the Poles are more numerous, more easily identifiable than those between the Sternists and the Poles. There existed until just before the war a sort of unholy alliance between Polish anti-Semitic elements and extreme Jewish nationalists directly or indirectly linked to the NMO. Polish pressure against Jews created candidates for admission to Palestine, a state of affairs which enabled the extremists to bring pressure to bear, in turn, on the British for permission to allow the persecuted Polish Jews to enter the Promised Land.

This entente was rudely violated by the Poles when they instituted actual pogroms against the Jews. Not even Palestine's extremists could take this, although the mass murders served their propaganda purposes and intensified the clamor to allow free immigration of Jews to Palestine. Like Stern, the leader of the NMO, Menachim Begin, was "formed" in Poland. A squinty, unprepossessing fellow, he was born there, studied law at Warsaw University and served in the Polish army.

When Polish troops were evacuated from Russia to the Middle East by way of Palestine in 1941-1942, connections between the Palestinian Revisionist Party, the NMO and their Polish confreres of the old days were re-established. They had new reasons, now, to resume business.

The right-wing Poles fear and hate Russia and Communism. Their Dwoika, or secret service, enlisted the help of the NMO and the Revisionists in identifying pro-Russian elements in the Polish army. They also asked the Revisionists to help them disseminate anti-Russian and anti-Communist propaganda through their well-established channels in Britain and the United States. In return, the Poles promised and gave invaluable help to the NMO terrorists.

According to one important source the

Poles furnished the NMO: (1) instructors to teach terrorists how to use firearms and explosives; (2) transportation of weapons and explosives in Polish military staff cars; (3) refuge in their military camps for NMO members sought by the police. It was a simple matter for the Poles to detach officers "for special duty," and an undeterminable number were released to the NMO to drill and lead the terrorists. British Palestine police, searching for weapons and dynamite, couldn't question the presence of such equipment in regular Polish army vehicles; and they didn't even think of looking for escaped terrorists in British battle dress in Polish army camps.

The British eventually realized what was going on. The Poles made it plain that they were cross with the British, feeling that they were being "betrayed" on the altar of Allied unity with Russia. When the British dug into the causes of Polish rancor, they uncovered, among other things, the links between the Poles and the NMO, but by this time the harm had been done.

Between the arrival of the first refugee Poles in 1941-1942 and June of 1944, the rhythm of NMO and Sternist terrorism increased. On May 18, 1944, three truckloads of armed terrorists invaded the Palestine Broadcasting System's station at Ramallah, near Jerusalem. Police cars found the roads leading to the station blocked by land mines. On another morning a Jewish policeman was found dead on his doorstep. Nearly every morning Palestinians found walls covered with posters calling for riot and rebellion. Extortions to finance the NMO were traced to the terrorists. The police arrested hundreds of suspects. Zionist organizations and the Jewish Agency instituted an independent land-wide manhunt, but terrorism continued, practically unchecked.

By the end of October, less than a month before Hakim and Bet-Tsouri fired their fatal slugs at Moyne, terrorism and repressive measures had reached a fearful climax. Raids on settlements where terrorists might be harbored were an everyday occurrence. On October 26th, for instance, the village of Nathanya was raided by police and military authorities, 650 Jewish settlers were interrogated, 50 were detained. Another 900 were questioned the the next day and 22 arrested. About 300 arrested suspects were shipped to concentration camps in distant Eritrea and Khartoum.

The deportations aroused the New Zionist Party's anger. The New Zionists (not to be confused with the Zionists) are an offshoot of the old Revisionist Party founded in 1929 by the late Messianic, Russian-born Vladimir Jabotinsky. It advocates "class warfare and a struggle for social improvement," and comes close to being Fascist. Its new leader, Doctor Nathan Altman, warned that civil war threatened Palestine if the Jewish Agency co-operated with the British in wiping out terrorism. He called on the Palestine government to revoke deportation of actual or suspected terrorists and aroused Jews to a countrywide protest against their arrest.

In view of the situation, it was surprising that Lord Moyne was not better guarded than he was. In Cairo, in those days, I talked with the Jewish Agency executives about what might happen in Palestine. They were worried and depressed. One of them said, sadly, "The present state of affairs cannot endure. Organized elements of the Zionist Movement have reached the point where they will need to act against the terrorists—and soon."

To "act against the terrorists" means that decent Jews must turn informers against their own people. Informers in any such situation are doomed men, and no matter how much they may deplore the violence of the terrorists, the Jews feel that the Sternists and the members of the NMO are fighting, ultimately, their fight. They are reluctant to turn them in.

Police in Name Only

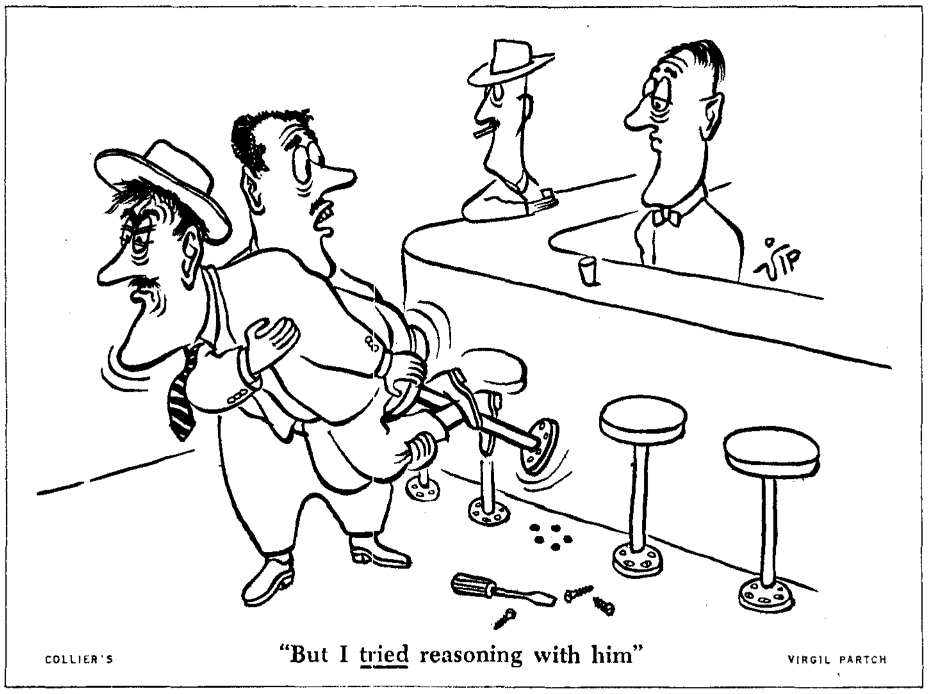
The Jews obtain little help from the highly touted Palestine Police, composed largely of Palestinian Jews but with some Arab members. In spite of handsome publicity to the contrary, they are about as inefficient a police organization as it's possible to find anywhere. The Zionists blame much of the terrorism on their laxity. They allowed some 20 known terrorists, for example, to escape from the well-guarded Latrun prison and others to break out of the Aaca prison. They never seem to be able to keep terrorists behind bars, and law-abiding Jews in Palestine ask themselves whether the Palestine Police really want to stamp out terrorism.

Following Moyne's murder, the drive to crush terrorism in Palestine intensified. The Jewish Agency's leaders—Moshe Shertok, David Ben-Gurion and others on up to Doctor Chaim Weizmann, head of the Zionist Movement—declared open warfare on the terrorists, many of whom, notwithstanding their laws of secrecy and their juvenile blood-brotherhood stuff, are known to everyday citizens. Even if the inner antagonisms within Palestine don't reach the terrorist "ideal" of mass rebellion against the British, there is certain to be bloodshed. Some 2,000 or 3,000 well-armed, desperate men can easily precipitate civil war.

The possibility of an armed uprising of Jews to obtain a national home in Palestine is no longer remote. It will happen if and when all other means, political and diplomatic, fail. Palestine raised 40,000 Jewish volunteers, men and women, for the British army. All received expert military training.

It is foreseeable that the activist view of the terrorists rather than the passive attitude of the Zionists may prevail. The appointment of Lord Gort, an able general, as High Commissioner of Palestine in the place of Sir Harold MacMichael, indicates the British are aware of the dangers to peace that Palestine presents. Their experience in Greece was a bad one; a similar occurrence in Palestine would be much worse.

THE END



COLLIER'S "But I *tried* reasoning with him" VIRGIL PARTCH

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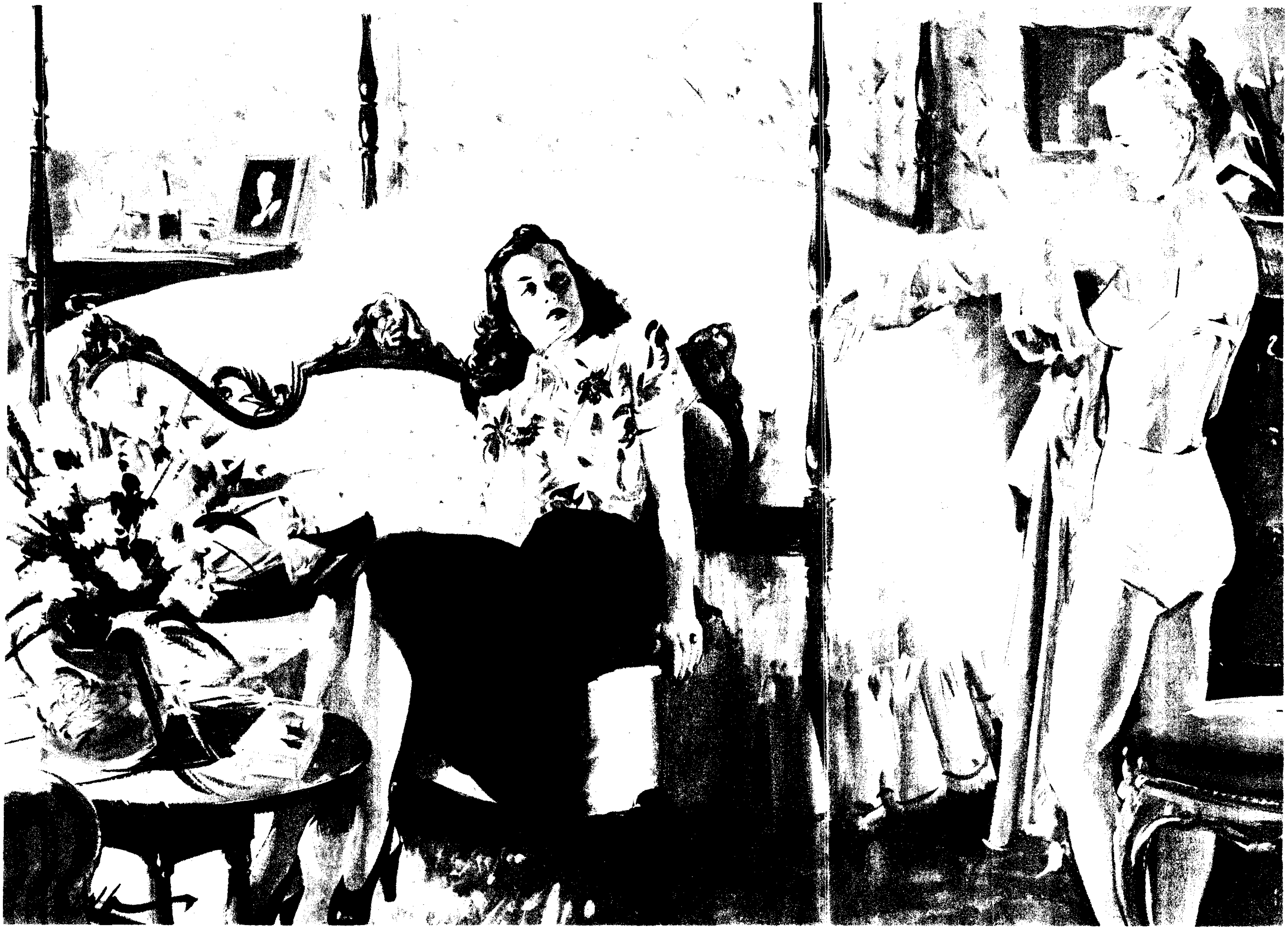


"I'll try it on," Abby said. She slipped the dress over her head while Val watched in concentrated thought

THE EXPENDABLE HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

III

The Story:

Against her father's wishes, against her own reasoned judgment, **Abby Wallace** had eloped with handsome, redheaded **Barry Lambert**. It was a big step for **Abby**, and a terrifying one. She had never before so openly defied her father, wealthy, sardonic **Norman Wallace**, and except for **Barry's** fond mother, **Madge Duncan**, their marriage had been opposed on every side. There was **Craig Emerson**, assistant in the famed **Wallace** art gallery, who, in love with **Abby**, stood behind her father; and there was **Val Stanley**, beautiful, arrogant model who had planned to marry **Barry** herself. But worst of all, there were her father's words: he had told **Abby** coldly that a marriage for her would be a dangerous risk, that her mother had killed herself, the victim of an inheritable emotional instability brought on by childbirth. Only **Barry's** scoffing reassurance when she told him this had convinced **Abby** that his love for her was the one thing that mattered. But now, alone with him, fear tore at her heart. For she had known **Barry** only a very short time, and there were moments when she wondered if love could be enough when one had become wife to a stranger. . . .

BARRY was a gregarious animal. He and Abby arrived in New York, in a sweltering heat wave, and he went happily back to work; he had had enough of relaxing.

Madge had, in some measure, rejuvenated the apartment; heat wave or not, it was a pleasant place and in the evenings they could sit out on the flat roof with its grimy parapet, its one rusty little cedar in the faded blue wooden tub. But they rarely sat there alone. The entire neighborhood dropped in, to welcome Barry home and to meet his bride.

Abby could not understand his interest in these people who seemed commonplace to her . . . men and women, young or elderly, who had little jobs and led a little existence; housewives, tradespeople. Even Hageney, the district leader, did not appear to her as the special person of whom Barry had told her so much, so enthusiastically.

But when he or others came, she tried to join in, bringing cold drinks out on the roof, sitting beside Barry, listening to the discussions. It was imperative for her to know and comprehend these people if they were so important to him.

Her household duties were miniature in the extreme. Barry applauded her cooking, her efficiency, her triumphant battle with ration books, but he was not content to retire into the domestic life. They went out a good deal; he liked to exhibit her, and said so.

Week ends, they went to Fairton to be with Madge. But it was not until the end of the summer, during a sultry August, that Abby saw her father.

They had gone, Friday afternoon, to Madge's, where they would be alone, for once, Madge said, over the telephone; the guests she had expected had been delayed in getting to New York from California.

In the train: "I'm glad there won't be anyone else," said Abby.

BARRY yawned and looked out at the dusty trees, the leaves limp in the unstirring air. He asked, "Why? I was looking forward to your meeting the Petersens; they're swell."

Abby said, "We're hardly ever alone."

Barry grinned. He said, "You're too exclusive. I suppose you'd settle for a desert island?"

"Sometimes," said Abby, "I think I would. When does the next canoe leave for Tahiti?"

"Wednesday nights, at nine, but you'll go alone, my girl. The South Sea Island story was always a fable."

"No," said Abby, "you wouldn't like it."

"Check," said Barry. "I'd have the hell bored out of me a week from last Monday."

Abby was silent, looking from the windows of the car, which needed washing. She thought: Well, this is the way it's going to be.

He asked, "Are you going to see your father?"

Abby turned back to him. She had lost a little weight during the weeks in town, and her pallor was marked and luminous; her eyes were bright against it, and her rouged mouth. She asked, "Why should I?"

"Wasn't that the idea, eventually?"

Abby shrugged. "If so, not mine," she said.

Barry said presently, "Personally, if I never see him again, I'll survive, but it seems a little foolish, doesn't it? After all, he's an old man."

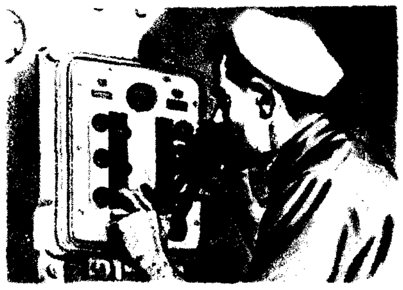
Abby said, with tightened lips, "I thanked him for his wedding present."

Barry took her hand. It was cold, suddenly. He said, low, "I thought you weren't going to let that throw you, darling."

"I'm not," she said.

Norman Wallace had sent them the portrait of his wife. Barry remembered the hot still night he had come home to find it there, still crated, and had uncrated it, sweating copiously in his shirt sleeves. He remembered

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



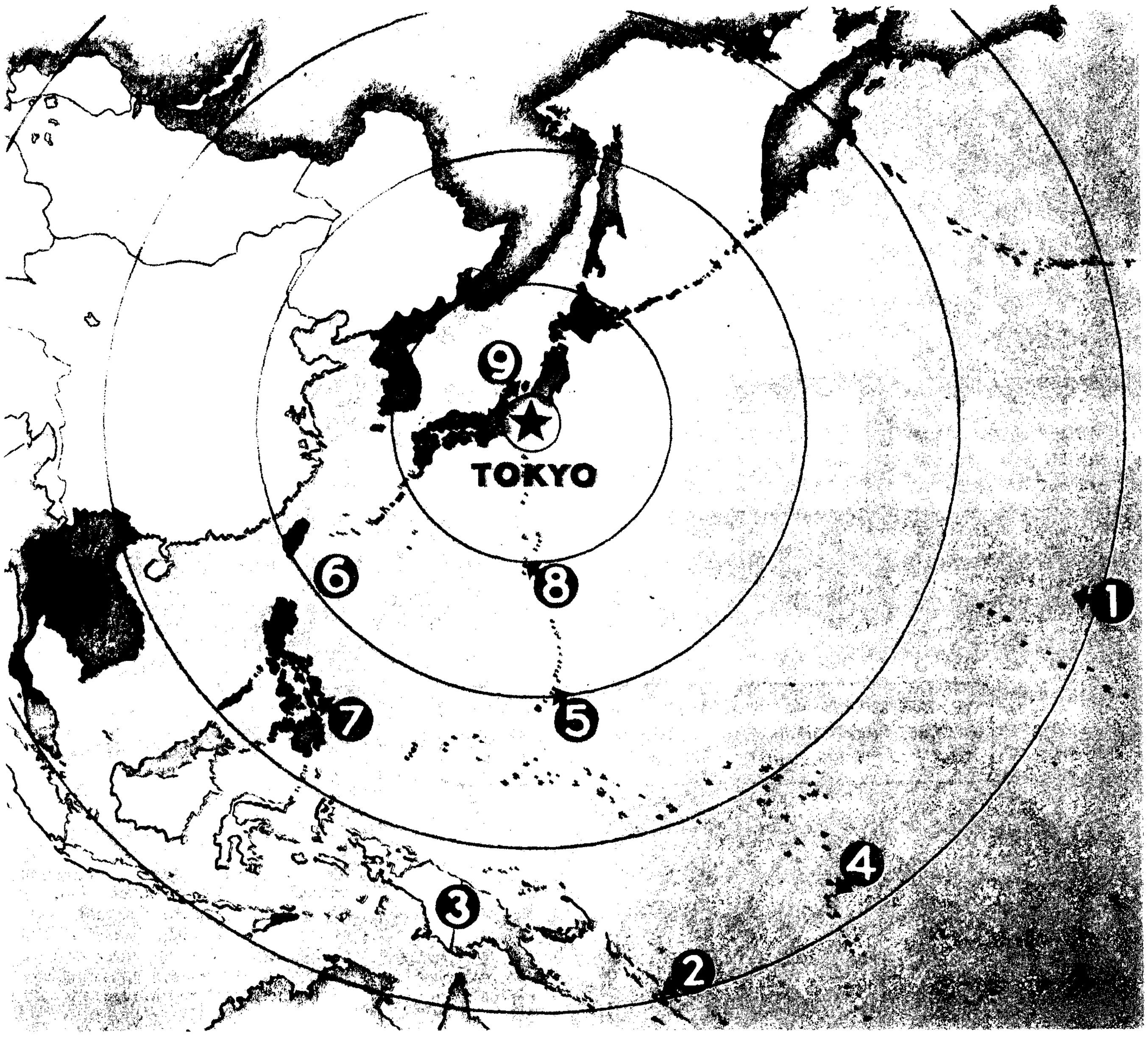
① **MIDWAY**—June, '42. U. S. carrier planes stop onrushing Jap tide. W. E. battle announcing systems give last minute orders.

② **GUADALCANAL**—Aug., '42. Opening of South Pacific offensive. Field telephones help Marines consolidate positions.

③ **NEW GUINEA**—Sept., '42. Threat to Australia eased. In long campaign, W.E. multi-channel radio sets guide artillery fire.

④ **TARAWA**—Nov., '43. Central Pacific offensive opens. Portable telephone switchboards coordinate Marines' assault.

⑤ **SAIPAN**—June, '44. Base to bomb Japan secured with help of tanks directed by Western Electric multi-channel radio sets.



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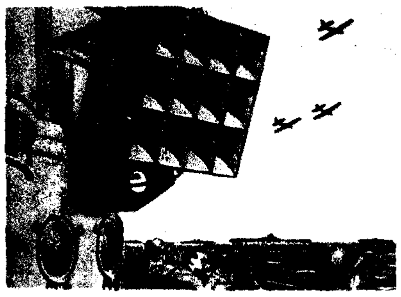
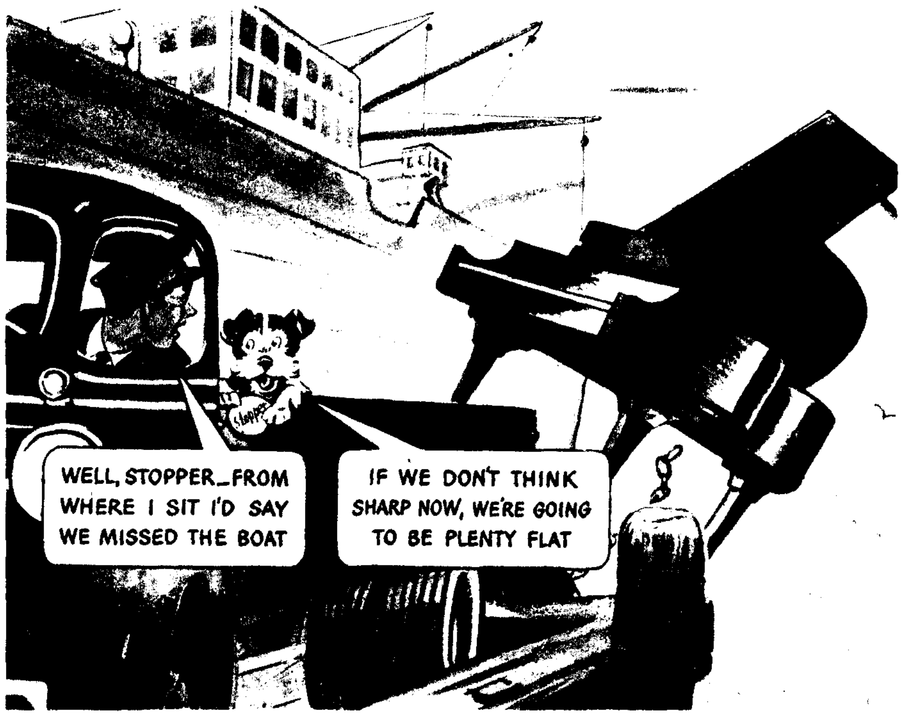


⑦ **PHILIPPINES**—Oct., '44. Yanks return. Western Electric "bull-horns" pass orders launching great Leyte Gulf assault.

⑧ **IWO JIMA**—Feb. and Okinawa, Mar., '45. Key Jap bases taken. Navy beachmasters direct landings over loudspeakers.

⑨ **TOKYO.** Bombers, devastating the heart of the Jap homeland, are guided by Western Electric electronic devices.


WELL, STOPPER—FROM WHERE I SIT I'D SAY WE MISSED THE BOAT
IF WE DON'T THINK SHARP NOW, WE'RE GOING TO BE PLENTY FLAT

I'VE HEARD ABOUT PAYING THE PIPER, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO PAY THE PIANIST
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Abby's bitter whisper: "He sent it as a reminder . . ."

She had refused to hang it. It was back in the crate, in the storeroom.

He said gravely, "Abby, we've tried and failed. Doctor Gilpin is dead. We can't trace his assistants at the time of your birth, nor his records. The only way to the truth is through your father; but you'll never get it by antagonizing him further."

She said unhappily, "What brings this up, all of a sudden?"

"Emerson phoned me," he said uncomfortably, "yesterday, at the office. He asked me to have a drink with him before I went home. So I met him at the Ritz and we had a drink or two. He told me your father isn't very well. He also said that Val Stanley is not working this summer. She's been living with her people in Fairton and spending most of her time at your house."

"Val!"

"Yep." He grinned. "Emerson," he said, "is a good little guy. And he's afraid that Val has designs on the old man. . . ."

"I don't believe it," said Abby blankly.

The train snorted and slowed. The conductor came through and announced nasally, "Fairton . . . Fairton . . ." and Barry rose, and took their luggage from the rack.

Madge was waiting in the station wagon; wearing a slack suit, impeccably tailored, her rusty red hair bound back from her little face with a ribbon.

Barry put the bags in the back, and they climbed in and sat in front with Madge.

"Hi, kids," said Madge. "How's the city? And my friend Hageney? I must have him up here," she said dreamily, turning a corner on a wheel and a half. "Love that man. . . ."

Barry said gravely, "Hageney approves of you, too. He said, if you had been properly brought up and decently educated, you might have been a reasonably valuable individual."

Madge was delighted. She said, "I bet he says that to all the girls. I must have him," she added firmly. "Bring him up next week."

"There's a Mrs. Hageney," said Barry.

"Bring her, too," said Madge. "What's she like?"

"Like nothing on earth," said Abby. "She's tremendously fat, and she knits."

"Sounds like the White Queen," said Madge. "Maybe it's just shawls."

"Mrs. Hageney," said Barry agreeably, "has a Ph.D. and she's a very astute character. They haven't been married very long. She lived abroad a good deal, after she gave up teaching."

"Knits?" repeated Madge thoughtfully. . . . "Do I hear a tumbrel roll . . . ?"

They were turning into the driveway. Abby took off her little hat and lifted her face to a small, dry breeze. It was pleasant to be coming back to a big cool room, with the smell of roses and the sound of trees stirring, to the pool, and lazy mornings.

"You look lousy," said Madge mildly, to her daughter-in-law. "Why don't you stay here with us? Barry can come week ends."

Barry said, "She wouldn't leave me, would you, Abby?"

"No," said Abby, smiling.

"Well," Madge said, and braked to a startling stop as Duncan came lounging out to meet them, "I'll suggest it again next summer, when the bloom has worn off. Nip upstairs, take off some clothes and we'll have something to drink on the terrace and a cold supper."

ABBY stood by the bedroom window, looking over the lawn running back to the fields checkerboarded with stone walls. Barry came up and put his arm around her.

"Ready to go down?" he asked.

She said, "Yes, of course." She turned and put her cheek against his breast. She said, "Tomorrow, I'll go up to the house."

He knew what house she meant. He asked, curiously, "Because of Val?"

"In a way," she said truthfully. "It makes me"—she stopped and laughed—"mad, I suppose," she concluded, "irritated at any rate, and very curious."

Later, that evening, when Bob and Barry had disappeared, to walk around the pool and smoke, and she and Madge were alone on the terrace, Abby said directly, "Barry saw Craig in town yesterday. He told him that Val is spending a lot of time . . ." she hesitated and then said, "viewing the Wallace Collection."

Madge said, "Well, you'd discover it sooner or later. I understand she's taking a most intelligent interest in art. I met her aunt at Red Cross last week. *She* said Val is working for your father."

"Working?" said Abby in astonishment.

Madge said mildly, "She was a secretary before she became a model."

"I'd forgotten," said Abby.

Madge asked, "Do you mind?"

"No," said Abby. Then she stopped. "Yes, I do mind . . . mainly, I think, because I don't understand. I never knew Val very well but it would seem to me that she doesn't do anything without a motive."

Madge said, "There's talk in the village, of course. Some people say they wonder now that you've . . . well, left him, so to speak, if he'll remarry."

"That's absurd."

"What is?" asked Barry, coming up behind her quietly.

She told him.

BARRY fell into a long chair. "How fascinating—and unpleasant!" he commented.

"And unlikely," said Bob Duncan. "Wallace is too smart."

"Could be," said Madge brightly, "a species of revenge. You married," she reminded her daughter-in-law, "and against his wishes. Val likes the fleshpots. There aren't too many eligible men around at the moment, and frankly, darling, your father can't live forever."

"My advice," said Bob practically, "not that you asked for it, angel, is to get yourself up there, but fast, unless you wish a depleted inheritance."

Abby said, indifferently, "I expect that anyway, and as long as Barry doesn't care, I don't."

Barry said, "The little woman is the least mercenary of females. But at the same time," he added, "she doesn't like to have her eye wiped by the lovely companion of her recent youth. Isn't that it, in, to coin a phrase, a nutshell?" He added, "The spectacle of Val endeavoring to add herself to the collection is alarming."

"Old Master," murmured Madge, "or New Mistress. . . ."

Her son said austerely, "That will be all from you."

"Why?"

He said, "If I know our Val, she would hold out for the legalities."

Abby rose. She said, "I'm tired, a little . . . mind if I go in?"

Madge said, "I'll come up with you."

She came into the bedroom and looked at Abby. She asked, "I've offended you?"

"About Father and Val?" Abby sat down on the bed. "No," she said, "of course not, but I can't believe it."

Madge said gently, "Why not, dear? Do be realistic. True, he's over seventy—but Val's a remarkably attractive girl and I dare say quite unscrupulous. She'd put up with a good deal to be Mrs. Norman Wallace . . . for a while, at any rate. Afterward, well," she prophesied vaguely, "money, position, and a chance to meet a great many men she might not otherwise encounter. . . ."

"If," said Abby painfully, "my father contemplated any such step, it would be because"—she swallowed—"because he wanted to hurt me."

Barry came leaping up the stairs and crashed into the room. He took his little parent by her thin shoulders. "Get the hell out of here!" he said genially. "Your husband wants someone to play gin rummy with him. Besides, I want a word with the current Mrs. Lambert."

When Madge had gone and the door had closed, he took Abby in his arms. He said, "Don't think about this Val business; it's pretty damned silly."

She looked at him, her face strained and quiet. She said, "I can't believe it . . . but . . . it does hurt. Why, I don't know. I have thought for so long that I was all over loving him, all over being hurt."

He said gently, "Not you. You're a tenacious wench. Will you get over loving me, Abby?"

"No."

No protestations. Just the denial.

He asked, "And there's nothing I could do . . ." He stopped, watching her face. "If I were unkind?" he asked. "If I were unfaithful?"

Her face changed, a very little. She said, "Not even then."

"It looks," he said, "as if I were saddled with you, for life." He kissed her. He said, after a minute, "Stop worrying. . . ."

She said, "I'm not. Just—thinking. Will you drive me"—she hesitated—"home, tomorrow?"

IT WAS a curious homecoming. When they drove up, Craig was standing outside talking to Morton, the sullen gardener. He looked at the car, at Abby as she got out, his eyes widening. He came forward and took her hands in his. He said, "You don't know how glad I am to see you."

He looked, she perceived, a little haggard.

Barry asked, "Can I leave the car here? Good. I told you I'd deliver her, Emerson. She's a very docile girl. I merely issue orders. I said, 'Abby, you are to pay your respects to your father.'"

Abby said, "He loves to hear himself talk." She put her hand on Craig's arm, and he looked down at her.

He thought: She is lovelier than ever. Barry, standing there in the sun, regarding them from his great height, his red head high, was the personification, Craig thought, enviously, of arrogance; a man to whom the good things came easily. . . .

Abby asked, "Father home?"

"Wait a minute," said Craig, "before you go in. I want to talk to you about something."

She shook her head. "Val, you mean . . . But there isn't anything to talk about, is there?"

He said desperately, "But there is. It's serious, I tell you, Abby."

She asked, quietly, "If so, what makes you think that I could prevent it?"

He began to stammer in his earnestness. He said, "But you could . . . I mean if you'd . . ."

Abby said, "Perhaps you'd like me to divorce Barry and come home?" She laughed, genuinely amused. "But that's one thing I can't do," she added, "even though he does beat me regularly and runs around with other women. You know Father told me that if I decided I had made a mistake, I needn't come running home to him!"

Craig made a defeated gesture. He said, "I don't know what to say, except that if you and Uncle Norman could only be friends, it might make a difference."

Barry spoke, looking from one to the other. He said, "I can understand your—interest, Emerson. And naturally, Abby's interested, too—but she has nothing at stake."

Craig regarded him with acute dislike. He turned to Abby and said, with some formality, "If you'll come in . . . Uncle Norman's in the library. He's had an air-conditioning unit put in . . . as he works there a good deal, with," he explained evenly, "Val."

"Maybe you'd better prepare him," said Abby, as evenly.

The hall was cool and still. The Holbein portrait looked down from above the fireplace. The library door was closed.

Craig knocked, went in, and a moment later opened the door and beckoned them. Norman Wallace rose from behind his desk. Barry, regarding him, thought that Craig's announcement that his employer had not been well lately must have been a decoy. Wallace looked remarkably well.

So did Val, as sultry as the weather, yet extraordinarily demure, in a bright gypsy skirt, full, doll-waisted; a white, sheer blouse threaded with a black velvet ribbon. Barry's eyes went swiftly to Abby's and then he turned them away; they could laugh together later.

"My dear Abby," said Wallace pleasantly, "this is a surprise!" He took her hands lightly and his were dry and cool.

Val said, "Hello, Abby." Her dark eyes moved slowly over Barry. "Hi," she said, smiling, and putting her notebook down.

Wallace said, "I've been hoping you would come. I dare say, however, you have been very busy." He looked at Craig, and said, "They'll lunch, of course. . . ."

ABBY started to speak, and Barry kicked her sharply in the ankle. He spoke for them both, with moderate enthusiasm. "We'd like to, sir," he said.

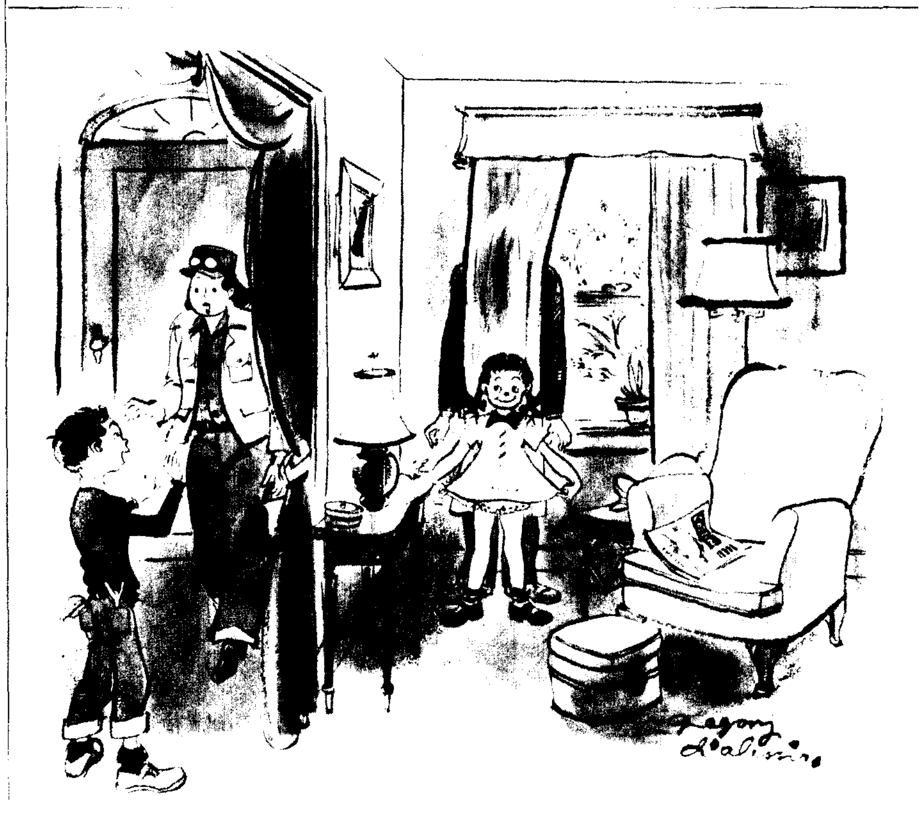
"Fine," said Wallace genially. "It's too warm for sherry," he said, "but I have some excellent rum."

Val rose. She said easily, "Never mind, Craig. I'll speak to Mrs. Renning. This *is* fun," she added, and went from the room with her model's walk.

Craig was a little white.

Wallace explained, "Mrs. Renning is Mrs. Gambel's successor. Valentine found her for me, in Litchfield. She's quite adequate." Then

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Mommy, guess who ain't the man of the house any more!"

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he added, "Suppose we go out on the sun porch?"

Val joined them there presently and sat down beside Wallace, by which time the small talk had been exhausted. Had they enjoyed their trip? How was Mrs. Duncan? Wallace had heard, of course, that they had been coming up week ends and had hoped to see them, but hardly liked to intrude . . .

Now he said, "Valentine's been literally a lifesaver, Abby. She is getting the notes into shape. A publisher . . ." he turned to Barry, "perhaps you know him—Anderson—was here last week end, talking things over with me. I had intended to publish the book privately but he has persuaded me against it."

"Of course," said Val firmly, "it's silly for Norman not to share it with a great many people, and besides, there's a definite market for autobiographies, especially of this kind."

"She's very practical," said Wallace, smiling thinly.

"I know Evan Anderson," said Val, "and so, when I ran into him in town . . ."

The elderly manservant appeared with the rum Collins. His old eyes lighted when he saw Abby, and she rose and went to speak to him.

When he had gone, Val scrubbed industriously at the tray with a bright cocktail napkin. She said, "Peters is getting unsteady, I'm afraid, poor soul."

Luncheon was good, cool, with salads and iced shrimp, and a little stately. There was, to Abby's astonishment, sauterne for those who cared for it. Her father drank several glasses, but then he had not taken the rum. His eyes grew bright and a little wavering.

After luncheon, he asked, "Abby, would you come to the library with me for a moment . . . if Barry and Valentine will excuse us? I have something for you."

She followed him, feeling acutely uncomfortable; her throat dry and tight. She was utterly bewildered by the change in him, and, in a lesser degree, by Val. Val had called him Norman, as easily as she called Barry by his given name. Val who, taking over from Craig, gave the orders in the house.

Wallace was unlocking the door to the wall safe set in back of the books, which he pulled out and heaped on the desk. He fiddled with the dial, and the safe itself swung open. He removed a big jewel case, put it on the desk and opened it.

He said, "These are yours, Abby. I should, I suppose, have sent them with the portrait, but I am still sentimental enough to wish to give them to you, personally."

He added, superfluously, "Your mother's. They became her, as they will you. The intrinsic value, that is to say, of the stones, is not of any moment. But the workmanship and the antiquity—"

Garnets, wide bracelets, earrings, a brooch, flawed emeralds and darkened pearls in breath-taking patterns, wonderful old paste, sapphires set in delicate enamel. . . .

He said, "I want you to have everything of hers." On the surface, a charming sentence, and, as he had said, sentimental. But the gray eyes were not bright and wavering now; they were like dulled steel and as hard.

ABBY said, after a moment, "Thank you, Father."

"Not at all. Sit down, Abby." And when she had done so, he said, "You could have come before."

She said, "You didn't indicate that you wished me to."

"I thought I had . . . during that painful interview at your mother-in-law's house. I said very clearly, that we would observe the amenities."

Abby put out her hand and picked up one of the rings. She asked directly, "What is Val Stanley doing here?"

A swift look of pleasure altered her father's face, but she did not see it. She was looking at the ring again.

Mr. Wallace rose. He said, easily, "My dear Abby! Surely, it is obvious that Valentine is a charming young person and that I enjoy her companionship. She is intelligent, she has a quick grasp. It has been a pleasure to—shall we say?—complete her education." He smiled a little. "Also, she has been most helpful to me. You, I may remind you, left me more or less stranded."

She said stubbornly, and her eyes blazed blue, "Craig is perfectly capable of working on the book. He always was."

"Quite," agreed Wallace, "but he has other duties to perform."

She said, "You—didn't like her; you said once she was not—the friend you would select for me."

"I apologize," said her father. "I had seen little of her since her childhood." He smiled at her. "Take the jewelry, and we'll rejoin Valentine and Barry."

THEY had remained in the sun porch, Val in a long chair. The striped skirt exposed her lovely long legs and her excellent ankles. Barry stood smoking by the fireplace, which had been filled with white birch logs.

When Abby and Wallace had left them, Barry asked, "What are you up to, Val?"

"What makes you think I am up to anything?"

He said, "Nuts to that, darling! Why this sudden obsession with art? Surely, not for art's sake?"

She said warily, but smiling, "I find it intensely interesting."

Barry laughed. She amused him, even now, when he was annoyed and angry, for Abby's sake.

He asked, "Are you trying to marry my revered father-in-law?"

The dark, vivid face did not change. She said, lazily, "It's an idea."

"A fairly repulsive one," agreed Barry.

"How flattering!" She opened her eyes, wide. She added, "Would you explain that . . . or maybe you'd better not?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean."

Her full mouth tightened, but her voice was under control.

"See here," she said, "are you being nasty just for fun, or are you afraid that Abby will lose out?"

"How like you!" he commented. "But as long as we are talking facts, no, I'm not afraid. I don't give a damn; I have enough money."

"Yes," she said, with mock sorrow, "so you have." She shrugged. "I don't see why I owe you any explanation. However, I grow no younger, and eligible men are hard to come by. I meet only married men, for the most part. . . ."

"Don't tell me that would deter you!"

"Frankly, no," said Val placidly, "but so far, I haven't met one worth the effort, or the repercussions." She smiled and added, "Abby would be affronted, wouldn't she, if she realized that it's your fault?"

"Mine!" But he was not as astonished as he appeared, and she knew it.

"Providing," she said lazily, "that I do bring it off." She rose and came to stand by him, close. She wore a little perfume, not too much, of a heady sweetness. She said, dreamily, "You have everything, you know . . . suitable . . . exciting and—as you just admitted—you even have money. But, unhappily, you weren't in love with me."

Barry was not embarrassed. Val might annoy or anger but she couldn't embarrass him.

He said, "No. . . ."

"You might have been," she said, "if Abby hadn't appeared at the swimming pool, all eyes and hair and innocence."

"I might," he said grimly, "yet I doubt that it would have endured as far as the altar."

She said, laughing, "I would have held out for the altar, Barry, and it's entirely possible that you—"

He shook his head, with violence. He said, "Come off it, Val."

"We'll never know, now," she said sadly.

Barry moved away from her. He said, "So you'd marry that old fossil for the collection—which, by the way, has been left to the Metropolitan Museum, I understand—and this barracks of a house, and what money there is in it."

"Any objection?"

"None whatever, except the natural and impersonal reaction of any guy contemplating such a spectacle, plus the fact that I don't want Abby hurt."

"Why should she be?" asked Val, entertained. "As you have nobly said, you don't care about dower rights."

He said, "She'll be hurt, I think, and if she is . . ."

"What," asked Val, "can you do about it . . . now?" She broke off, hearing steps.

Wallace came through to the sun porch with Abby. She was carrying the jewel case. He looked from Barry to Val and smiled. Everything was going according to strategy, he thought complacently. He said, easily, "I have given Abby her mother's things. . . ."

Val cried, "Oh, may I see them?"

ABBY set the case down on a table and opened it, and Val came to look and exclaim.

Barry looked, too, recognizing the delicacy of the pieces, the rings and brooches, the earrings and necklaces and bracelets. He said, pleased, "They're beautiful."

"Yes," said Abby, and touched the dimmed glitter with a careful hand. She was pale, her husband saw.

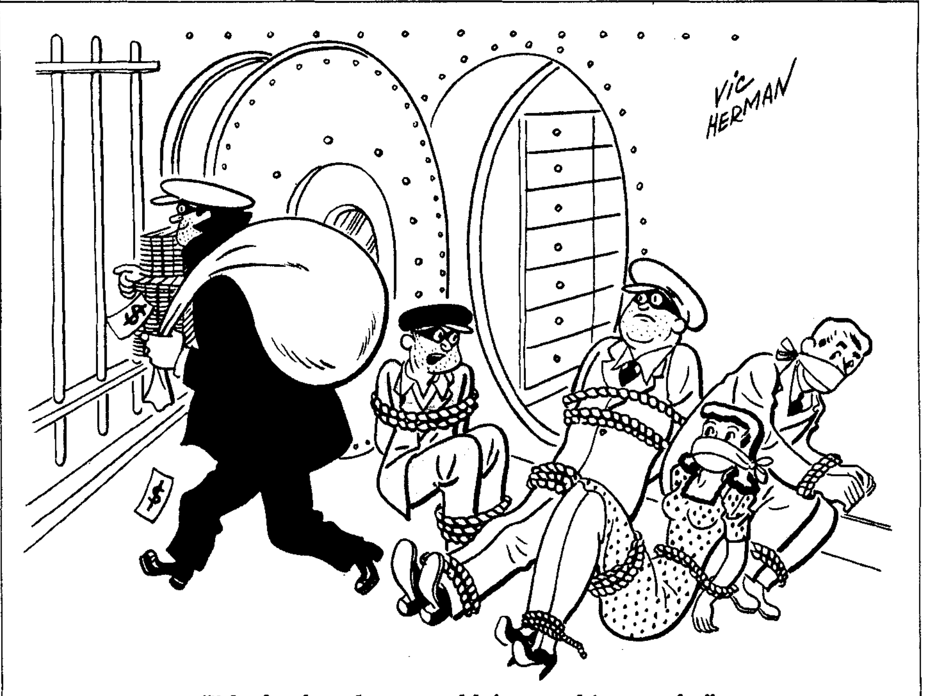
He put his arm around her and asked, "Shouldn't we be going back? Madge said something about people for tea."

Madge had said nothing of the kind. Abby leaned back against him, gratefully, and Wallace, watching, spoke.

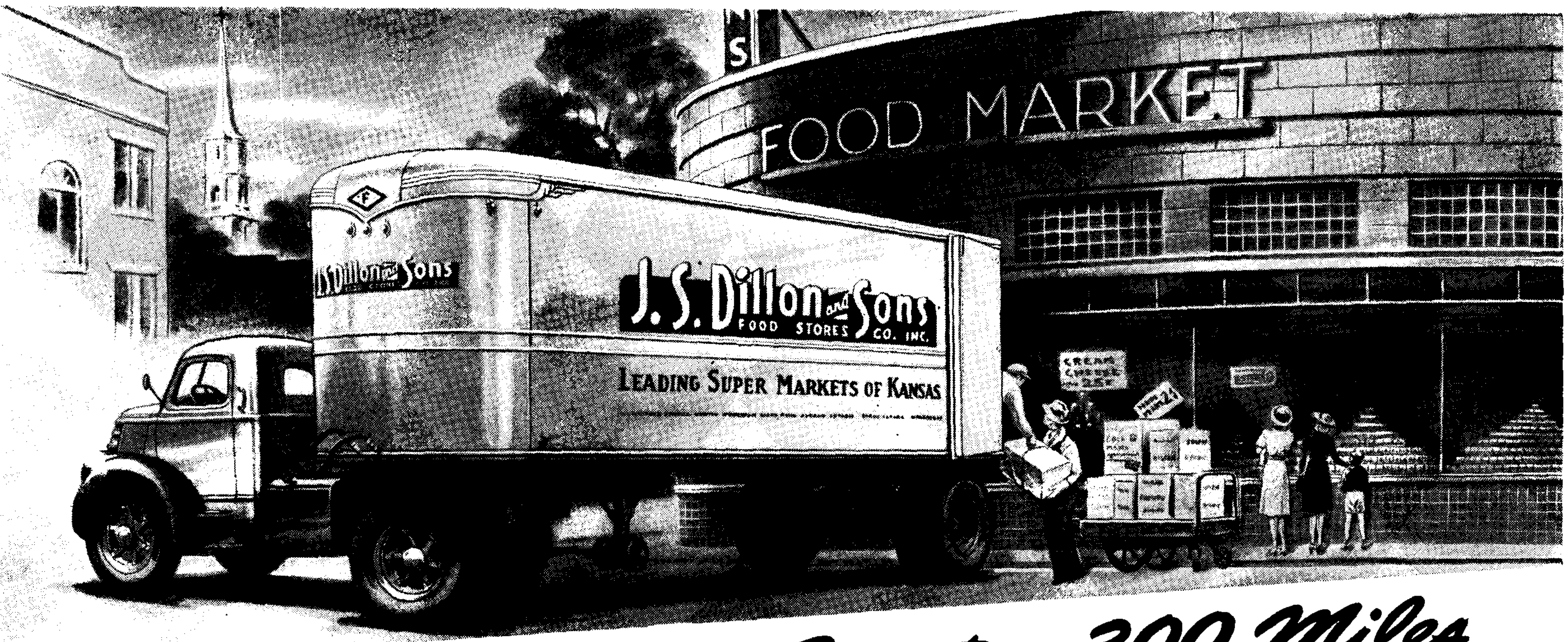
He said, "I wanted Abby to have these trinkets. They are hers, rightfully, as Val has already agreed."

Barry's arm tightened about Abby.

Wallace went on, without a perceptible break, "Val will, of course, have her own jewelry . . . of a type more—suitable." He put out his hand and took Val's. He said,



COLLIER'S "I had a hunch we couldn't trust him too far" VIC HERMAN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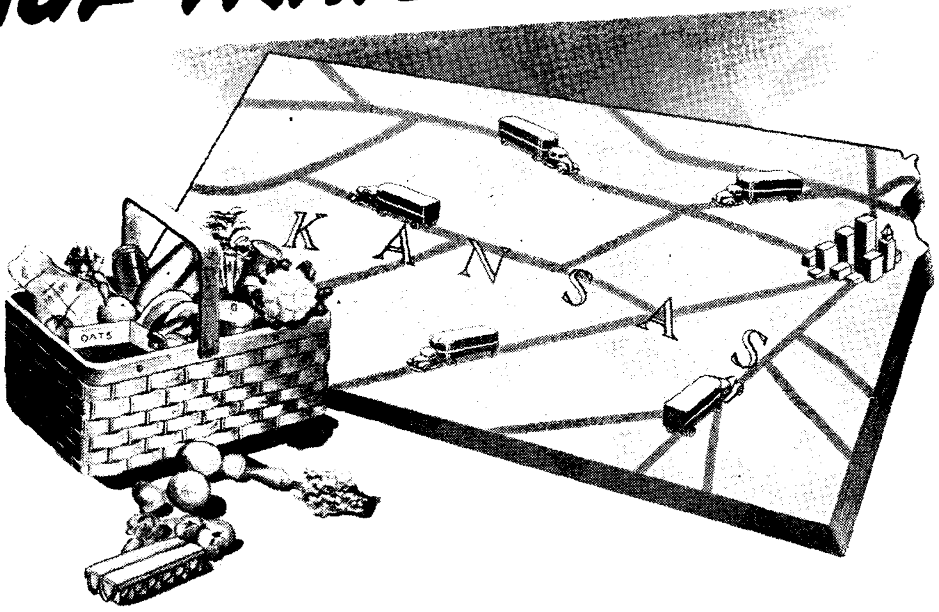

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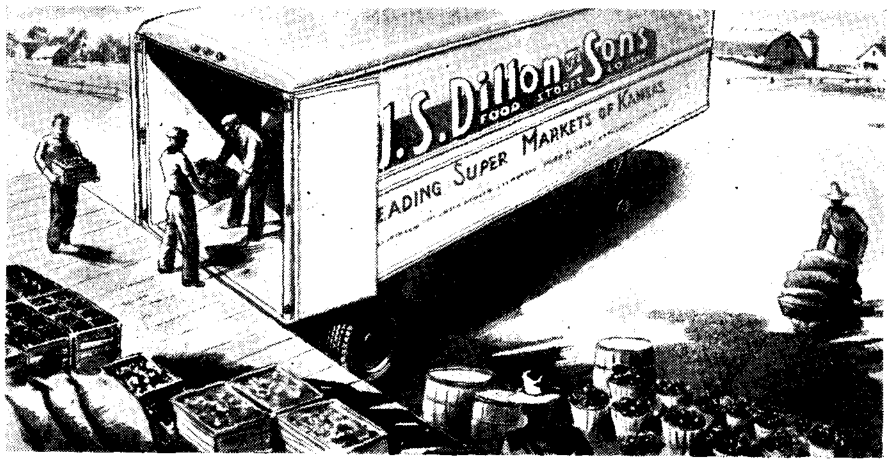
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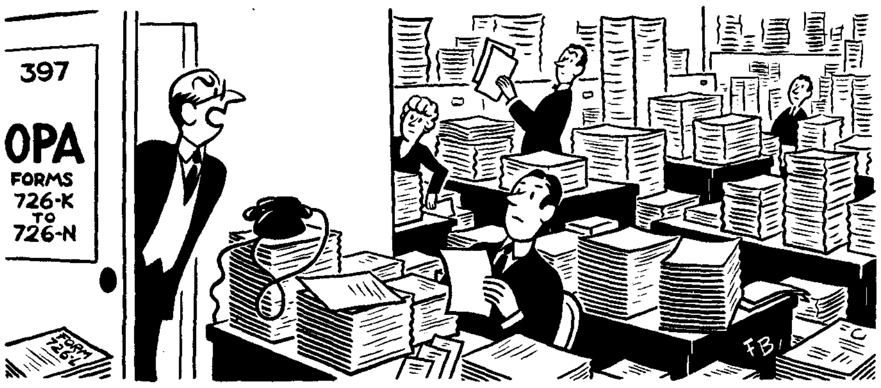


"Save Paper!"

"I am glad you came today. This seems as good a time as any to tell you that Val and I are to be married, very soon."

Someone said something, stifled. It sounded like "My God!" Craig had come in quietly and was standing by the door.

Wallace turned. He said, "My dear boy, do come in . . . not that this announcement can be much of a surprise to you."

Val said, "No one looks particularly astonished or enthusiastic."

"You can't," Wallace agreed reasonably, "blame them. I am an old man, Valentine, and you are a very young woman."

"History," said Barry politely, "keeps repeating itself. Congratulations, Mr. Wallace."

Abby had not spoken. Her father said mildly, "That's handsome of you, Barry." He released Val's hand and walked over to Abby. He asked, "And you, Abby?"

He was shaken suddenly by her resemblance to her mother. But there was more spirit there, more stamina. She looked at him and smiled.

She said, "No, I'm not exactly astonished, Father, and I hope you and Val will be very happy."

Craig made another stifled sound and went from the room.

Val looked after him, her eyebrows raised. She said, "Craig seems upset." She went over to stand by Wallace. She looked at Barry a moment and then bent to kiss Abby's cheek. "You don't mind having me for a stepmother, darling?" she asked.

"No," said Abby and added, "I don't mind anything."

Her father commented, "What a curious way to put it! A week from today, then, and here? I'll expect you and Barry. Just the family," he added, "and, of course, Valentine's. We are going to Maine for a short stay . . . and shall then return here."

Val said, "Barry, do let go of Abby. I'm sure she isn't going to fall without your support." She put her own arms around Abby, and Abby stood quietly within the warm, vibrant circle. Val said, coaxingly, "I know it's been a shock . . . but, darling, will you be my—what is it?—matron of honor?"

Abby said, "I would like to, very much."

WHEN they were in the car, Barry swore fluently and continuously from the house to the gates, while Abby listened with admiration and interest. As they turned out of the drive she said, "Hey . . . enough's enough. First thing you know, you'll be repeating yourself."

He said grimly, "I understand that your pa has a fine collection of jade. Well, he's bought himself quite a specimen."

"Look," asked Abby, "are you mad because of me, Barry, or because you don't like seeing a girl Val's age marry a man over seventy, or because it's Val who is marrying him?"

Barry pondered. The slight breeze engendered by the passing of the car was hot and damp. The afternoon was no better than the forenoon. It was, if anything, worse.

"I could do with a swim," he remarked conversationally.

Abby held the jewel case in both hands. She said, "So could I. Now, to get back to what we were saying . . ."

He said, "Well, frankly, it's fifty-fifty, as to your first two questions. I *am* mad—which is a masterpiece of understatement—because of you; also, the alliance, viewed impartially, is hardly edifying, but as far as Val is concerned . . . if that's what she wants, more power to her!"

"Did you notice," said Abby, "that no one said anything about being deliriously in love?"

"For that, you gotta give 'em credit," said Barry.

They turned into their driveway, and he slowed the car. "It just occurs to me," he said, "you've been busy discussing my reactions. What about your own? You're a remarkable girl, Abby."

She said slowly, "I couldn't believe it when Madge and Craig spoke of the possibility. I told you, remember, that I was hurt—and yet when Father made the announcement, I didn't feel anything."

"That's curious," said Barry, with interest. "Why not?"

"I don't know . . . unless it's because it doesn't affect you or me. Anything that doesn't, can't really matter. And yet—"

"Yet what?" he demanded. "Come clean."

"I'm just puzzled," she said. "There's something else, some motive. . . ."

"Well, naturally," he said, "and a child could recognize it—even an unmercenary child."

"I don't mean Val."

"Your father? Isn't that just as obvious? You run out on him. He doesn't like it. Val comes up to see the collection, and he makes her a nice, respectable proposition, the whole maneuver being planned to annoy and distress you, and otherwise disturb your equilibrium. Val," he added, "is nothing more than a door, albeit decorative and costly, with which your father can shut you out."

She said, "Maybe . . . but there's more to it than that, I think."

"How much more?"

"I don't know—yet," she admitted. . . .

Madge was extremely articulate when, finding her and Duncan at the pool, they broke the news to them. "Abby, you poor child!" she exclaimed, half laughing, half crying with genuine indignation.

Abby asked mildly, "Why? I don't mind, Madge. It's all right with me. I can even find myself being a little sorry for Val."

"Sorry for Val? Are you out of your mind?" Madge inquired. "She'll do everything she can to get everything she can and to estrange you from your father."

Abby said, "That had reached the saturation point long ago, Madge, even before I was married. There's nothing she can do. I'm going to get into my suit and take a swim."

But in the dressing room she wondered. Was there anything Val could do . . . or her father?

Nothing, as far as logic and reason could determine, yet a nebulous anxiety was a faint mist over her mind. She shook herself mentally to clear it away and presently went back to the pool where she found Madge characteristically complaining that she and Bob probably wouldn't be asked to the wedding. "And, we're family now, for better or worse," she reminded her listeners.

But Val wrote a gracious little note: Would Madge and Bob come? There wasn't time for formal invitations. She and Norman were being married in the Congregational church. The reception would be at the Wallace house.

And she telephoned Abby before the week end was over. She said, "I'll be in town Tuesday. Could I come in and see you, Abby? I thought we could talk wedding. . . . Around six, then?"

AT SIX, she arrived, looking cool in black linen with a white blouse. Abby opened the door. Val came in and looked around. She said, "Madge did wonders with a little chintz, didn't she? It looks a different place."

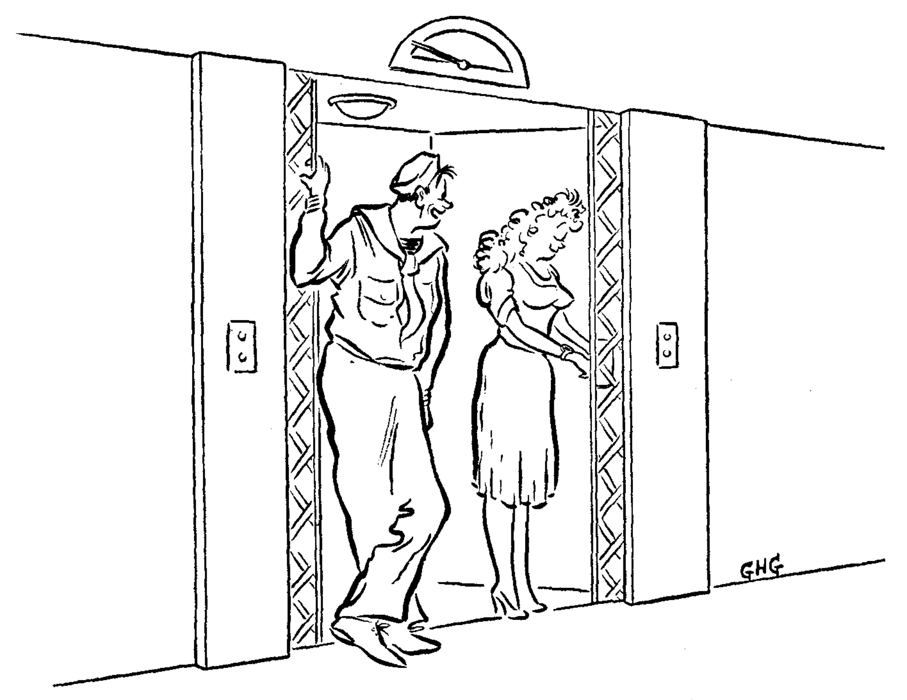
"Different?" asked Abby, before she thought.

"Quite. I've been here," she explained carelessly, "a time or two, in Barry's bachelor days."

She sat down, took off her hat, shook her head at Abby's automatic suggestion of a drink. She said, "I haven't much time. I'm meeting some people for dinner—a sort of spinster supper." She laughed. "Abby, you're very decent, saying you'll stand up with me. Good Lord, what an expression!"

Abby said only, "I suppose you want to decide on what I'll wear."

"As it isn't a big wedding," said Val, "I'm wearing a suit." She sighed. "It seems too



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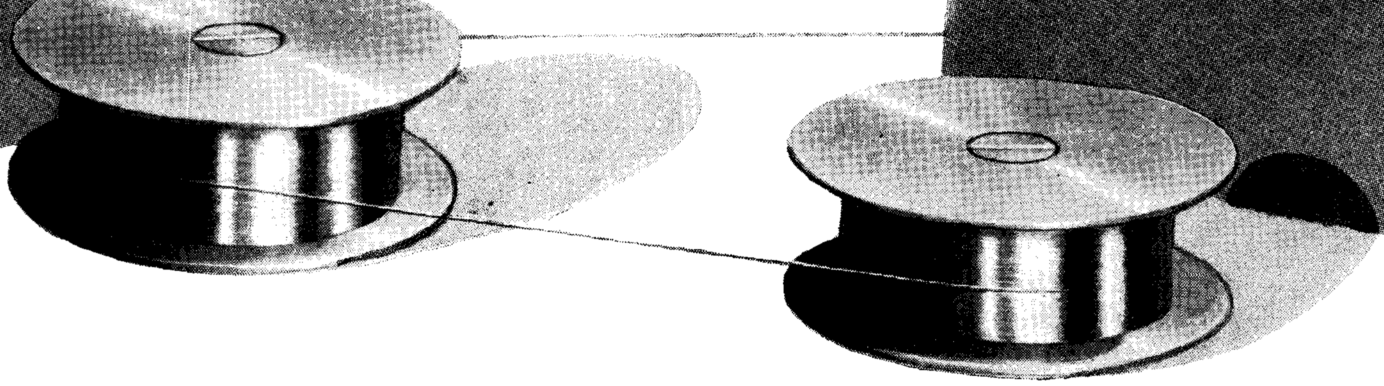

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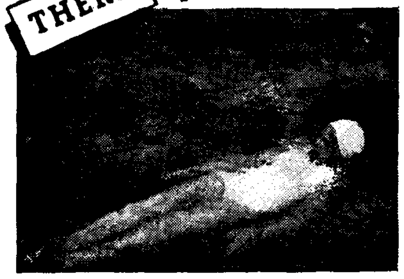

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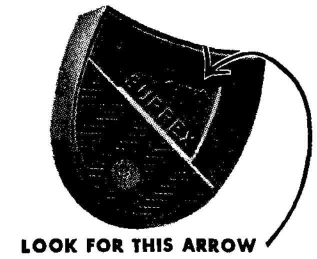

LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

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bad. I'd always had such a divine mental picture of myself, white satin, train a mile long and family lace. Not that we have any lace in the Stanley menage, beyond a few yards of tatting. However, it can't be helped."

Abby offered, "Well, come look for yourself. I hadn't a trousseau," she remarked, as she opened the clothes cupboard doors, "but I've filled in here and there, since."

"I'm so dark," mourned Val. "I wish I were fair. I found a print—pink and black—a terrific price, but it's rather nice." She added, very quickly, "I could have managed, you know, as I still rate a discount here and there, but Norman has been very generous. . . ."

She raised her hand. The diamond shone on it, and Abby's eyes followed the shining.

Val said, with overdeprecation, "What with taxes and all, it was awfully extravagant, but he insisted. I'm to have pearls, too," she added, and looked at those which gleamed around Abby's throat.

Abby said, "It's a beautiful ring, Val. Do you see anything here that would do?"

Val plucked various garments from the rods and held them at arms' length. "I have a swatch of the material here," she said, "in my handbag. This aqua print, Abby. . . . I think it will look . . ." She laid it over a chair in the bedroom and went to fetch the swatch. "No," she decided. "Do you like the gray? I do."

"The gray" was a short frock, for afternoon, with a square neck and full long sleeves. The color of a dove's breast, it would wash most women out.

Abby said, "I'll try it on, and you can see."

SHE took off her cotton frock, slipped the gray dress over her head, shook out the skirt. Her hair burned above it, and even her pallor triumphed. Val, scowling with concentration, held the little square of pink threaded with spidery black against it. She said, "That does it . . . and you can carry pink flowers if we can find the right shade."

Abby got out of the frock and hung it back in place.

Val looked at her, in her scant underthings. She thought: I have never disliked anyone as much, really. . . .

She said, a little harshly, watching Abby put on her dress, run a comb through her hair, "I suppose you think I'm practically beneath contempt."

Abby swung around on the dressing-table bench. She asked, "Why should I?"

"I don't pretend," said Val, "that I'm in love with your father."

"No. I admire you for it."

Val said, "It would be absurd. It's also the last thing he wants. I respect Norman, I'm fond of him," she went on. It sounded true, and was not. "I'm grateful to him." That was true enough. "As for him," she said, "he isn't in love with me, of course."

Abby smiled, faintly, and Val's color rose. She said furiously, "He could be! It has been known. . . ."

"Of course," said Abby consolingly, "but Father isn't exactly romantic."

Val said sullenly, "It was an arrangement. I amuse him; he likes having me around. I'm helpful in his work, in his house. I'll make him a good wife, Abby, and a good hostess."

"I'm sure of it," said Abby pleasantly.

Val thought: I could shake her, I could murder her. . . . The violence of her thoughts made her feel unsteady.

She said, "I think I'll take you up on that drink, after all."

She was drinking it, when Barry came in. He looked hot, and his red hair was damp and disheveled. He said, "Well, if it isn't my prospective mother-in-law," and grinned. He sank into a chair. "Golly, what a day!" He regarded Val. "Val, what brings you to our humble hovel?"

"Clothes."

"If you need any," said Barry, "you can have mine. This instant."

"A fascinating offer," said Val. "I mean, clothes for the wedding."

In pious horror, Barry said, "Is anyone wearing any? Don't tell me you expect me to appear in striped pants!"

"Flannels and a blue coat," said Val. She set down the empty glass. "I'll have to rush if I'm to make my date."

Barry said, "Wait a minute. How's your family taking this?"

"My father doesn't like it. He's very New England, you know." Her voice was sharp. "Mother's in two minds. She's agreeable to the notion that I've found a good provider, but at the same time a little on the defensive when it comes to what the neighbors are going to say and think."

"You can't," said Barry, "blame her *or* the neighbors."

Val bit her lips. She said smoothly, "Aunt Ellen, on the other hand, is in a tizzy. She went so far as to write Norman and tell him that she hoped that the sunset of his life would be brightened by the warm golden sun of my morning-glory youth."

"I don't believe it!" said Barry. "Did she tell you so?"

"Norman showed it to me. He thought it priceless. Also," she went on, "Aunt Ellen dropped hopeful hints about the possibility of there being an heir."

"Words fail me," said Barry piously.

"Well, it's an idea," answered Val carelessly, and rose, "and one we've talked over. 'By, you two. See you at rehearsal Friday night."

She went out, and they heard her high heels on the stairs. Barry stared wordlessly at Abby. He asked finally, "Did you hear that?"

She nodded.

"Abby, it's too absurd."

"No," she said, "he might have dynastic aspirations . . . a son, for instance." Her voice was edged. "A healthy son."

"Don't look like that, darling." Barry pulled her into his lap. He said, "That cold-blooded . . ."

She put her hand over his mouth. "Never mind the description," she said. "Barry, she will want to make her position secure."

"Oh, sure."

Abby said, "It's funny somehow . . . the possibility of a child, and not a grandchild."

"Statistics," said Barry, "are agin it."

Abby rose suddenly. She said, her voice rising, "Barry, why didn't we think of it before?"

"Of what?" he demanded. "A little half brother?"

"No. We've been so obsessed with wondering if we could trace Doctor Gilpin's records; but we don't need them; we need only the man who signed my mother's death certificate. He would know how she died. He would have been a local man."

Barry said, with mounting excitement, "Of course! What a dope I am. But who was he, Abby? Is he still here?"

"The local man is a Doctor Lansing. But there was someone before him, Barry. In the attic," she said slowly, trying to remember, "there are some books, belonging to my mother. I went through them once. There were several—poetry, I think—with a man's name in them. I can't remember the name. I remember 'Fairton' and 'M.D.' after the name."

"Who would know?" he asked.

"Anyone who'd lived long enough in Fairton—Doctor Lansing, of course, and possibly Mrs. Gambel," said Abby. "We could ask her, Barry. She came to the house shortly after mother died, but she had lived in Fairton before that."

"Has Mrs. Gambel a phone?" asked Barry, "or if not, has she a neighbor with one? Get busy. I'll wash and change."

She said, "But dinner . . . and your meeting?"

"This can't wait. We'll get something around the corner, or go without till later. Get on that phone."

THE afternoon of the wedding was cooler, for which the guests gave thanks. The Stanleys sat in a front pew: Val's mother, her father's sister Ellen, her father's brother Saul, and his wife. Across from them, Madge sat between her husband and Barry.

Mr. Stanley gave his daughter away. He was a hard, brown, elderly man, with great integral dignity. Her mother, watching, was almost expressionless; Aunt Ellen was the only one who wept.

Barry looked at Abby. Her frock was a gray cloud, her pale pink hat a halo. She carried roses, shading from flesh to deep pink, and her face was like a rose, roused from its pallor. She wore her mother's carved pink corals, in her ears, and around her wrists and throat.

He deliberately did not look at Val. She made his gorge rise, standing beside the tall old man with the unrevealing face. Craig Emerson was Wallace's best man. He looked ill, and might well have been. Last night after rehearsal, he had drunk too much.

The clergyman was a newcomer to Fairton. He had liked his new parish or had until now. He did not like officiating at this wedding, but he had his duty to perform to his parishioners.

The organist crashed into the usual happy-ending music. He was feeling a little sardonic. He was a local young man, who had come home not long ago with an honorable discharge from the Navy, to his wife and child. He had known Val Stanley since she was in pigtails and, at one time, rather well . . . until she decided that Fairton was not her appropriate setting. Well, she had returned to it.

VAL'S parents appeared at the Wallace house and partook sparsely of what the Fairton weekly would refer to as the "collation." They left early, as Mrs. Stanley, her husband explained, had not been well, and was not equal to too much excitement. Aunt Ellen remained until the last decent moment.

Craig Emerson, who had felt appalling for a week, sick with nerves and anger, was sorry for her. She was having such a good time, her thin cheeks flushed, her high voice higher, after two glasses of excellent champagne. He saw her look wistfully around the drawing room, so seldom used, and asked her quietly, if she would like to see some of the collection.

Jay Morris was circulating among the guests. He talked, for the most part, to Madge, whom he found immensely entertaining. But he watched Abby. He thought: She's the loveliest thing in this house, and sighed because she had left it.

As for Val, he thought less than nothing of her. Craig had tried to draw him out, but Morris had little to say, not from loyalty but sheer indifference. He had said, merely, after he had been informed of the plans, "What difference does it make? If she wants the Wallace money—or as much of it as he will leave her—she will have earned it, provided she sticks it out. Why so distressed, Craig? It's nothing to either of us."

And of Val, he said, "Her looks won't last. Her bones aren't good. Give her twenty years, or less, and she'll coarsen. But by that time, it won't matter to Norman."

Now Barry wandered up to his wife, a glass in his hand. He asked, "Didn't I do a good job of kissing the bride?"

"Too good," she said laughing. She didn't care tonight. She was too happy, too irradiated with happiness.

He said, low, "They'll be going soon. Have you told him?"

"I haven't had an opportunity."

"Want me to?"

"No," she said; "this is between us."

The opportunity came later, when she saw her father turn away from Saul Stanley and join Val.

She went to him, smiled at Val. She said, "You'll be leaving soon."

Wallace looked at his watch and nodded, and Val said, "I'll go up and change. I won't be long. Come along, Abby."

That was routine, of course; the matron of honor assisting the bride. Abby said, "In a moment."

Val went to the stairs, and people clustered there, waiting. She threw her flowers, orchids, white, pink, pale green, in the customary gesture. Aunt Ellen, back from her brief tour of the gallery, caught them.

"I wanted them," Madge said sadly to her husband.

"My child," he said firmly, "haven't you been married enough?"

"I hope so." She looked a little dreamy. "But every time I go to a wedding, I have, you might say, the urge."

He said kindly, "If it lasts until we get home, I shall be gratified to beat it out of you."

She took his arm, smiling. She wasn't at all romantic about Bob any more, but he was quite necessary to her. Aloud she inquired, "Where's Abby? She should be trailing up after Val."

"I saw her a moment ago," said Bob, "with her father."

"Oh, murder!" said Madge hopefully. "Do you suppose she's telling him what she thinks of him, or just wishing him luck?"

"If the latter," said Bob, "he'll need it."

ABBY and her father were in the small reception room, and the door was closed. She had closed it. Over the mantel where her mother's portrait had looked down, another painting hung, in remembrance—one of the small Botticellis.

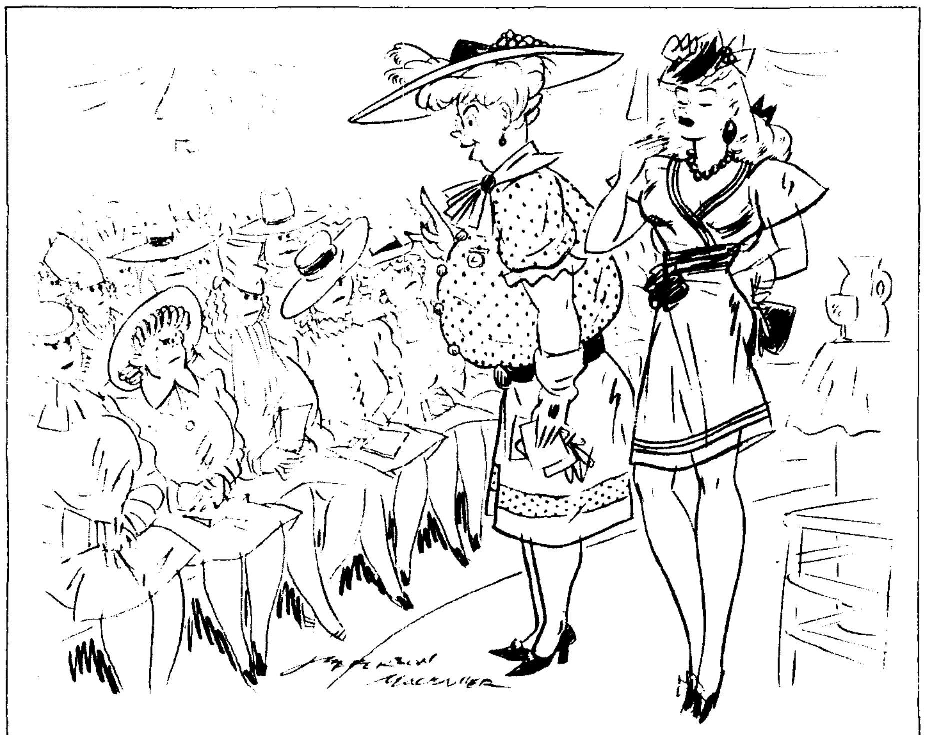
Her father said, with comprehensible impatience, "Well, Abby, you wished to speak with me?"

She had been looking at the Botticelli, thinking of the portrait. They would hang it now, she and Barry, as soon as they returned to town.

She looked gravely at her father. She said, "It won't take long. I just wanted to tell you that Barry and I have been to see Doctor Mason."

"Doctor Mason?" He frowned slightly. "But who," he inquired, "is he?"

She said, "Surely you remember him, Fa-



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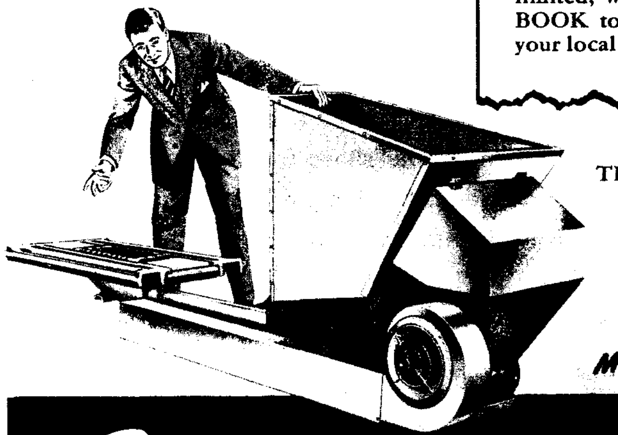

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ther? He was the local man before Doctor Lansing."

His face was very controlled. He had recognized Mason's name at once, she thought.

"Well?" he said, with exaggerated patience. "I must remind you, Abby, that Valentine and I—"

She said, "Doctor Mason is practicing in New Jersey. He was quite young when he was here, and unmarried. It was, in fact, at your suggestion that he left Fairton."

"My suggestion?"

She said, "He's not young now, and he's happily married, and he didn't mind talking about it. He attended my mother several times. He was impressionable and he told us she was the most beautiful and the most unhappy creature he had ever seen. He was in love with her, and she with him."

WALLACE'S face darkened. He said, with cold fury, "What indecent nonsense."

"She used to meet him," said Abby, "when she went walking; she'd wait, and he'd stop, on his way back from a call. It was all very innocent," she added, "which was a pity."

"Abby, I forbid you!"

She said, "On one of those walks she caught cold. It rained, very suddenly and hard, and she waited in the rain. He didn't come; there had been an emergency. So he always blamed himself, because she caught cold, and it became pneumonia and she died of it. You *had* to call him, Father. You tried getting a man from New York, and others from nearer by, but they couldn't come at once, and it had by then become urgent. He didn't dare move her to the hospital. Everything possible was done, but she died, and he was with her. You weren't. You found dying distasteful, I dare say."

He said, "The man's a fool and a liar, as well."

"No," Abby interrupted. "He isn't. I was glad he told us. She had a little happiness, after all, even if it was frightened and incomplete. And she died," said Abby softly, "in her right mind and of pneumonia. It is in the records."

He said heavily, "Are you so sure? Mason was a man you could bribe."

"No," said Abby. "My mother was never insane, not even temporarily, as you suggested, nor when I was born. She may have looked as she did, and as I now look, but she was strong and healthy. She was unhappy but never neurotic. Doctor Mason had some letters from her. He had kept them. He showed them to us. . . ."

But Wallace was walking past her, he opened the door and was gone.

She followed him, and went upstairs, the back way. Val had changed to a dark shantung suit, with an absurd and becoming hat. She wore alligator shoes and her big alligator handbag lay near by.

She turned from the mirror and asked, "What happened to you?"

"I was talking to Father," said Abby. "And you didn't need me."

"Mrs. Renning came in," said Val, "and Morton has taken the luggage."

This was Val's room. She had moved into it, as far as personal belongings were concerned, before her marriage. She looked around it a moment. She asked, "What were you and Norman talking about . . . me?"

"No."

Uneasiness crept over Val. She picked up the handbag. It was very beautiful. The pearls shone around her throat, and the diamond was bright on her finger, above the wedding ring. She said, "Well, I'm ready."

Abby opened the door and stood aside. She said, "I hope you will be as happy as I am, Val."

Val's face flushed carnation-red. She said, "Thanks, darling," lightly, and she thought, as she went downstairs where the guests and Norman Wallace waited: I'll pay her back for that, if it's the last thing I ever do.

THE return of the Norman Wallaces to Fairton inaugurated a new social era. For the first time in the memory of the amazed inhabitants, the Wallace house emerged in one unheralded, blinding glare, from the dim-out of the last twenty-odd years. There were the social gatherings almost as soon as the bride and bridegroom came home; several teas; a series of small dinners; a cocktail party. The town was agog and had more to talk about than anything since Pearl Harbor, except the war and Val Stanley's marriage.

Nor was Fairton the only town to be given the adrenalin of an increased social tempo; people in neighboring villages, who knew Wallace slightly, or Val rather better, were also bidden and came. And from New York there came, with growing frequency, still other visitors, for a day, an evening or even a week end: Val's friends—fabulous young women walking like model-agency goddesses; equally fabulous young men, in and out of uniform; refugees with authentic or *ersatz* titles; young actresses and bit screen players; a musician or two.

Also Norman Wallace's friends or acquaintances—men interested in art, commercially or otherwise; fellow members of the clubs he never set foot in; and very often, their wives; men with a background of Who's Who and Bradstreet. It was all very confusing.

Madge and Robert Duncan were meticulously asked to all the larger gatherings and a few of the smaller ones; and so were Abby and Barry.

Abby cried, reading one of Val's notes over the breakfast table, "But what does it *mean?*"

Week ends, going up to Madge's, they also had found themselves at the Wallaces'.

"Do go, Angels," Madge would urge, "it's too astonishing—a liberal education. Besides, you'll be amused."

Abby wasn't, but Barry was. He found it excellent entertainment; Val's public attitude toward Abby was a minor miracle—a warm kindliness, as befitted a stepmother; a species of understanding, linked-arms camaraderie, as befitted their contemporary ages, plus a rather charming deprecation, which you couldn't quite pin down—almost an apology for being there, presiding, in Abby's place.

NOW, Abby gave Barry Val's letter. It was written on the heavy creamy paper she affected, monogrammed, with the engraved address: "Do hope you can make it . . . just a small party," wrote Val. "Saturday evening. Why don't you come to us for the week end, if you haven't already promised Madge? We'd love to have you."

"Let's go," said Barry, deciding suddenly.

Abby said, "But—"

"Look, Mrs. Lambert. Val's playing some sort of a game. I'd like to figure it out. Wouldn't you?"

She said, "It's so utterly unlike Father. He despises most people . . . and he's never liked young people. First thing you know, she'll have a swimming pool, tennis courts, badminton . . . all the things he hates."

Barry asked shrewdly, "Aren't you feeling a little sorry for him?"

She said slowly, "No, I don't think so."

"Watch it," he warned her. "Perhaps that's just exactly what he wants you to feel."

"But why?" she demanded. "It doesn't make sense."

He said persuasively, "Just the same, let's go . . . innocent bystanders, spectators. October's a good month up there . . . and you rate a little fun. You've been very much neglected lately."

It was true enough. In September, Barry had begun his night-school law course. On the evenings when he was not at the university, he was doing pre-election work in the district. Abby was alone a good deal.

Now and then, a school friend turned up, and telephoned her. She was herself taking a course, in Nurses' Aide and at its completion would give a stated number of hours to the hospital. But the fact remained that no matter how she occupied her time, it was still empty, if Barry were not with her.

She was, of course, going to have a baby. Not now, not yet, but some time. There was no reason why she shouldn't have one. No problem of war, postwar, economics; no problem of heredity.

She said suddenly, "Suppose Val's started a baby?"

Barry shook his red head. "Nope," he said. "Haven't we been over all that before? Afraid she'll beat you to it?" He smiled at her across the little table. "Darling, there's time—all the time in the world. Let's go up for the week end. I can't get away until Saturday morning and I'll have to come down Sunday night. But you can go Friday."

"Not without you."

He said, "What are you scared of, Abby? Okay, Saturday then. Call Val and insist upon the red carpet and the fatted—it will probably be duck. Tell her I know where I can find a carton of cigarettes and a bottle of Scotch without resorting to the black markets. That will make us doubly welcome."

VAL met them, with Craig and a number of parcels in the back seat. She was looking very well, tanned and glowing. She had put on a little weight, which became her. Her face was as smooth as nature and sun-bronze pancake could make it, and as guileless as a good child's. Her dark head was bare, her suit was a soft monotone tweed, her hand-knit sweater, a wonderful orange-gold

Craig looked bad, but his face lighted a little when he saw Abby. At Val's gesture, Abby got in the back seat with him, and Barry sat in the front.

Val said expansively, "I've been doing the marketing. It becomes more and more difficult. Mrs. Renning, capable as she is, simply cannot cope."

Craig spoke low and bitterly. "The perfect wife," he said.

Abby asked, "What in the world are they doing to the Corner Market?"

It was so obvious that they were painting it that no one answered. But she would not let herself be drawn into a discussion of Val with Craig.

Val spoke, over her shoulder, "The town's getting itself a new hair-do. Father's busier than he's been in years," she said.

Barry said something about labor and materials, and Val shrugged. "After the war," she said, turning into the road which led to the house, "Norman thinks we can build a swimming pool . . . if the cost isn't too out of this world."

Barry cleared his throat with such vigor that the rest of the sentence was lost to Abby. She had an impulse to laugh aloud. "Swimming pool, tennis courts, badminton," she had said to Barry only a few days ago. She had been a better prophet than she realized.

Each time she had seen her father since his wedding, she had looked for some alteration in him to match the alteration in his manner of living. Yet he seemed the same, gray and unrevealing; no older, no younger. His manner toward her had not changed; it was the same he had always employed—in public. He avoided being alone with her. Not that she wished to be alone with him . . . yet, there was, as Barry had said on the night of the wedding, plenty of unfinished business.

Wallace had neither explained his falsification of the facts in her mother's death nor denied that he had falsified them. He had simply walked out of the room the night of the wedding and, metaphorically, never returned.

His manner toward Val was noteworthy. He behaved toward his wife, Abby realized, as he had never behaved toward her: as if Val were an indulged, beloved and devoted daughter. He watched her quietly, often smiling a little. He seemed proud of her, of the way, as he once expressed it, in which she had "taken hold."

Toward their guests, he was a considerate host, if an unbending one. He made no attempt to join them in the various activities at which they were amateurs or experts. If there was too much radio, too loud laughter, too much anything, he vanished quietly and without ostentation, and reappeared when it suited him. If the new life was getting Wallace down, he did not show it.

Toward Barry, he was amiable, and showed not the slightest trace of his old hostility. But Barry said, as he and Abby were dressing for dinner: "You know, don't you, that your old man hates my guts? What bothers me is why he no longer troubles to show it."

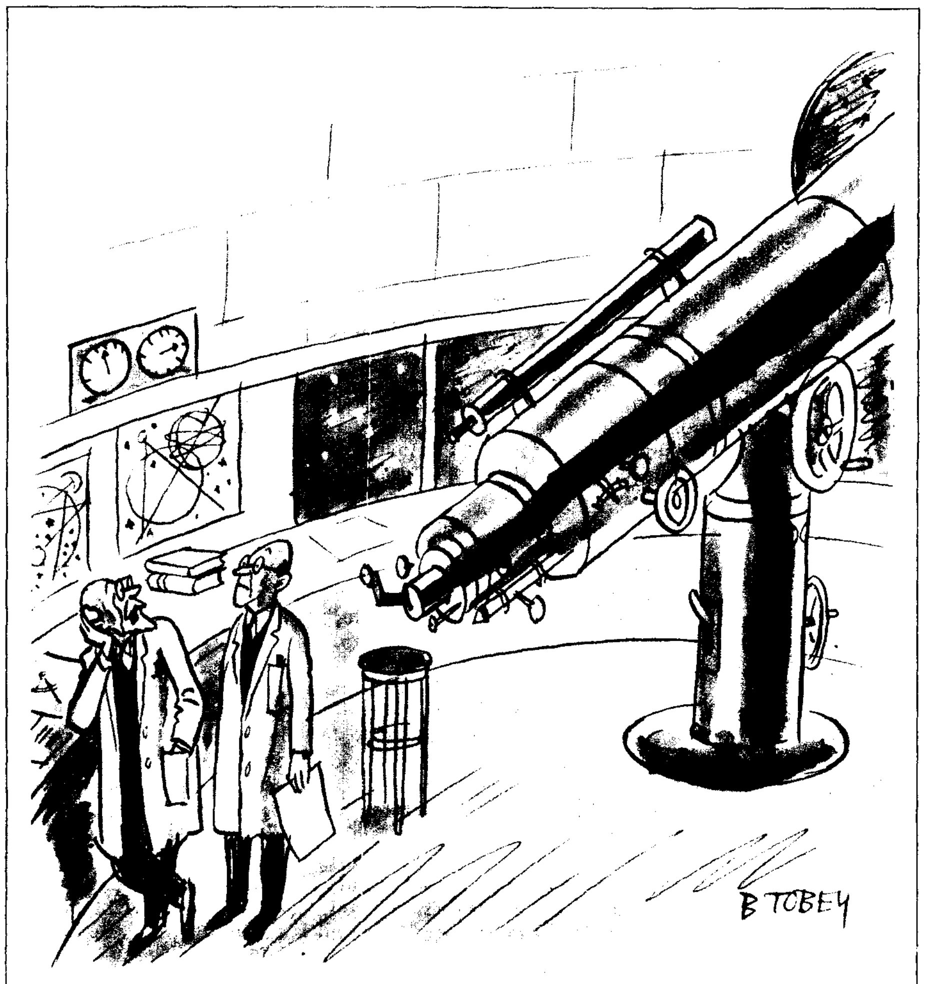
Abby was brushing her hair. The blue October dusk crowded against the windows, and a small wind spoke of snow on distant mountains; a fire burned on the little hearth.

Barry stood by the fireplace and watched his wife. The brush went crackling through her hair . . . lifted it, smoothed it, the satin length, the incredible color. He thought he would never tire of watching her.

She said, "I don't understand my father."

"Try not to care," Barry said. "You're so edgy with him, Abby. And you shy away from Val like a nervous horse."

It was not the most fortunate of similes



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and it irritated her, unduly. She put down the brush with a clatter, and began to braid her hair.

Barry came over to bend down and put his cheek against hers. He said, "Don't be afraid of Val."

"I'm not. Why should I be?"

"Heaven knows. Abby, you and I are together. We belong. We knew that the day we met . . . a moment, an eternity ago. When was it? Last May? What your father does or what Val does needn't concern us. On the surface it simply looks as if she were spending all the money she can lay her hands on, and as fast as possible. Personally, I don't think that's too bright, but it's quite possible that he has told her that after his death, she'll have her dower right and no more. On the other hand, I believe there's something underneath the more or less to-be-expected gestures. I don't know whether it's of Val's motivation, or whether it's your father's; or whether, whatever it is, they dreamed it up together. But it's there. And I'm just curious enough to want to know what it is and why."

ABBY pinned the braids in place with steady fingers. She asked, "Where did you and Val disappear to, just before we came upstairs?"

"Disappear?" He looked at her blankly. "Oh, that . . . Your father wanted an expert opinion on the brandy somebody sold him last week. Val took me down to the cellar. It's quite a setup. For a man who doesn't drink seriously, he certainly laid in a stock of the nasty stuff, over a long period of time. And hate me or not, he must trust me—not only," said Barry, grinning, "with his beautiful bride but with the keys to his liquor closets."

Abby made no comment. There wasn't one to make.

Barry went off to the bathroom, whistling. He thought: Whatever the old man's game, Val's is obvious enough. A man. Any man . . . in, of course, a totally harmless and discreet way, at least, for the moment.

Val had said, standing there in the whitewashed cellars, with the lights too bright overhead, "I don't suppose you'll believe I'm really happy?"

"Why not?" he told her. "You have everything all clever girls work hard to get—"

She said, "I don't mind you saying that, because it's true. And I am happy. Barry, have you forgotten what I said to you . . . the day you and I were in the sun porch, just before Norman announced our engagement?"

"Yes," he said promptly.

She smiled, took his arm, and moved closer to him. She still wore the same scent; he remembered it. She said, "Good. Because if you'd said you remembered, I was going to ask you to forget."

Nuts, he thought now and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked a little fine drawn for him. It wasn't easy to return to the classroom and to books. He had been out of that sort of thing for a long time. But he liked it fine. He liked tearing around with Hageney; he liked smoky little clubrooms and bigger, better-aired clubrooms. He liked people . . . all kinds of people. He talked with them, on subways, in busses, at bars.

THIS was merely a very small beginning, but one day it would pay off. A lot of people in his district had sons in the services. Some would return. They were wondering what would happen when they did; there would be a transition period; and it would be bad. . . .

"Barry, for heaven's sake," said Abby. "What are you doing?"

He said, "Darling, I'm standing here looking in the mirror marveling how anyone as beautiful as I wasn't snapped up by the cinema long ago."

She said, "I've wondered, too. But do get dressed. The gong rang just now."

"Now, we have gongs," said Barry. That entertained him, too—a little trick Val must have picked up through lending-library association with the stately homes of England. A dressing gong; a warning or cocktail gong; a dinner gong.

"Coming, Mother," he said, meekly.

Before they left, Sunday evening, Wallace took Barry into his library. He said, "Sit down, Barry, I want to talk to you."

He pushed an inlaid silver cigarette box across the desk and regarded his son-in-law. He said, "I think I owe you an apology."

"Why?" asked Barry warily.

Wallace said thoughtfully, "On the other hand, I doubt if any sane man could contemplate calmly as hasty a marriage as yours and Abby's. So I don't owe you an apology for my original objection. But I would like to say that I have revised my opinion of you. I have made"—he paused slightly—"inquiries. It seems that you are serious about a career in politics."

Barry said hastily, "I'd hardly call it that, sir."

"Well, whatever you call it, it is," he added, "in its way, quite admirable, although I belong to the reactionary school which holds that gentlemen are rarely politicians or, shall we say, the other way around?"

Barry said, annoyed, "I'm afraid I can't agree with you. It depends, of course, what your definition of a gentleman is. But by any standards, I could cite some notable names."

Wallace smiled. He said, "Suppose we don't argue the point. I personally do not belong to any party, and upon the occasions when I have voted, I have exercised the right of choice."

"Fair enough," said Barry.

"When I have given funds," said Wallace, "to either party, it has been because at the time and of the two, I preferred one to the other. From all your mother tells me . . ." He stopped and added mildly—"she is a very articulate woman—your particular interest lies in reform, and your party affiliation is more or less a matter of convenience. In other words, you have to work through or with an organization machine."

Barry raised his eyebrows. "You put it," he murmured, "neatly."

"I'm not interested," said Wallace, "in reform. I've lived long enough to see reformers fail, too often, and people revert to type. I don't especially like the world I live in, but as it's the only one of which I have actual knowledge, I have had to adapt myself, after my fashion." He opened the desk drawer with a small key and took out an envelope. "I did not give you a wedding present," he said.

"You gave Abby a portrait, Mr. Wallace, and her mother's jewels."

Wallace said, "This, however, is for you . . . to use, as you see fit, in furthering your —ambitions."

BARRY took the envelope and removed a check. It was sizable, worthy of respect or suspicion, depending on how you look at these things. He said, "This is more than generous. But I would prefer you made the contribution through your State or County Chairman."

"It is not a contribution to a party," said Wallace, "it is for you to use, as I said before."

"You mean," asked Barry curiously, "that if I refuse you wouldn't give it to the Finance Committee here?"

"Just that."

Barry put the check in the envelope and the envelope in his pocket. He thought: Hell, a bribe! But what for, and why? They could use it. Hageney would jump out of his withered skin. His was not a rich district, nor fashionable.

Barry said, "I'll take it, then. Thanks, very much."

Wallace said, "Perhaps it is just my way of admitting I was mistaken. I believe you are making Abby very happy."

Barry said bluntly, "She would be—if not happier, at least less bewildered—if she knew why you had told her that her mother was insane and had committed suicide."

Wallace said regretfully, "I didn't say exactly that. She drew her own inferences."

Barry said, "You're damned right she did, as you intended her to! Would you tell me why?"

Wallace considered. Then he said, "Of course. It is simple enough. I did not want her to marry you, and was certain that there was no other way to stop her."

"So you lied?"

"Not to put too fine a point on it, yes."

Barry said, "You're incredible, as I suppose you know."

"To you, yes." Wallace rose. He said, "I hope you and Abby will come here often. It is pleasant for me to have you here, and for Valentine. You have been wondering," he remarked, leaning against the desk, "while I was talking. You have been thinking, that in middle life I made a failure of a marriage to a woman greatly my junior; and that now, practically moribund, I am repeating that error. But I do not think so. Valentine is very dissimilar from my first wife. She is extremely intelligent, in her way, and realistic. She is quite aware of her bargain."

He walked to the door and opened it and Barry followed. He thought: What a—swine! The expression "independent as a hog on ice" occurred to him. It was a silly colloquialism and he had never been sure what it meant, but it suited his father-in-law.

The check burned in his pocket. In the train, he told Abby exactly what her father had said. She listened, without comment, and he asked anxiously, "I shouldn't have taken it, should I?"

"Why not?" asked Abby. "If it's his way of making amends. It isn't a very good way, but you can make it so."

"The end, if not the means?" He smiled at her. "But I don't think that was his motive. Either he is trying to buy or disarm me. I don't know which. But when I think of what he tried to do to you—to us . . ."

She said, "Let's not talk about it any more." She put her hand in his. "He can't hurt us, now."

He said abstractedly, as the train rocked through the autumnal country, the smell of wood smoke beyond its windows, the trees which, by daylight, burned, now in darkness, "Abby, it wasn't just that he didn't want you to marry me. He didn't want you to marry anyone . . . not even Emerson."

She roused herself from a little dream, in which she had dismissed her father, everyone, and locked herself and Barry into it as if it were a room. She said, "He wouldn't have minded Craig—much."

"I'm not so sure," said Barry. "Well, skip it. From now on in, he'll have his hands full with Val, or I'm not as sharp as I used to be."

"Why?"

"Maybe not now," he said. "She's a smart little dish. But later . . . You don't think that she's going to be content with the sort of admiration he gives a painting? And a minor painting at that, I dare say."

Abby said, "He doesn't seem to mind other people admiring her. Her friends, I mean. At least, he doesn't show it."

Barry grinned. "Tramping through the gallery," he said, "drinking his liquor, making passes at his wife?"

"Well, not actually," Abby argued.

"Val's more attractive to most of her male acquaintances," said Barry, "now that she's married. Safer, more fun, no strings. Give her a couple of years, and I don't think your father will be as happy about the whole thing. Not that she won't be discreet. . . ."

Abby said, "You know a lot about Val, don't you?"

He said, "Not very much. I used to wonder. She has a pretty warm exterior. You ask yourself 'What's cookin'?' and you think you know. Yet I've never been sure." He laughed and added, "And won't be, now."

Abby looked at him thoughtfully. The car was crowded but they might have been alone in it. She asked, "You aren't wishing you could find out, by any chance?"

He said, "Nope. I have enough trouble with you. You see," he added, smiling, "about you—I *am* sure."

He watched her color rise, and laughed again. He was a happy man, in a train taking him back to work, and his own place, with his wife beside him. He looked forward to the pattern of his life. After election, the pace might slacken, but he still had his job to do, his studies and his friends. He thought, without regret: I don't suppose we will be going to Fairton much, this winter. . . .

HE WAS mistaken; they often went to Fairton for a winter week end. They drifted into it . . . an urgent note from Val, or a telephone call: She'd corralled a general, or it might be a rear admiral; she had the most interesting foreigner coming for a week end . . . They must come.

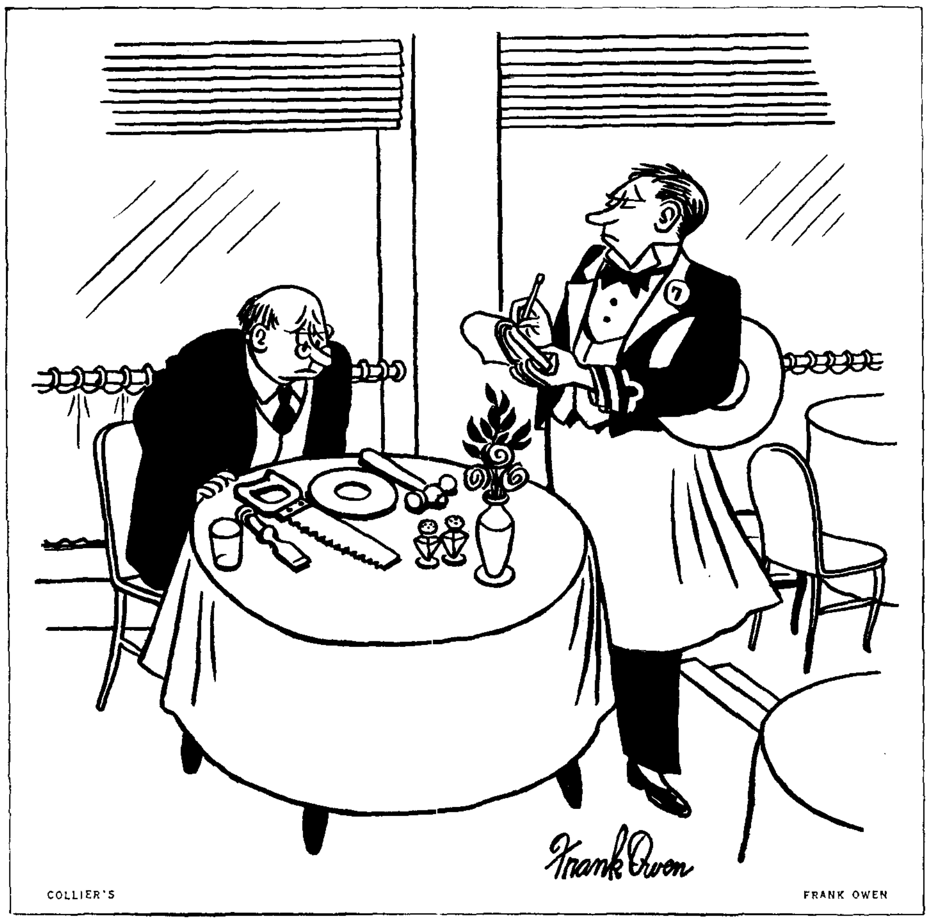
If Abby protested, Barry would say, "But you have to get out and see people, darling, you can't stay cooped up here, all the time."

So she stopped protesting. She told herself it was people he liked, all kinds of people. He had immense fun on the week ends, arguing, listening, talking. He attracted all types, with his warmth and vitality and talent for friendliness. And Val said seriously, "It's good for him, Abby; the more influential people he knows, the better."

She had to admit that, hating however to hear it from Val.

But it wasn't until early spring, until she and Barry had been married almost a year, that she realized she was deeply, starkly afraid of her father's wife.

(To be concluded next week)



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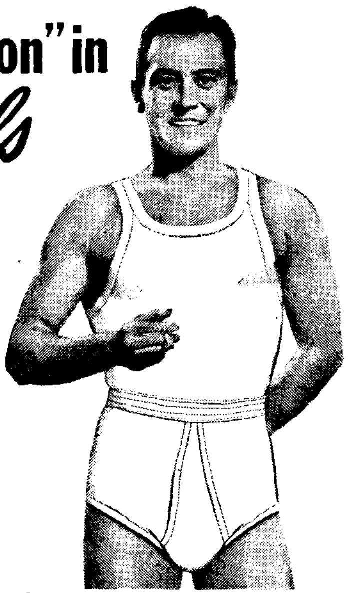

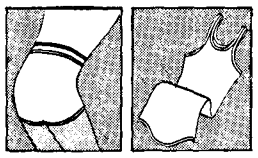

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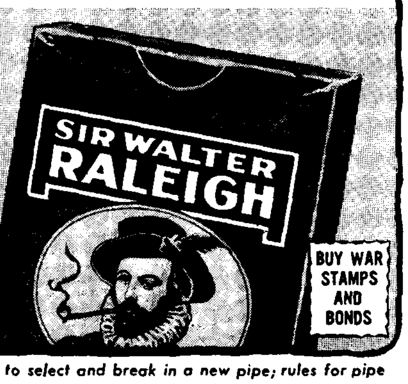

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The Week's Work

Jessamyn West

IT HAS not been easy to get information out of Czechoslovakia, what with language difficulties and restrictions on correspondents, so Collier's editors were particularly glad to be able to engage Joseph Wechsberg to write the article on Streetcar Revolution (p. 11). He witnessed this revolution in Prague.

Wechsberg, a native of Czechoslovakia and now an American citizen, is well qualified to write on Czechoslovakian affairs. He was educated in Czechoslovakia and for many years worked on Prague and other European newspapers. After graduating from the University of Prague he studied first in Vienna, at the University and the Conservatory of Music, and then at the Sorbonne in Paris.

As a journalist, he traveled all over the world, covering the wars in Ethiopia and Spain, writing from the Far East and from Persia, from Canada and the United States. But he owed his first trip around the world, at age 18, to his talent as a violinist. He made music for passengers on French luxury steamships. He tells of his experience as a musician in the book, Looking for a Bluebird, which won the Houghton Mifflin fellowship award for 1945.

Wechsberg came to America in the fall of '38 as a correspondent. While he was here, the Munich crisis put the final touch to his resolve to stay in the country and become a citizen. He is in the U.S. Army now, working on the Stars and Stripes in Germany. His wife lives in Hollywood.

JESSAMYN WEST'S flavorful Quaker stories (her latest: The Pacing Goose, p. 36), could have been written only by a birth rite Quaker, which, fortunately, she is. To be a birth rite Quaker, you must be born of Quaker parents. Miss West's authenticity extends even further. Her grandmothers were Quaker ministers. The family was Quaker when it arrived with William Penn from Timahoe, County Kildare, in the 17th century and Quaker it has remained.

In reply to our request for personal information, Miss West writes: "Beginning writers love to pen whole books about themselves—and call them novels. Writing short paragraphs about the rich subject they deem themselves to be comes harder.

"However, I came at writing by the back door. That is, in love with words, I thought I'd read everything that had been written more or less, and then expatiate to an enthusiastic (I hoped) youth concerning the power and glory of literature. They call it teaching. To this end I graduated from Whittier College, went to England intending to study at Oxford. I studied very little. I started work at the University of California as a doctor in English, but was sent to bed with tuberculosis before that project was finished. Discovered during five horizontal years that writing i[illegible] as exciting as reading."

Joseph Wechsberg

Writing can be exciting in itself, as Mis West says, but it is much more so when yo can see what you write in print. She ha difficulties in this direction in the beginning "I sent my first piece to Hairenik Weekly having no idea it was an Armenian publication and used the work of Armenians only. I found the magazine's name in the back o one of Mr. O'Brien's anthologies in a list o the ten magazines publishing the largest percentage of 'good' stories. Hairenik and I, I decided, were in like case—both obscure an both interested in good writing.

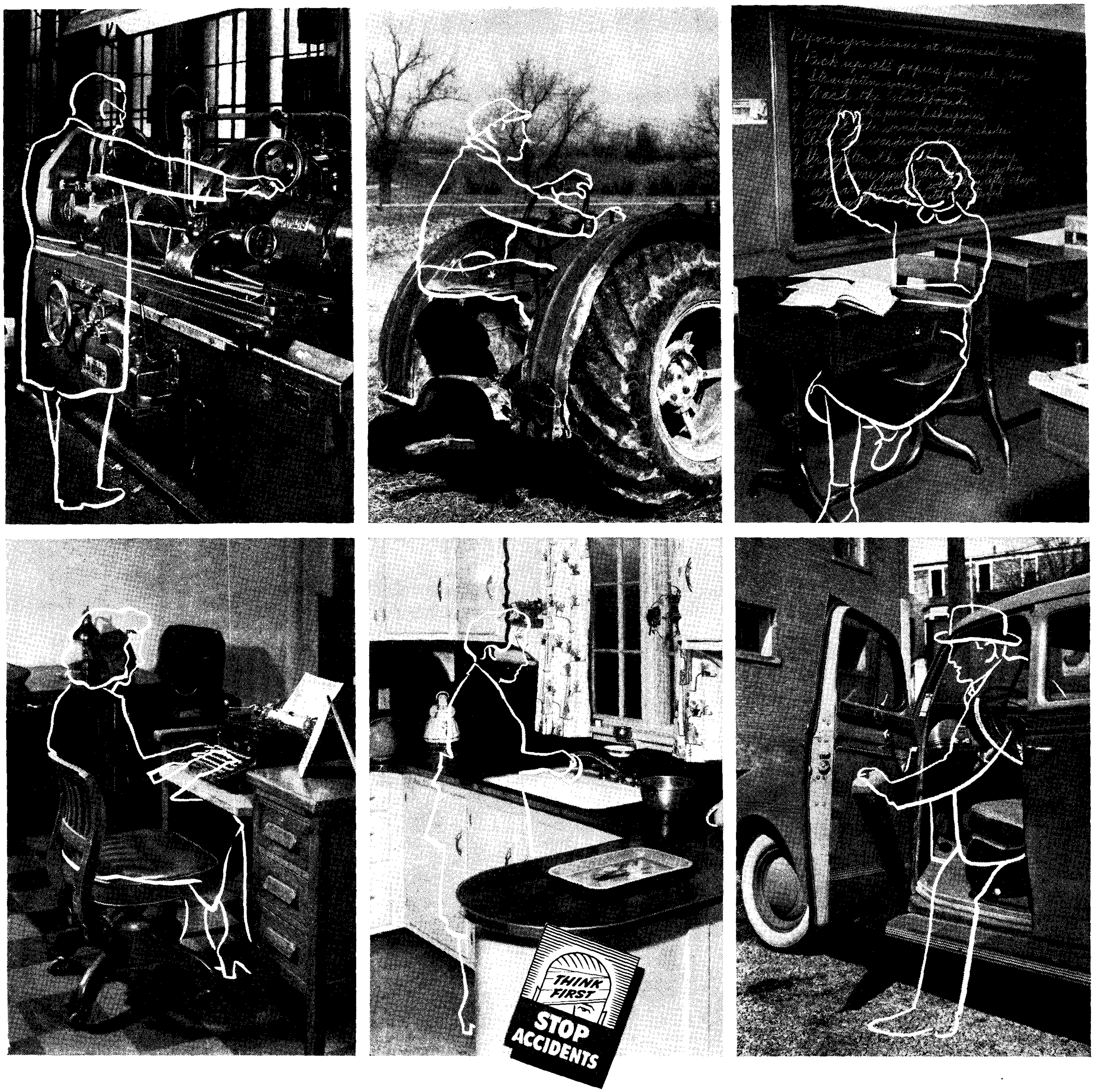
"The editor of the magazine returned m story saying it was fine—and he could use i if I were an Armenian. Perhaps Jessamy West was a pseudonym? I decided that bein an Armenian was a small price to pay fo publication, rushed to the phone book to fin myself a suitable Armenian name. Ther were no Armenians listed.

"The only Armenion name I knew wa Saroyan, and while I think Jessamyn Saroya sounds if anything a shade more Armenia than William Saroyan, still I did not kno how William would take to having a writin relative added to his brood of uncles, cousin aunts. So today I am writing Quaker instead of Armenian stories."

Miss West is married and lives in Napa California. Harcourt, Brace plan to publish collection of her Quaker stories in book form

AN EDITORIAL in the July 7th issue o Collier's erroneously stated that the te tile workers union which was sued by th American Enka Corporation for damages du to a strike was a C.I.O. affiliate. The union in volved was an A.F. of L. affiliate—the Unite Textile Workers of America, and it has n connection with the Textile Workers Unio of America, C.I.O. Collier's regrets this erro

Since the editorial was written the suit ha been settled out of court "upon terms sati factory to both parties" (according to a joi statement), and with a four cent an hour wag increase for Enka workers, subject to th approval of the War Labor Board. . . . A.



Out of action... *because they didn't see*

More than 350,000 deaths, 1,300,000 permanent disabilities suffered since Pearl Harbor—more than the total of all casualties caused by enemy action—are *due to accidents* in traffic, at home, on the farm, at work. One reason for this appalling toll on needed manpower is faulty eyesight.

You may have visual handicaps of which you are not aware; or you may have vision ideally suited to certain tasks but not to others. Modern optical science has proved these facts, and has developed scientific techniques for correction of almost all visual defects.

"I didn't see" is a poor excuse for anguish to you or your family. Don't take a chance! Only a professional visual check-up can reveal the true condition of your eyesight.

Benefit by the skills and services of optometrists, ophthalmologists, and opticians. By improving vision they can increase comfort, improve working efficiency, and reduce accident hazards.

Think first—stop accidents! Play safe—*be sure your vision is right.* Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester 2, New York.

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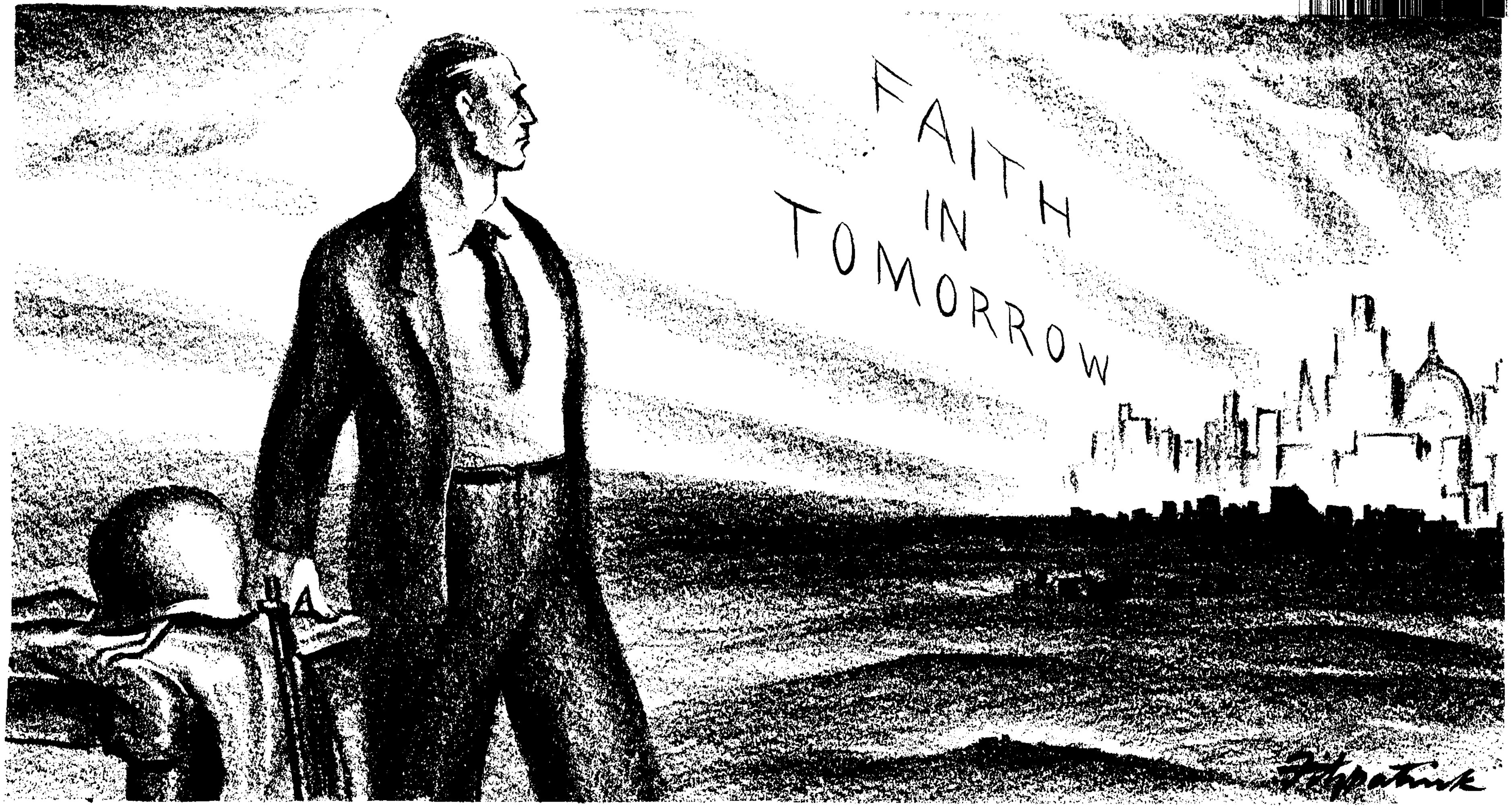


THE OLD-TIME (U.S.) RELIGION

JUST before General of the Army Dwight D. (Ike) Eisenhower flew to the United States for his triumphal receptions in his own homeland, he held a long press conference in Paris. At this session, General Eisenhower reviewed the Western Allies' North African, Italian and northwest European campaigns in detail and answered fundamental questions.

The whole document will be, we expect, a gold mine and a research guide for many a historian of World War II. To us, though, this was its most exciting passage:

> Question by a correspondent: What effect on the (Italian) campaign would have been the throwing back into the sea of the Anzio forces, had they been thrown back?
>
> Answer by Eisenhower: I was not there then, but *the Allies do not attack to be thrown back.* It would have been a very, very sad thing. In anything of that kind, its morale value is as important as its physical value, and it would have been very bad. *I never considered it, because I do not ever let my mind think upon it that way.* (Italics ours.)

What excites us about that utterance is this: Here we have the man who organized and directed the most successful and the biggest campaign yet carried on by U.S. forces in any war, talking the old-time U.S. religion of never say die: never let yourself think you're not going to win; never admit that anything is impossible before you try it with everything that's in you.

Between the two wars, and to some extent, even to this present, Americans have been assailed from all sides with the opposite kind of talk: defeatist talk, attacks on their institutions and national character and customs, satires and gibes calculated to corrode their self-confidence and to convince them that their country has passed its peak. We've heard this stuff from a seemingly endless number of Reds, Pinks, Technocrats, self-styled intelligentsia, long-distance imitators of Dean Swift, and so on and so forth.

Maybe that kind of thing has its place in any country and time. But it can be overdone.

While it was being thoroughly done if not overdone in this country, men like Bradley, the lamented Buckner, Chennault, Eisenhower, Halsey, Kenney, King, MacArthur, Marshall, Nimitz, Spaatz and Stilwell were plugging along with their old American philosophy and ideas and ideals. When the nation fell into desperate need of just such men, it found them ready. It also managed to round up more than 11,000,000 American men for fighting purposes.

These men and their leaders took into battles around the world the old-time U.S. religion of self-confidence and the successful state of mind. It paid off for Eisenhower and his dauntless doughfeet in the huge victory of the Allied arms in western Europe. It is paying off for MacArthur, Nimitz, et al., and their heroic men in the war against Japan.

Maybe we'd all do well to jettison the defeatist chatter for a while and gulp down large and repeated doses of the old-time American courage, confidence and good cheer. In that national frame of mind, it seems more than likely that we could maintain a friendly but firm attitude toward our allies and friends during the war and after, could wind up the Japanese affair efficiently, could reconvert to a peacetime economy with a minimum of trouble, and could steam ahead into such an era of national prosperity and international good will as we've never yet enjoyed.

THE JAPS HEAR THINGS, TOO

FROM the War Advertising Council, in co-operation with the War and Navy departments, the F.B.I. and the Office of Censorship, comes an urgent reminder that, though the German war is washed up, this is no time for Americans to loosen their lips about troop or matériel movements, new weapons, or confidential military information.

The Japanese intelligence service has long been smart, devious and effective. This story about it comes from the sources above named:

> A soldier on leave in this country, after escaping from the Japanese through the assistance of friendly natives in enemy-dominated territory, told in detail how his escape was managed.
>
> Shortly after—a matter of a few days—the enemy moved into the area and executed a large number of natives in reprisal. Not only were friendly allies killed and tortured, but an elaborate escape system was broken up, thus preventing other Americans the same chance of coming home.

We don't know what we could add to that, except to reiterate that until the last shot is fired in the Japanese war, one of the most patriotic duties any American anywhere can perform will be to keep his mouth carefully closed concerning any information which may have the slightest military value to the enemy, even though the enemy's homeland is half the world away from ours.

BRADLEY OF THE V.A.

THE consensus appears to be that, while President Harry S. Truman has made several wise appointments, his wisest to this writing is that of General Omar N. Bradley to head the Veterans Administration.

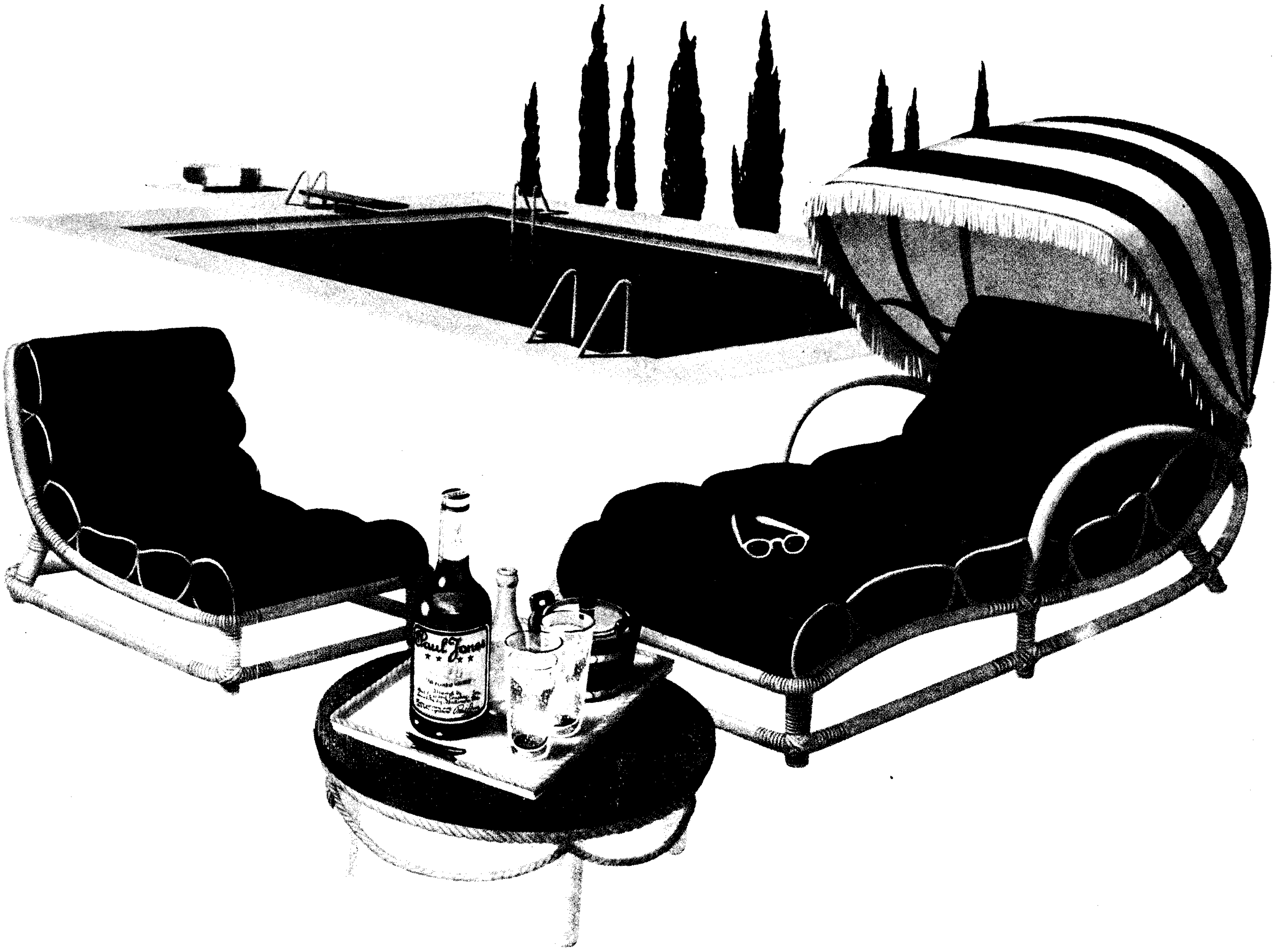
It hardly seems necessary to repeat here the praises that have been showered on Bradley, both before and after this appointment.

His reputation is that of a man who has a personal interest in all veterans who need any kind of help, plus the organizing and executive talents which can translate that interest into results. Bradley has been called by colleagues "a man in the Robert E. Lee tradition."

Such a man, judging from the complaints and accusations against the Veterans Administration which have mushroomed in the last few months, is just the kind of man we need to head the V.A. Merely passing a lot of new laws won't do the trick. The main trouble seems to have been numerous unfortunate choices of personnel to look after sick or battle-happy veterans or make gestures at helping able-bodied ones out of financial or other troubles. Inexperienced or overly hard-boiled soldier help has been assigned to some veteran hospitals; martinets who love red tape and meticulous paper work seem to have landed far too many veteran-care jobs in which the main requisite is human sympathy; and so on.

These mistakes can be rectified. Many of them occurred, it seems clear, because the number of veterans in need of assorted help ballooned so swiftly after D-Day in Normandy last year. But it will take a Veterans Administration of iron courage and deep perspicuity to bounce the misfits wholesale and hurriedly, and bring in competent, efficient, sympathetic workers.

We'd like to bespeak co-operation for General Bradley from veterans, servicemen's organizations, and the general public. He'll need it.



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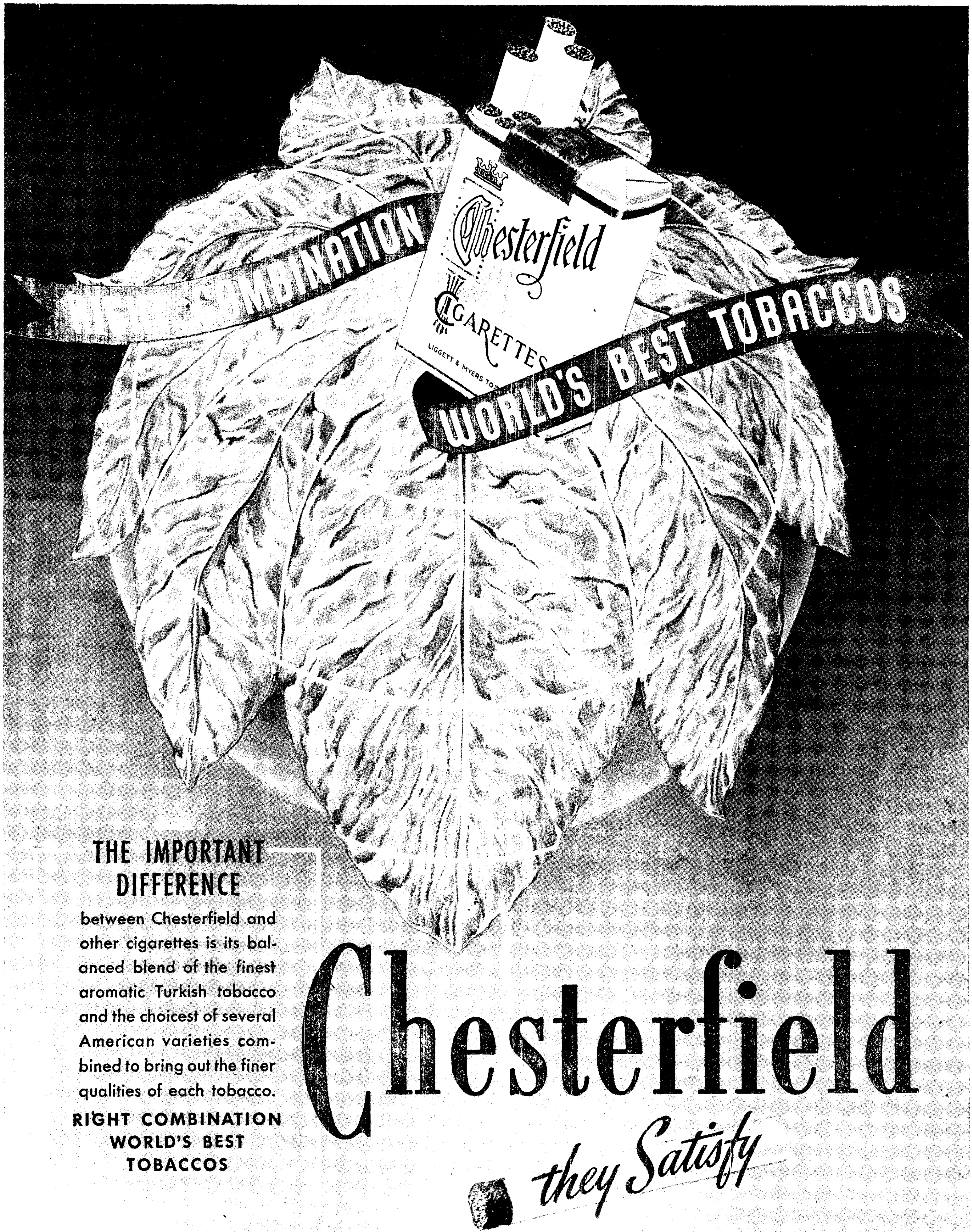
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